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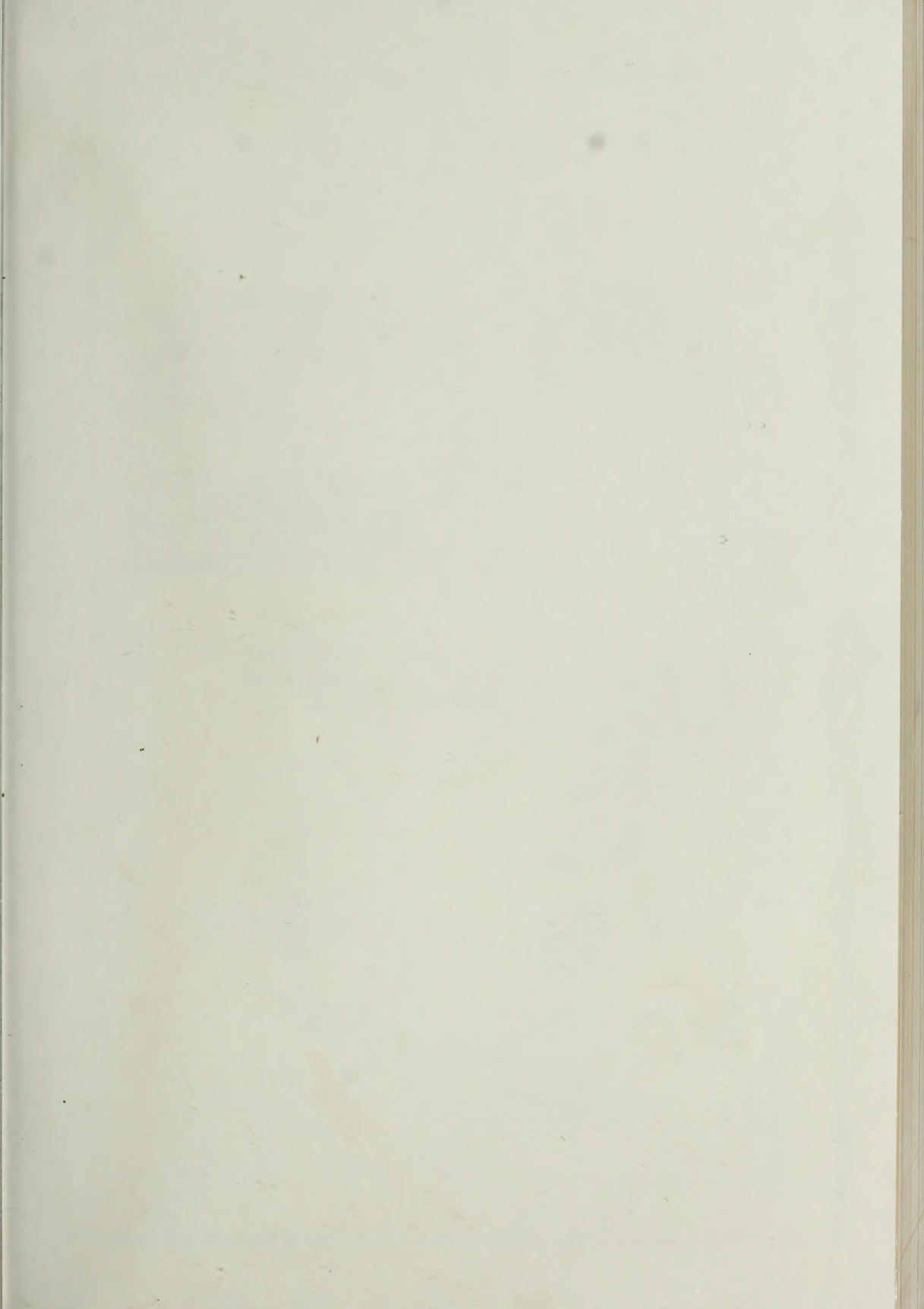
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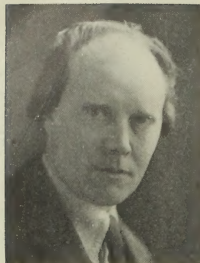
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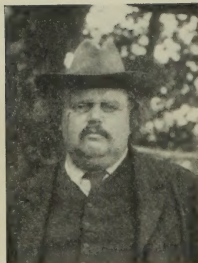
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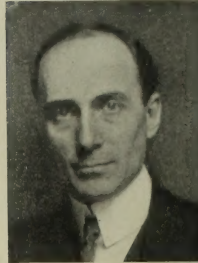
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Sir John Foster Fraser, our correspondent in Great Britain, whose gossip from London is vitally interesting



Carlo De Fornaro, artist and author, will contribute articles on new personalities in the graphic arts

ARTS & DECORATION for 1923

A program of wide interest in all the arts

RIGHT or wrong, the fact remains that the ever-increasing public to which a magazine of the type of ARTS & DECORATION appeals, will no longer be satisfied with a handful of pretty pictures surrounded by some casual text which tells little and enlarges no one's mental horizon. These are eager and fact-absorbing days; few of us have time for reading protracted essays written in the jargon of art specialists. Art is too vital a thing, too close to our everyday life to be dealt with obscurely. Art is not something outside of living; it is part and parcel of life itself. Not an object with which we come in contact but should reflect beauty through its utilitarian purpose. To preach the gospel of Beauty as it applies to daily life is the chief aim of ARTS & DECORATION. But the preaching will be done without pulpit oratory or heavy dogma; it will be in the polished but always intelligible speech of the educated human.

It is the busy man or woman who usually selects the best reading; being busy these cannot waste their time on trash. Between the two confines of the covers of ARTS & DECORATION the majority of readers lose sight of the drab and ugly; the man forgets the worries of his business, the woman the petty harrassments of her household. Here is an Alladdin's lamp which with a single rub transports the reader into realms of ineffable beauty; and some extremely useful facts may be culled during the pleasant journey.

Obviously this monthly magazine makes no attempt to cover all the art exhibitions; that is the province of the

newspapers. But whatever is significant will receive attention, every outstanding feature of the art season which is epochal, or at least of an unusual quality and appeal.

Not for nothing does ARTS & DECORATION carry its slogan under the masthead: A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts. Accepting life itself as a fine art, all that makes up human existence comes within the editorial scope.

We believe that a photograph of a hunter taking a five-bar fence ranks in interest with a reproduction of Da Vinci's *Giaconda*.

We believe that a well-considered article on the making of an artistically conceived shoe, or a well-designed wallpaper, carries with it as much interest as a critical essay on Cubism. The story of a well-organized modern drawing-room can be no less appealing than the story of a Greek sculpture. What is what in women's dress is assuredly no less distant

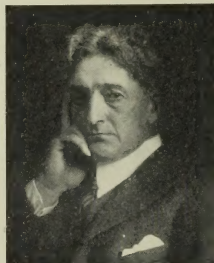
from immediate art interest than would be a description of the current Salon exhibition.

We make no effort here to detail the array of vital articles and superb illustrations which it is our purpose to give our readers during 1923. There is no desire on our part to follow a set formula for the year—so many features of such and such a character. That way lies the curse of standardization and sterility. ARTS & DECORATION prefers to sail with the breeze of Progress and Progress shifts into many a new channel during a twelvemonth.

But touching a few of the high spots already established let us mention that such literary brilliants as *Clive Bell*, *G. K. Chesterton* and *H. G. Wells* will have some sound words and wise deductions in these pages during the year. From the unceasing fount of London gossip *Sir John Foster Fraser* will offer his monthly causerie of intimate talks, giving "inside facts" about the great and near-great of the British Empire. *Benjamin de Cassères*, most brilliant and ironic of literary appraisers, will contribute a regular department of book reviews. *Richard Le Gallienne* will be among those present with his subtle but simply expressed ideas on the human relationship of the arts. *Carlo De Fornaro*, poster artist and writer will reveal the forces and personalities at work in the graphic arts. *Madame Hagué*, of the House of Thurn, internationally famed for its artistic creations in women's dress, will describe the last word in feminine attire and its *raison d'être*. *Richard F. Bach*, of the Metropolitan Museum, will deal in an illuminating manner with various phases of Industrial Art and *Dr. Phyllis Ackerman* will draw



Madame Hagué, head of the House of Thurn, will write informatively on smart new phases of the couturier's art



Richard Le Gallienne, internationally famous as poet, essayist and critic, will be a frequent contributor

upon her wide experience in detailing the proper thing in its proper place in the well-organized home. *Harold Donaldson Eberlein* will describe the present trend of architecture and a large number of specialists whose wealth of information does not clog their method of verbally dispensing it, will pass across the pages of ARTS & DECORATION.

Perhaps it would be wise to cut out the coupon at the left and enclose your cheque right now, before your good intention has been forgotten. It will be a profitable investment for the new year.

We thank you for reading this.

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Above: An interesting corner in the Fountain Room gallery of the New Traymore Hotel, Atlantic City, for which we designed the entire furnishings and decorations, and which are distinguished for their richness and for the charm, interest and artistic harmony of contrasting effects.



Above: The patio of the Hotel Almandares, Havana, Cuba, for which we designed and executed the entire furnishings.



At Left: A breakfast-room with painted furniture with hangings and trim a combination of Venetian red, deep turquoise, rich grays and blacks, which we designed and executed for Jesse Livermore's home on his Lake Placid estate.



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"Two Boys," sons of Albert Herter and painted by him. The canvas has been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by V. Everit Macy, Esq.

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JANUARY, 1923

No. 3

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"LE FAUNE" (NIJINSKY) by LÉON BAKST

This delightful decorative water-color by the noted Russian artist who, though born in Russia, is all Parisian. M. Bakst's exhibition of drawings and paintings at the Knoedler Galleries has aroused wide-spread interest in a season crowded with interesting art shows.

ARTS *and* DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts

"The tragedy of the exhibition lies in the fact that the fine brilliancy of some of our landscape and marine painters cannot overcome the dead weight that encompasses them. These landscapists and marine painters have caught something of that spirit without which Art itself is dead and technic but a tinkling cymbal."



By far the most interesting of the many vigorously executed and well-conceived marine paintings in the Academy's winter exhibition is "On the High Seas," by Gordon Grant. It is a commentary on the lack of perception on the part of the hanging committee that the canvas though "skied" was sold within a week of its showing.

Are Ideas in Art Taboo?

An Arraignment of the National Academy of Design for the Absence of Brains in its Winter Exhibition

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST



T was at a luncheon of the Authors Fellowship. At the same table sat a charming young lady.

"Have you seen the winter Academy exhibition?" I asked by way of making conversation.

She smiled pleasantly. "Hardly," she replied. I gathered that she held the Academy in rather light esteem—if any.

"Oh, it's not as bad as that, really," I urged. "I have seen them in the past, as far back as when they were at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue."

"I wonder," and she smiled very pleasantly indeed, "I wonder if they selected the pictures then as they do now. Today the aspiring artist makes friends with the janitor of the Fine Arts Building. If the janitor likes him he shoves twelve or fourteen hopelessly dauby canvases, one after the other, before the jury and then swings in his friend's canvas. It's sure to be accepted simply by way of relief."

I wondered if the janitor selected the pictures?

"Don't they look it?" she countered promptly.

No. They do not—that is to say—well, not all of them. And yet, on the whole, the impression left on the mind is of wall after wall bending under the weight of a complacent and dilettante mediocrity; a mediocrity that, even sleepily, dreams no visions nor receives the inspiration of any goal. Technic for the sake of technic, Art for Art's sake—ashes

to ashes and dust to dust—dead pictures painted by atrophied imaginations!

This is a generalization; it is the effect left by the whole exhibition. Yet it is not entirely fair where one element can and does stand out so brilliantly as an exception. The tragedy of the exhibition lies in the fact that the fine brilliancy of some of our landscape and marine painters cannot overcome the dead weight that encompasses them. These landscapists and marine painters have caught something of that spirit without which Art itself is dead and technic but a tinkling cymbal.

Here is a landscape empty of living creatures but all a-quiver with the vibrant color of the

new-born Spring; the empty canvas has been quickened with the essence of all Springtimes and from the artist's brush has flowed the interior values of a pulsing world that is the germ and the justification of art. Here is a little marine hung high, but it has caught the sea with the crisp sparkle of the brisk trades. Here is another marine with a slow, heaving mass of twice a thousand tons of water mounting like rolling thunder. And here, again, is the high, curving dome of infinite space through which the rolling hills and little fields of our world is whirling, and far above some ragged, feathery clouds driven by the winds of space.

These are no summer vacationer's tinted snapshots; our landscapists and our artist mariners have served their palettes with something of the inner vision of the Spirit of Things; they have painted balm of May and the world a-growing, they have made fresh winds blow forever across their canvas, they have sought massiveness and lifted its bulk on a few ounces of canvas, and have made celestial amplitudes to become real under a stodgy sky-light. They have caught the essence of the invisible and made it glow on canvas. And this is the very life and spirit of Art.

There is no doubt about it: in the field of pure nature our artists are Artists, they paint with the eye of the spirit. Even in the field of the dreary or the commonplace, they are painting, at least in a recognizable degree, the spirit of desolation or the spirit of monotony. And then, of course, there are those in this class whose



One of the soundly painted landscapes, "The Maumee River," by Carlton T. Chapman

sole claim to distinction is a personal friendship with the janitor. But this means nothing; the shoulders of the leaders are broad and the path behind them is crowded with aspirants. The landscapists of this winter exhibition can be set aside as in a class outside of comparisons and beyond competition of criticism because they have leaders who lead with an incandescent brush that flows whithersoever the living spirit of their mind shall lead them.

But outside of this, row on row, by platoons, by companies, by battalions loom the drowsy regiments of Art.

Where is there inspiration?

Where are the ideas?

Where are the visions?

Where is that which is invisible made visible?

Where is that eye of the spirit that is the eye of Art?

For canvas after canvas proclaims the inconsequential and preserves either the slap-dash or a titillated commonplace. Even among the portraits one is almost surprised not to find a conventional notice of "By permission of Underwood & Underwood" or a notice by the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company that it has been selected as their premium award for every twenty wrappers of some incomparable laundry soap. Still, it is hardly fair to hold the artist entirely responsible for the portrait to which he signs his name. In many cases, doubtless, if he painted only half the real truth of his subject he would be indicted for libel by the District Attorney, if not first clubbed to death by his ageing victimess or whatever other lacerated respectability he had offended by being a better artist than business man. Portrait painting, I am inclined to believe, lies in rather the domain of commercial art as soon as it steps over the photographer's portals. At least most of it does. A painted portrait, as art, must justify itself by other standards than that of its patron's suave vanity.

But outside this narrow channel of portraiture why should this great exhibition, this leading exhibition in the focal art centre of this country, be so threadbare and poverty-stricken in ideas? Here is a particular field of art that chooses for its own domain all that lies outside of the earth and the waters under the earth—all outside of landscape. Its kingdom is the Kingdom of Man. In it is Love and Life and Death; the great fundamental emotions of our consciousness and each with a myriad of facets of revelation and appeal. Love and Life and Death—those are the great horizons of our conscious understanding; translated into terms of art what are they but the channels of *sentiment, beauty and tragedy*? Sentiment that is not mere mawkish sentimentality; beauty that is not mere vapid prettiness; and tragedy that is not merely morbid gruesomeness. On these broad planes that interior vision and perception which alone is the justification

and the basic impulse of art may reach a lofty expression.

Without such recognition, Art—as shown in this winter's exhibition—muddles along with a vacuous mediocrity; it becomes a mere playing with pigments and brushes, with the toolings of its own technic exalted as its sole purpose. I do not decry technic—neither artist nor musician can express anything without it, but technic is a means to an objective, not the objective itself. Technic is to art what bricklaying is to architecture; it is not worth while using skilled brick-laying to perpetuate a Kaffir mason's thatched-hut ideas of architecture. Art alone is justified when it dreams dreams and sees visions—and makes those visions visible. If purpose, intent and ideas in their fullest meaning—and not in the artificially scholastic sense in which they are sometimes mishandled—have no place in art, then the kaleidoscope is not merely an amusing toy; it is art itself! Pictures without purpose are like those dumb practice-pianos, all the skill of an expert technic can be put into its keyboard, but neither sound nor music comes forth from it. And that is what this exhibition is: soundless. Yet, if there be any vestige of music in it there is nothing that cannot be played on a janitor's accordion.

With the whole range of human consciousness to draw upon, with every aesthetic chord of human sympathy to set a-vibrating and every intellectual fibre of the mind ready to respond, the stage is set and the audience waiting.

And what do we get?

A little twittering and chattering in color.

Twaddledum battling with Tweedledee, each more clamorous than the other for a triumph in mediocrity or the greater friendliness of the janitor. A dull, persistent, monotonous exaltation of the trivial; a dreary line of canvases busily burrowing into the sands of the commonplace, apparently to escape being overtaken with an idea or, worse yet, an inspiration. They need not worry; I rather judged from my luncheon conversation that such pursuit has long since been abandoned, at least insofar as the Academy was concerned.

What is the matter with this Academy? Where are the leaders—or are there no leaders in Israel? Does the Academy bend the knee only in the temples of the Pharaohs? And if so, who are the Pharaohs? The dealers? The dealers we have always with us; we can know them. To them the only good artist is a dead artist; while an artist is alive they care not what he paints—in fact, the better he paints and the greater his degree of inspiration while alive, the better they like it when he is dead. It boosts prices and makes a larger percentage of their sales-talk sound true—or truer than usual. The dealers are as indifferent to the inspiration of living art as is an heir to the health of his uncle. It is not fair to hold them responsible—entirely; they are normal business men, sellers.

Is it that the janitor of Fifty-seventh Street is the custodian of the Academy's taste and the Procrustes of its art? We do not know—we cannot tell, at least in all respects—and so we offer it to the breezes of comment fresh from its luncheon birth.

And yet—there does seem to be something of a thought in it. Consider the janitor-minded: To them sunrise means nothing more than it is time to hoist out the ashes; sunset, that the furnaces must be stoked; love, a banal story, preferably slightly off color; life, a period of cheating and getting cheated and praying to God for tips that are not earned; and death, an extra sweeping of the front hall. Everything is seen through a dull-grey, inert imagination in which the only differences that appeal to them are differences of technic in the daily job. In such a life and in such a mind a summer vacation snapshot looms up like art, and pressing the button of a Kodak—either in or out of focus—the skill only of favored children of the gods. May it not be that the art for the winter Academy has been accepted in too much of the janitor-minded state of tradition, disregarding ideas and inspirations as a standard of art and allowing a merely empty technic to walk upright whether or not it had the breath of life breathed into it?

Water cannot rise higher than its source nor art higher than the dam over which it must flow. To raise the art of the Academy it must, itself, raise its own dam. It must emphasize fundamental ideas without which technic cannot justify itself and ignore the inconsequential no matter how skilfully it may be dis-



"The Art Jury," by Wayman Adams

(Continued on page 48)



The latest portrait of Queen Marie of Rumania

A Royal Interior Decorator

Queen Marie of Rumania Has Organized Many Colorful and Artistic Interiors

By ADRIO VAL

Translator to Her Majesty the Queen

BELOVED of her own people and esteemed throughout the world for her unaffected democracy, the Queen of Rumania is also noted for her personal beauty and her lyric writings. It is not known, however, that she possesses the gifts which make the original and distinguished decorative artist. She is more than a dilettante in this vocation; she has amazed the critics of Europe by her achievements in the decoration not only of her own palace rooms but of many other rooms in other castles.

This many-sided woman is a queen with the mind of a leader, an artist's intuitions and the true mother heart. Even the Reds, who live to upset law and order and who are congenitally opposed to monarchy, revere this Queen. "She is different," they aver. "We respect her in spite of her position in the world." Said one of these radicals: "It is a great pity that she is a queen. Had she not been born to the throne, she certainly would have become the first president of the United States of Europe."

In the manifestations of her art she is designer, painter and architect. She has a background of practical knowledge, she is deeply informed, skillful of hand and possesses a rare imagination. Though a poet she is no mere dreamer. Her sense of organization in the planning of harmonious color schemes and the arrangement of interior furnishings places her foremost in her own land.

Queen Marie is a lover of Oriental splendors, of strange tales, of moonlit legends, of beauty in all its forms. Her culture is broad, her understanding of art—the old and the

new—is yet broader. With the mystic part of her nature and her love for ancient churches, old stones and crosses, legendary grave stones and picturesque houses, Rumanian national art and architecture fascinate her. At the time she discovered it, Rumanian art was neglected. Then Crown Princess, she revived it by her enthusiasm and the campaign which she started in its favor was a real success.

From the beginning, the Rumanian art melting in her flaming soul, assimilated beyond words for a new force and a new understanding. In love with the old Rumanian architectural and sculptural motifs, she regenerated that unorganized art, opening again many doors for it.

There is a Rumanian palace in Bucharest, the palace of Cotroceni, which is completely decorated according to the drawings of the Queen. Rumanian style, Oriental richness, personal characteristics, welded together into a masterpiece of decorative beauty—that is the pictorial poem called the Palace of Cotroceni.

Purity of line and harmony of form, warm and strange, rich and new, are the elements to be found in what she creates. Her bedroom, decorated by herself, is a bizarre temple. Gothic art never created anything more legendary. It is a silver room with narrow arches and high, sharp vaults, with fairy niches, and mysterious corners where visions flutter, where dream-faces call through the silence. The severe, narrow, simple couch with its silver pillars, covered with pearly silk, seems bathed by the moon. The whole atmosphere of this temple is one of charm. Her boudoir, where she writes the golden pages of her burning visions, and where she under-

stands the anguish of human feelings, is of Asiatic appearance but a most individual Asiaticism, in which her touch is felt everywhere.

"This Boudoir," once said a great painter, "is the thousand and second Arabian night, and surely the most beautiful of all!"

Should we try to find a definition for her decorative talent, it would be impossible to express it in a single word or even a phrase. This talent is epic and yet by certain qualities it is genuine lyricism. It has the depth of secrets, the severe line of thought, the nostalgia of the Rumanian soul.

The park of Cotroceni with its cultivated places and its wild parts, embracing many aspects of nature—the refined and the barbaric—is a dream where passes a Queen Poet. . . . Everything there is a thought, a design, a picture created by her Majesty. Under her effective, detailed management, little Rumanian houses and picturesque cabins have been built according to her plans.

With a white lily and the vague outline of a cross, she can make you dream of all the religions that passed through the heart of Humanity since its dawn, and make you understand it better than most sermons, lectures, books. That is her suggestive genius in decoration. A power of creating atmosphere, of evoking new worlds in the soul.

Queen Marie's decorative talent is one of the newest and one of very few in the symbolic direction. For many believe, and more will yet come to believe, that the symbol in art must be the beginning and the end of creative wisdom and appealing beauty.

Palm Beach Calls to the Wintry North



Here, under the gently stirring palms of Florida's famous winter resort, the pleasure-seekers from the North take up their golfing where they left off at home. The Palm Beach Golf Club in its tropical setting is one of the most alluring institutions of its kind in the country



(Below) This is the first aerial photograph ever made at Palm Beach showing the ocean front during the bathing hour. It was taken at an elevation of 1,000 feet and shows bathers in the surf, people on the beach and the chair brigade

(At the left) Mrs. J. S. Cus-ten of New York, driving off on the links of the Country Club at Palm Beach. The boy, at the left of the photograph, is H. C. Phipps, Jr. All society is beginning to flock where the feathery fronds beckon and the waves invite a morning dip in the warm sea

At the left of the picture below are four private cottages; at the right, the Bathing Casino, the long fishing pier abutting into the ocean, a part of The Breakers hotel, and in the center the sixth and seventh green of the golf course



Facts and Rumors from Londontown

The Social Stampede to St. Moritz, Lady Plunkett and the Barney Barnato Millions, and the "Interesting Event" Expected in January by Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRAZER

Special Correspondent in Great Britain for ARTS AND DECORATION



SOCIETY has run away from the gloom and the fogs to seek sunshine and warmth. There has not been quite the same winter scamper to India and Egypt because women folk get nervous about rebellious outbreaks. Of course, these are much exaggerated, and anyhow we generally form our conclusions about a country from the abnormal and not from the normal. Three protesting processions in towns a thousand miles apart in India, but reported all together in a London newspaper, give the impression India is reeking with disorder. I remember being in Russia some years ago and the English newspapers used to arrive with column-long descriptions of uprisings, quite true no doubt but so scattered and far apart that the morning joke in Moscow was "now let us go and look for that revolution."

People are a little shy about the Riviera because last winter they were unmercifully fleeced by the hotel proprietors and the impression has grown that the French do not like us as much as they did; so there is a considerable staying away from the South of France notwithstanding the paid "boosting" that is taking place.

My correspondence shows that St. Moritz, the six-thousand-foot-perched Swiss village, is again, as last winter, the Monte Carlo of the snows. I was out there for two months last year, and expect to be there again before this gossip is printed, and it was indeed a hectic time. Of course, there are the many Alpine sports, but all frou-frou society is gathered together: English, French, German, but chiefly English, and the gay, even dazzling snow costumes of the women would make a pantomime look tame. The night revels are the most furious imaginable. Quaint thought: This little village stuck away up in the Alps, reached by a single electric railway line, where three thousand people are having a veritable orgy of merriment! Traveling is so luxurious, with special trains, that one can jump from London right into St. Moritz within twenty-four hours.

I THINK you know Fanny Ward, the actress, on your side of the Atlantic. It would be rude to even inquire where the lady was born, but it seems some time since I first heard of her, and the other night when I saw her at a fancy dress ball she certainly did not look more than twenty-two, whereas—! Well, somebody should get her to write on the secret of youth.

Her daughter (by her marriage with Mr. Joe Lewis) was wedded for a second time the other day to the young Irish peer, Lord Plunkett, and as she brings to him the Barnato millions they start well. Lady Plunkett that is, was the widow of Mr. Jack Barnato, son of Barney Barnato who having apparently dug up diamonds by the ton in South Africa dazzled London and then offended aristocracy by building a gorgeous, noisy-looking, jazz-architected house in Park Lane, so that on his death when it passed into the possession of somebody else it had to be all gone over with a hammer to remove the excrescences.



Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, who is expected to make King George a grandfather about the middle of this month

The wedding was wonderful, one-half of the church being crowded with titled people because of Lord Plunkett, and the other half thronged with South African Barney Barnato millionaires because of Fanny Ward's daughter.

THE man who started life as a railway clerk at Newcastle, Mr. T. L. Healy, for over thirty years in Parliament, relentlessly pleading Ireland's cause, has become the King's first Governor-General in the newly constituted Irish Free State; a transformation I am sure no palm reader ever prognosticated.

Mr. Healy—"Tiger Tim" he was called—was the most bitter, sardonic and vitriolic speaker I have ever heard in my life. He was not a wild, semaphoring debater; he just stood with hands behind his back and head stuck forward, and in almost monotonous tones dripped verbal acid which seared. He was a typical Irishman in that he was always against everybody, even against Charles Parnell and John Redmond in turn. If ever he prayed it was the Voltairian beseechment, "Good Lord, make my enemies ridiculous," and every opponent was made to feel like a worm under his satire. Yet though he was so crushing an antagonist he was in private life the gentlest soul, most poetic and most playful of men, often seeking relaxation by slipping from Parliament to the house of a friend and romping on the floor of the nursery with the children.

I will tell only one of my many recollections of Tim Healy: One afternoon in the Commons he wanted to debate some particular phase of the Irish question, "housing," I

think. But according to the rules the topic was barred on that occasion. He was disappointed and appealed to the Chair asking what he might talk about. The speaker mentioned that Uganda could be discussed, knowing that Tim never in his life had shown interest in overseas questions. Instantly Tim got up and began to complain of the distressful condition of houses in Uganda. Members quickly realized he was delivering his speech on Ireland but always substituting the name Uganda. His heart, we gathered, bled for the poor folk of western Uganda who were being rack-rented by unscrupulous landlords. He kept a perfectly and indeed doleful countenance while everybody else was rocking with laughter.

Now he is "His Excellency the Governor-General of the Free State." He loves Ireland passionately, wanting it peacefully to manage its own affairs, though I dare say he will be shot by the Republicans whose first principle of democratic government is to kill everybody who disagrees with them.

WHAT, I believe, is usually described as an "interesting event" is due about the middle of January when Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, is expected to make the King a grandfather. I recall just after the Prince of Wales was born King Edward was driving through the city when somebody shouted, "Good old grandad," and the King lay back in the carriage and shook with laughter.

I hear that the Queen is feeling a little lonely just now. The King is busy with state affairs, the Prince of Wales lives at St. James' Palace, the Duke of York is setting up a bachelor establishment of his own, Princess Mary lives down in Yorkshire and the Queen's other sons are at sea. So she is interesting herself in philanthropic work and scarcely a day passes without her dropping into some hospital, children's home, or refuge for incurables. She goes about quite unostentatiously.

The other afternoon I took a lady visitor to London to see my favorite film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." She was a stranger to London and whispered, "now, if there are any celebrities here I want you to point them out to me." Certainly. So I directed her attention to a back box where three ladies were sitting. "The one at the end," I said, "is Queen Mary of England, the pretty lady in the middle is Queen Maud of Norway, the King's sister, and the other lady is the King's only unmarried sister, Princess Victoria and sister, of course, to Queen Maud."

My charming friend thought I was having a joke because I had been chaffing her at lunch about the people of her country being more susceptible to royalty and nobility than the English. But it was true; very quietly the two queens and the sister of a king and a queen were spending a Saturday afternoon at the "movies," and although a good many people recognized them, there was no more sign than in the casual remark, "Mrs. Smith-Jones is in the box." In a way I rather sym-

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Courtesy Witcombe, McGeachin & Co.

American Cretonne



Courtesy Marshall Field & Co.

American Drapery Fabric



Courtesy Marshall Field & Co.

American Machine-printed Fabric

What is the Matter With Our Industrial Art?

A Note on Stores and Dealers and Their Relation to the Public

By RICHARD F. BACH



MUCH has been said about the duties and responsibilities of manufacturers of industrial art in quantity. They have been abused and berated, too often with little regard for the real issues involved. The manufacturer may be accused of certain shortcomings, and in most cases justly so; but the manufacturer is only one of the triumvirate which rules the industrial arts.

Between the manufacturer and the ultimate consumer stands the middleman. Nothing can go from the first to the third without paying tribute to the one between. Therefore, whatever the manufacturer puts out must pass muster in the dealer's or distributor's judgment before it is permitted to pass on to the consumer. As a consequence, the manufacturer jigs as the middleman pipes. He undertakes to put out nothing that he is not certain the dealer will be willing to pass on to the consumer.

The manufacturer is entitled to a profit; so is the dealer. In order that the consumer may not be charged a prohibitive price, the dealer demands a low cost from the manufacturer. The latter in return must rely upon cheaper materials, poorer design, laborers instead of craftsmen, more and more machine production, less and less manual revision of the machine output, or else his own costs react upon him as

the ultimate price does upon the consumer. So we find the manufacturer yielding his standards of performance and design, first, because of the costs, and second, because good design finds no appeal with the dealer. Then by way of nemesis an increasing public taste seems suddenly to confront the dealer: he finds that he has actually been keeping good things away from the public, supposing himself to be the supreme arbiter of *what the public wants*, or shall we say ought to have?

Out of these relations of the middleman with the manufacturer and with the consumer have grown certain conditions which the in-

dustrial arts have really outlived, but which have not yet given place to more reasonable circumstances. There has grown up the satisfaction bred of a reliance for many years upon the quick and accurate production of the machine. The machine has enabled the distributor to get out to the people many millions of articles which never would have passed through his hands without this aid. He has seen in the machine a great silent salesman and the manufacturer has been encouraged to assist in the consequent degeneration of taste.

The distributor's satisfaction with the machine, the ease of production, the attractive low prices appealing to a hitherto quick-buying public with limited education along such lines—these things have brought into existence unwholesome conditions which the middleman can write chiefly to his own account. What he has helped to do in this direction, and he has done the major part of it, he will have to work doubly hard to undo. A rising public taste is one of the antidotes to commercial stagnation, and this is the dealer's greatest lesson. If he is satisfied with his own present status, he is certainly going to be, and for the sake of the art industries must be, supplanted by other means of getting products to the people in such kind and at such prices as the people desire.

For many years the only education in the exercise of taste, in the selection and application of objects of industrial arts



Courtesy Culpepe & Co.

A talcum container of good design, the motif of which is in the Japanese vase opposite



Courtesy Marshall Field & Co.

A free treatment of medieval motifs employed effectively in a printed fabric



Courtesy Metrop. Museum

From such authentic decorative sources as this museum piece our designers draw their inspiration

manufacture, which the American public has had as a mass, has been doled out by middlemen and shopkeepers as intermediaries. The blind have led the blind. The dealers have been content to remain themselves a part of the public to which they sell. As a dealer in autos should know the details of mechanism in his car, although most prospective customers are already familiar with engines, so any dealer must always know his wares better than his customers. The dealer or shopkeeper comes into direct contact with a public that needs guidance and for that reason owes this public more than a good commercial bargain. Instead of realizing his responsibility in this relation to the public, he has preferred to hide lack of knowledge of his wares behind quick-selling methods to draw the purchaser's attention in other directions that might momentarily disguise inferiority of design. He has established every manner of style and period to get public attention on the basis of catch words that so readily appeal in the crude advertising sense. The superficiality which this process favored



A collection of some six hundred pieces at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the work of one hundred firms that have discovered the selling advantage of design studied from authentic documents of history and the art expression of other times and races



Courtesy Ilexson & Cheney Brothers

Oriole and gold brocade gown with freshia net and crêpe bodice; trimming of rhinestones



Courtesy Marshall Field & Co.

Modern drapery fabric. Both historic and free interpretations find favor in the stores and variety is demanded

has led him to insist upon a constantly renewed stock of styles and forms, until in some fields there are several new markets each year. Think of it, a great, progressive nation, a race of vigorous growth, supposed to build up a national expression in home furnishing and other types of decorative art on the basis of scheduled style metamorphoses! What can be further from the true course of normal growth?

Business in home furnishings is more than mere selling routine. It implies quality plus taste. It surely does not imply quick sales or cheap workmanship or inferior quality of design. The middleman with his usual eagerness has put his ear to the ground and has heard the wrong sounds; he claims to sense what the public



Courtesy Wm. A. French Co.

Early English forms are everywhere receiving attention; a hopeful sign, because it means study of structural foundation in design plus simplicity and restraint

quickly dispense with the matter of so-called "artistic taste"—whatever that may be—and he has relied, as usual, upon the quick "turn-over" of stock.

In all this the dealer has seen only the dazzling immediate advantage; he has been blind to the ultimate advantage either to his customer or to his product, the public or himself. The quick turn-over of stock is the most flagitious rule that could be made a general guide to business; the quick turn-over is good policy only when there is final satisfaction of the trade. The middleman purveyor of industrial art to the public has gone the way of the business man purely. He has been satisfied

with the same commercial attitude of mind which might characterize a seller of wire and nails. The quick turn-over is *not* the end of the dealer's bargain in the home furnishings or other industrial art fields. If the element of taste or design is not added, we get down to quack business in its ugliest connotation.

Each turn-over of stock should signify in the dealer's establishment a distinct improvement in stylistic rendering, in taste as well as



Courtesy Wiltonide, McGraw-Hill & Co.

The suggestion of relief in this printed fabric is conveyed by a careful manipulation not of color but the omission of it

in perfect execution. Only in this manner can a modern clientele of satisfied customers be built up. The dealer must keep in advance of his trade; he must know more than his customers. The usual experience of the woman who buys silks and invariably finds that the clerk knows practically nothing about their manufacture, design or best uses, should be made the exceptional case.

New ways of selling, as such, are not difficult to find; better ways of selling are a different problem. The former are the line of least resistance; the latter are the uphill road of improved practice. The real objective should be to appeal to an always higher level of public appreciation and judgment. Only in this way can

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ROSHANARA AS A HINDU DANCER

From the Painting by Orland Campbell

In this canvas of the celebrated exponent of the exotic dance the artist has presented her in a typical Hindu environment and in the costume of a nautch girl of that country. The attitude is that of a pause in the dance expressive of woman's allure. The dress is of red and cloth-of-gold and the setting of terrace, foliage and sky is in the

spirit of Hindu art—Hindu in viewpoint and technique. The ultimate effect is as decorative as a Rajput miniature. After a triumphal tour of Europe, Roshanara has returned to this country to appear in the principal cities. She is accepted as the supreme interpreter of the mystic dance as it is in vogue throughout the Orient.

Out of Chaos Comes a New Portraitist

Orland Campbell, an American Painter, Begins Where the Faddists Leave Off

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

IN considering the evolution of Art from the earliest records down to the present day, we are impressed by the fact that chaos had no part in this development, yet chaos is vibrant at the moment. Since the French Impressionists we have seen school after school of painting without apparent origin or meaning, flare and fade. The Impressionist school cut itself free from the past, and now like a tree with severed tap-root, it has not the wherewithal to nourish its many branches. Never before had a school of painting cut itself entirely free from the past, and never before has chaos ruled supreme in the world of art. Too many of the younger painters of today begin their career with the fundamental error that the golden traditions that are the glory of the



"Gene": A portrait study

summer he painted after the manner of the Post-Impressionistic masters.

About this time he also discovered two books in the Library of Congress which started him thinking. The first, an almost convincing volume by Lewis Hinds entitled "The Post-Impressionists," and an entirely convincing book by Lawrence Binyon, on the great painters of the East; they did not go together somehow; somewhere something was wrong. Plainly Van Gogh had endeavored to catch with his brush that rhythm so vitally elemental in Far Eastern art; but in the East it lay in the Line and with the Post-Impressionists there was no Line.

Returning to Philadelphia with his newly awakened interest in the art of the East, young Campbell decided that the particular problems beginning to absorb him could not



Drawing for the head of Mr. Campbell's full length portrait of Roshanara

maintained a year devoting himself the greater part of his time to a study of Line, never once permitting himself the dissipation of color. At the close of the Academy year he painted for six weeks at Mr. McCarter's summer school, which brought his student period to a close. Now follow some interesting developments. The Academy then was rife with the modern spirit and foremost among the painters most revered were Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Picasso and Matisse. The old masters (excepting Holbein and the Impressionists) had rebelled against the precepts of David and Ingres and all that had preceded them; they had said: "If you want us to paint angels, we must first have a look at them"; it was enough, the ring was unmistakable. So young Campbell found himself under the influence of Van Gogh and Gauguin. For the remainder of the first



Line drawing for an oil portrait of Sagan Linnea Campbell, the artist's wife

past, and which alone make a degree of perfection in art possible, are to be scorned.

And, too, it is true that these very traditions cannot be maintained, or even appreciated without much that the youth of the hour seems unwilling to give. The era of the machine has made us indolent; we are unwilling to give the time and labor that a master's degree requires, when, in the face of an indulgent public, it appears unnecessary. And the public in turn, realizing the much in art it does not know, generously assumes the artist is right and accepts his work at his own valuation.

Indeed, we had begun to believe that the technique and meticulous craftsmanship practiced by the masters of many centuries could not survive the hiatus and appear of a sudden in this age of ours. We had begun to argue that the spirit of the times was against it; that the patience, knowledge and long training that was an essential part of the equipment of the masters of other days had little place in the hurry and bustle of today; and yet suddenly on the horizon appears Orland Campbell, the portrait painter we have been awaiting!

In the fall of 1914 Orland Campbell entered the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts under Henry McCarter, where he re-



Portrait drawing of Robert T. Nichol, Esq., of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

be solved at the Academy, nor by any other than himself. Taking a small studio on Walnut Street, he began a policy of "a little reading and a great deal of study," spending the greater part of his leisure time evenings in the art department of the Locust Street Public Library. At that period his impelling motive lay in the desire to avoid being influenced in painting by those who in turn were influenced by others; for unless an influence is traced to its source its original value cannot be measured because of the twists and distortions that it has taken under the brush of others who have adapted it to their own peculiar ends.

So Campbell decided to strike out for himself, and about four years ago, after an exhaustive study of the development of art through all the great civilizations, from the earliest records to the Renaissance and the present day, with ramifications and cross-influences, and having at last arrived thereby at certain inevitable conclusions, he felt "solid ground" under his feet for the first time.

Now, with an appreciation of relative values which no amount of "short-cutting" could attain, he has drawn his conclusions with positive convictions and is walking with rapid, sure step along the path he has blazed

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The Rhythm of the Classic Dance Al Fresco



The Spirit of the Brook—A study in decorative rhythm



Dance of the Woodland Nymphs

In sculptresque posings in the open, the Marion Morgan dancers have achieved a nation-wide fame. Eight years ago Miss Morgan, then teaching dancing at the University of California, selected six of her most promising pupils and arranged a program for public approval. From successful appearances in exclusive social events these dancers entered the Keith vaudeville circuit, where they are today acclaimed as the foremost exponents of dramatic classical dancing.



The Three Terpsichorean Graces



Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

The Spirit of Sculpture—A Greek-like composition posed in the open



The fiery Tybalt's costume makes him appear every inch the feminist leader



"The Court in the Palace of the Capulets," from the scene by Stroppa for the second act of Zondonai's "Romeo and Juliet," which has received wide recognition in Italy and throughout Europe



The intriguing designer should have given Romeo a parasol, a la "Follies"

The Great Operatic Riddle

Is It Private Ambition, Public Demand or Sweet Voices that Supplies Our Lyric Drama?

By CHITTENDEN TURNER



LWENTY years before Columbus alighted upon these shores opera emitted its first cry, at Mantua. Poliziani's "La Favola di Orfeo" had a brilliant première before what was probably described as a "large and enthusiastic audience." Accompanied by an orchestra consisting of viols, pipes, flutes, dulcimers, lutes, harps, oboes, trombones and a portable folding piano, if we may believe the old illuminations, Orpheus was put through an engaging series of misfortunes. The tragic precedent of grand opera was here firmly established. Between Eurydice, Tisiphone and Pluto, Orpheus had little chance for orderly self-development or a profitable musical career. He finally enraged the opinionated maenads and was duly slain off the stage. His lyre afforded solos, as did the shepherd's pipe, and there were dialogues and choruses, enlivened by dances and carnival songs.

Grand opera, now in its 452d year, has reached its most imposing stature on American soil. However authorities may disagree as to its comparative excellence, the greatest singers and conductors of the world are paid to cater to the presumably fastidious taste of our fellow citizens. Opera, being older than America, knows what is best. Call her if you will the pampered pet of the arts, or complain if you wish that all American art is manacled to its cradle by a ball and chain bearing the inscription, *Made in Europe*. The metaphors will be no more mixed than opera itself.

We find lined up for its promotion: enterprise, investment, tradition, the perennial gamble in voices and the crusaders of American Genius. Vast energy is expended. In a lugubrious counterpoint are heard the voices of scoffers, art purists, artistic victims of circumstances and contracts, and bashful capital. Other fickle forces assist here and there. But the dust which obscures all else rises from an agitation in behalf of the American com-

poser. To the challenge that he be given "a show," come manifold replies, such as: "What American composer?" "Their works don't have lasting quality," "The public wants foreign productions," the assumption in the last case being, How will they know what is good unless operas are first heard abroad? Foreign diplomacy may lack inspiration, but American music needs its Coué.

Suspicion abounds to the effect that operatic interests are much more intent upon knowing how Americans are likely to develop than Americans are upon foreseeing the future of opera. This is manifestly as it should be, since the latter development depends somewhat on the former. It is appropriate, therefore, to designate as our best possible guidepost the average American citizen, whoever he may be, who likes good entertainment and will pay for it. Opera, after receiving a series of shocks, is examining Mr. Public rather closely these days. Opera having made the lorgnette famous, in other words, is returning an eye for an eye. The situation is heightened by the losses of the theatre, only now emerging from the most blighting frost in history, and the struggles of the concert business. There is indeed cause for a minute examination of the casual patron, and our average citizen, as we picture

him. How does he actually take his opera?

An extreme but perhaps pardonable case is supplied by a traveling Englishman, who enjoys talking of the days of Purcell and Dunstable and how recurrent fourths were completely routed by contrary motion, the original reverse English, about the year 1090. His idea of the tired business man at the opera may be reproduced as follows:

Enters fearfully late, creating no end of a disturbance. Goes into the wrong seat and hardly gets a doze before he is put out by the rightful owner, who craves the privilege of sitting beside his daughter. Omaha chap upsets the show again, persuading the usher he doesn't know the figures on the seats. When he is finally located he is thoroughly awake, and prepared, as it were, to enjoy the performance. But right at this juncture the heavy-weight soprano rolls quickly down the church steps and narrowly misses ruining two of the second violins. The curtain is drawn and the house lights go up, and all the dead abruptly sidle into view and salaam to the claquers, as is their custom. Our visitor learns from his neighbor's program that "I Pagliacci" has nothing to do with what has gone before. Ruminates on name Ichabod Pagliacci, picturing him a long-haired fellow who adores writing. Outside he watches the promenaders and tries to guess their vocations. He finally concludes they are mostly musicians and critics. If the ladies of the opera could step out like some of these women the show would be a riot! Back in his seat, Tonio's appearance gives him a slight jolt. He tries to see his neighbor's program again, rather expecting acrobats. Nothing of the sort happens. Canio's parade is diverting, especially the drum. Mr. Opera-Goer is sitting up nicely now. But the following specific love scenes merely put him in quandary as to which of the three men is the husband. The little stage spectacle he thinks a bit amateurish, and he fancies he smells onions somewhere in the audience. If he felt certain.

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A new note in Italian operatic scenery is sounded in Stroppa's first act setting of "The Legend of Sakuntala," by Franco Alfano, a recent Oriental theme heard in Bologna

Airplane Views of Four Great Estates



Estate at Lake Forest, Ill., of Mr. Louis F. Swift, president of the great packing firm of Chicago



Estate of Mr. Cyrus McCormick, the well-known head of the International Harvester Company

Beautiful Homes of Chicago Millionaires



Estate at Lake Forest, Ill., of Mr. J. Ogden Armour of the famous Chicago packing concern



The beautiful home and grounds of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick at Lake Forest. (Photos by Underwood & Underwood.)



Drawing-room in the residence of Lieut.-Governor Alvah F. Fuller on Beach Street, Boston. Here the various pieces are assembled with an harmonious effect

Harmonious Furniture Groupings

Mixing Period Pieces If Done With Taste is Always Permissible

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

Author of "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings," "Historic Homes of New England," "Colonial Architecture," etc.



FURNITURE Grouping! How the name conjures up a series of pictures worked out by the assembling of harmonious pieces to create atmosphere. We find them

encircling the fireplace, where the blazing logs crackle a warm welcome, forming a central theme, or maybe as a treatment combining in a charming way different periods.

From among these stand out conspicuously bits designed by the master craftsman, pieces that have withstood the varying tides of fashion, holding their own, by their honest workmanship, and unusual designs, and unlike others they show few atrocities.

So these heirlooms, which may have stood for years in the dusty attic, are taking their rightful place because we have not, like Tennyson, learned to ring out the old and ring in the new, but have reversed the sentence, realizing that nothing can compare with the furniture used in the latter part of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

They are not garbed in their "Coming Out" costume but freshly upholstered with dainty colors that blend harmoniously with the fashion of today, and have an additional value on account of their historic associations.

There was a time when "periods" could not be mixed, but happily that is a thing of the past and today Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adams, can be safely introduced into Louis Sévres rooms as each type is imbued with ideals taken from the French, for are not the slender fluted legs and beautiful inlay work of many of the

Adams pieces, striking examples of the French influence?

Suitability must always be considered in the furnishing of a room, and the size or magnificence of a house makes no difference, for the rule invariably holds good; that is, every bit of furniture must be chosen for a purpose and to accord with its surroundings. Surely you would not choose a heavy Spanish chair for a cottage, nor a magnificent bro-

caded sofa; those belonging to the large house where handsome furnishings are a necessity.

The question of purpose and place having been considered, the task is half completed, yet there are the equally important points of line, proportion and ornamentation. Of these the simple stand first, for we never tire of them since they rest the eye and give an air to any room. How different when involved lines and ginger-bread work appears; pieces that we have been inveigled into purchasing only to dislike ourselves for it afterward.

If our white elephants cannot be discarded, they are worth studying to see if they cannot be partially hidden by some sort of covering. Yet if a piece has good points be sure to emphasize them by their placing. Old-fashioned winged chairs, more especially those of the ball and claw feet type, are a delight. Do they not suggest snug coziness and comfort and does this suggestion not adapt itself equally well to the palatial city home and the tiny summer camp?

The swell-front bureau of mahogany, curly maple or butternut, is an aristocrat, in that it accommodates itself to almost any surroundings. We are prone to consider it as a companion for the high-boy, and fourpost beds, yet it can dwell in harmony with the beds of today, more especially if glazed chintz be used in their covering.

Many of us have not inherited these choice old pieces, neither can we afford to purchase the good reproductions, yet we have at least one plain old-fashioned pine bureau, perhaps only a chest of drawers.



Here again we find the combination of Italian pieces most attractive. This is a corner in the Edward Rose house at Brookline, Mass.

Painted furniture is coming into its own after years of exile, and we have a charming up-to-date piece for our chamber, for the cost of sandpaper, paint, and paint brush. The finish can be simple or elaborate as one chooses, for panels can be painted in different colors that will coincide with the interior decorating of the room. A pleasing variation can be worked out by changing designs on many of the drawers.

The comfort, refinement and progress of a nation is judged by its taste and skill in furnishing. This has been a test ever since the Egyptians conceived a style of decoration, that for its excellence is remembered and studied today, showing that even in ancient times, interior decorating was considered.

This was not difficult in the olden days, when grouping went on in a jog-trot fashion, and one novelty a year sufficed. Today fresh novelties are constantly crowding onto the market and we have become too restless to be willing to follow the prim ideas of our ancestors. This fact makes it almost seem strange that we are willing to go back to the old masters in the furnishing of our room.

How few people realize what a study old pictures can reveal; through them we learn how to discriminate in the purchase of tables and chairs. Little wonder that through this inspiration, the furniture that was so popular in the days of Queen Anne has continued so until the present day.

The combining of the old master's work with twentieth century design is the highest type of interior decorating, and these leftovers often cherished for sentiment's sake, have come forth from their retirement with irresistible charm.

At first thought one would imagine that the assembling of English panelling, French tapestry, Italian furniture and Oriental ornaments might result in a fantastic nightmare. Yet, many rooms show a dignity and a masterly treatment when these are combined, for while there is no law or rule to represent good taste, yet a rare discrimination in the choosing, with enough old pieces introduced to keep alive the traditions of the old-time designers is most fascinating.

The old cabinet makers had a realizing sense of the human spine, for the old chairs



It may be the length of the hallway, or it may be the background that so fittingly brings the different pieces into unison here in the F. D. Higginson house at Wenham, Mass.

fit into one's back most admirably, and often we sink into one with delight after trying some of the modern makes. It is possible to get modern chairs made on the old lines, but we should try them before we buy them, as it is not always safe to take anyone's guarantee without studying not only the type, and coloring, but the comfortable feeling when one rests in them.

The experienced decorator, when he sets about creating a room of charm and liveableness, usually takes into consideration two classes of furniture—those which shall have a permanent and abiding position, and those which are sometimes designated as “wandering” pieces, meaning the pieces that are moved about in the course of using.

Beginning at the walls the decorator arranges his heavier and more permanent pieces; some of these may be utilized as a focal or balancing spot out in the room. These solid objects lend to the interior balance in the com-

position and make for an air of substantiality and repose. The permanent pieces, too, must carry the impression of inevitability, as if they were designed for the very spot on which they rest. Such pieces are, naturally, the heavy tables, the larger chairs, sofas, cabinets.

Employed then as the foundation of the decorative scheme, the easily shifted pieces take on the complexion of atmospheric adjuncts, supply the human touch and give an air of life and movement to the scene. The room that lacks a number of these “wandering” pieces must, in the nature of things, be without the home spirit; a room of large, immovable pieces becomes a mere museum show-room, a mausoleum of furniture rather than a room conceived for ordinary, everyday use.

In an earlier day it was the custom to anchor small tables and chairs firmly against the wall. This was one of the worst offenses of the Victorian era. It was considered extremely bad taste to drag a table out into the middle of the room. Happily, we long ago lived down this absurd dictum. In furnishing the modern home, tables and chairs take their places where they may serve the best interests of the occupants; the wandering pieces have become a part of the human equation; they are an essential of beauty in arrangement and their correct placing, if impermanent, is yet a matter of realizing their importance in the *tout ensemble* of any room.

And here comes into play the principles of decorative art which aim to successfully combine the various styles, fusing as it were, many periods in design and still maintaining a perfect harmony.

The room that is “built up” leisurely is more apt to be successful than the one that is furnished in its entirety at one time.

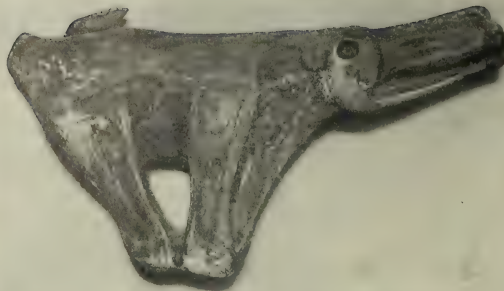
The chief aim in the decoration of every room is, of course, simplicity. The room full of little ornaments can never be beautiful and the employment of restful spaces between furniture pieces is a thing to be carefully studied.

So it is, that whether we are furnishing a large house or a small one, beautiful furniture or just plain every-day pieces being suitable for the environment, we can make our homes attractive and comfortable if we only take thought of the surroundings, keeping in mind always that the crowning touch of any home is the spirit of hospitality.



Note the combination in groupings in this room of the Rose Dexter house in Boston. While the Colonial is not insistent, each piece is consistent with the period

An epochal work is *Elie Faure's "History of Art"* issued in four volumes by Harper & Brothers and translated from the French by Walter Pach. From the first volume the subjoined excerpt on Ancient Art deals with the epic of man's aesthetic development, his progress revealed by art



Mammoth, carved reindeer horn found in the cavern of Bruniquel and now in the Museum of St. Germain

In his preface the author says: Art, which expresses life, is as mysterious as life. It escapes all formulas, as life does. But the need of defining it pursues us, because it enters every hour of our existence, aggrandizing the aspects of that existence by its more elevated forms

The Caveman's Reach Toward Self-Expression

Art History is the History of the Human Race in its Effort to Create

By ELIE FAURE

THE dust of bones, primitive weapons, coal, and buried wood—the old human as well as solar energy—come down to us tangled like roots in the fermentation of the dampness under the earth. The earth is the giver of life and the murderess, the diffused matter which drinks of death to nourish life. Living things are dissolved by her, dead things move in her. She wears down the stone, she gives it the golden pallor of ivory or of bone. Ivory and bone before they are devoured become rough as stone at her touch. The wrought flints have the appearance of big triangular teeth; the teeth of the engulfed monsters are like pulpy tubercles ready to sprout. The skulls, the vertebrae, and the turtle shells have the gentle and somber patina of the old sculptures with their quality of absoluteness. The primitive engravings resemble those fossil imprints which have revealed to us the nature of the shell formations, of the plants and the insects which have disappeared, of turbans, arborescences, ferns, elytra, and nerved leaves. A prehistoric museum is a petrified garden where the slow action of earth and water on the buried materials unifies the work of man and the work of the elements. Above lies the forest of the great deer—the open wings of the mind.

The discomfiture which we experience on seeing our most ancient bones and implements mingled with a soil full of tiny roots and insects has something of the religious in it. It teaches us that our effort to extricate the rudimentary elements of a social harmony from animalism surpasses, in essential power, all our subsequent efforts to realize in the mind a superior harmony which, moreover, we shall not attain. There is no invention. The foundation of the human edifice is made of everyday discoveries, and its highest towers have been patiently built up from progressive generalizations. Man copied the form of his hunting and industrial implements from beaks, teeth, and claws; from fruits he borrowed their forms for his first pots. His awls and needles were at first thorns and fish-bones; he grasped, in the overlapping scales of the fish, in the articulation and setting of bones, the idea of structure, of joints and levers. Here is the sole point of departure for the miracle of abstraction, for formulas

wholly purified of all trace of experience, and for the highest ideal. And it is here that we must seek the measure at once of our humility and strength.

The weapon, the tool, the vase, and, in harsh climates, a coarse garment of skins—such are the first forms, foreign to his own substance, that primitive man fashions. He is surrounded by beasts of prey and is assailed constantly by the hostile elements of a still chaotic nature. He sees enemy forces in fire, in storms, in the slightest trembling of foliage or of water, in the seasons, even, and in day and night, until the seasons and day and night, with the beating of his arteries and the sound of his steps have given him the sense of rhythm. Art is, in the beginning, a thing of immediate utility, like the first stammerings of speech; something to designate the objects

which surround man, for him to imitate or modify in order that he may use them; man goes no farther. Art cannot yet be an instrument of philosophic generalization, since man could not know how to utilize it. But he forges that instrument, for he already abstracts from his surroundings some rudimentary laws which he applies to his own advantage.

The men and youths range the forests. Their weapon is at first the knotty branch torn from the oak or the elm, the stone picked up from the ground. The women, with the old men and the children, remain hidden in the dwelling, an improvised halting place or grotto. From his first stumbling steps man comes to grips with an ideal—the fleeing beast which represents the immediate future of the tribe; the evening meal, devoured to make muscle for the hunters; milk for the mothers. Woman, on the contrary, has before her only the near and present reality—the meal to prepare; the child to nourish; the skin to be dried; later on, the fire that is to be tended. It is she, doubtless, who finds the first tool and the first pot; it is she who is the first workman. It is from her realistic and conservative role that human industry takes its beginnings. Perhaps she also assembles teeth and pebbles into necklaces, to draw attention to herself and to please. But her positivist destiny closes the horizon to her, and the first veritable artist is man. It is man, the explorer of plains and forests, the navigator of rivers, who comes forth from the caverns to study the constellations and the clouds; it is man, through his idealistic and revolutionary function, who is to take possession of the objects made by his companion, to turn them, little by little, into the instruments that express the world of abstractions which appears to him confusedly. Thus from the beginning the two great human forces realize that equilibrium which will never be destroyed; woman, the center of immediate life, who brings up the child and maintains the family in the tradition necessary to social unity; man, the focus of the life of the imagination, who plunges into the unexplored mystery to preserve society from death through his directing of it into the courses of unbroken evolution.

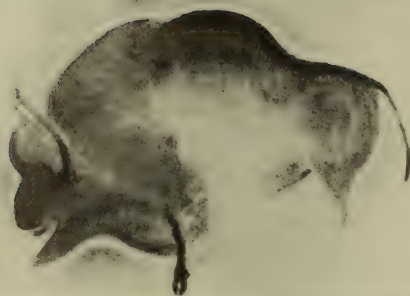
Masculine idealism, which later becomes a desire for moral conquest, is at first a desire



Statuette of a woman carved in olithic limestone, discovered in the cavern of Willendorf in Austria



Fresco of wild boar galloping, found in a cavern in Altamira, Spain



Bison, in polychrome, fresco, discovered in cavern of Fond de Gaume

for material conquest. For primitive man it is a question of killing animals in order to have meat, bones, and skins, and of charming a woman so as to perpetuate the species whose voice cries in his veins; it is a question of frightening the men of the neighboring tribe who want to carry off his mate or trespass on his hunting ground. To create, to pour forth his being, to invade surrounding life—in fact, all his impulses have their center in the reproductive instinct. It is his point of departure for all his greatest conquests, his future need for moral communion and his will to devise an instrument through which he may adapt himself intellectually to the law of his universe. He already has the weapon—the plate of flint; he needs the ornament that charms or terrifies—bird plumes in the knot of his hair, necklaces of claws or teeth, carved handles for his tools, tatoosings, bright colors decorating his skin.

Art is born. One of the men of the tribe is skillful in cutting a form in a bone, or in painting on a torso a bird with open wings, a mammoth, a lion, or a flower. On his return from the hunt he picks up a piece of wood to give it the appearance of an animal, a bit of clay to press it into a figurine, a flat bone on which to engrave a silhouette. He enjoys seeing twenty rough and innocent faces bending over his work. He enjoys this work itself which creates an obscure understanding between the others and himself, between him and the infinite world of beings and of plants that he loves, because he is the life of that world. He obeys something more positive also—the need to set down certain acquisitions of primitive human science so that the whole of the tribe may profit by them. Words but inadequately describe to the old men, to the women gathered about, to the children especially, the form of a beast encountered in the woods who is either to be feared or hunted. The artist fixes its look and its form in a few summary strokes. Art is born.

terranean forces. Thickly growing green trees filled with their healthy roots the peat bogs that hid the great skeletons of the last chaotic monsters. The hardening of the crust of the earth, the rains and the winds that were regularized by the woods, the seasons with their increasingly regular rhythm, were introducing into nature a more apparent harmony. A suppler and more logical species, less submerged in primitive matter, had appeared little by little. If the cold waters, where the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the lion of the caves came to drink, still harbored the hippopotamus, there were great numbers of horses, oxen, bison, wild goats, and aurochs living in the woods. The reindeer, the friend of the ice which descended from the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Cévennes to the edge of the plains, lived there in numerous herds. Man had emerged from the beast in an overwhelming silence. He appeared about as he is to-day, with straight legs, short arms, a straight forehead, receding jaw, and a round and voluminous skull. By the action of the mind he is to introduce that harmony which was beginning to reign around him, into an imagined world which, little by little, would become his veritable reality and his reason for action.

The primitive evolution of his conception of art is, as we may naturally understand, extremely obscure. At such a distance everything seems on the same plane, and the divisions of time we establish are doubtless illusory. The paleolithic period ended with the quaternary age, at least twelve thousand years before us, and the art of the troglodytes, at that distant epoch, had already attained the summit of its curve. The development of a civilization is slow in proportion as it is primitive. The first steps are those that are the most uncertain. The millions of

flaked axes found in the caverns and in the beds of rivers, the few thousands of designs engraved on bone or on reindeer horn, the carved hafts and the frescoes discovered on the walls of the grottos, evidently represent the production of a very long series of centuries. The variations of the images preserved cannot be explained only by the differences of individual temperaments. The art of the troglodytes is not made up of obscure gropings. It develops with a logic and an increasing intelligence about which we can only guess, and of which we can trace the great lines, but which we shall doubtless never be able to follow step by step.

What is sure is that the paleolithic artist belonged to a civilization that was already very old, one which sought to establish, through interpreting the aspects of the surroundings in which it was destined to live, the very law of these surroundings. Now no civilization, however advanced, has any other incentive or any other purpose. The reindeer hunter is not only the least limited of primitives, he is the first civilized man. He possessed art and fire.

In any case, the farther we descend with the geological strata into the civilizations of the caverns, the more it reveals itself as an organism coherent in its extent—from the Central Plateau to the Pyrenees—and coherent in its depth through its century-old traditions, its already ritualized customs, and its power of evolution in submission to the common law of strong, human societies. From layer to layer its set of tools improves, and its art, starting from the humblest industry and culminating in the moving frescoes of the grottos of Altamira, follows the logical incline that proceeds from the ingenuous imitation of the object to its conventional interpretation. First comes sculpture, the object represented through all its profiles, having a kind of second real existence; then the bas-relief, which sinks and effaces itself until it becomes engraving; finally the great pictorial convention, the object projected on a wall.

This suffices for the rejection of the customary comparisons. The reindeer hunter is not a contemporary primitive, polar or equatorial; still less is he a child. The works that he has left us are superior to the greater part of the production of the Inuits, to all those of the Australians, and especially to those of children. The present-day primitive has not attained a stage so advanced, in his mental evolution. As to the child, he does nothing lasting.



Female bison charging, discovered in a cavern at Altamira, Spain

THE oldest humanity known, which defines our entire race, inhabited the innumerable grottos of the high Dordogne, near the rivers full of fish and flowing through reddish rocks and forests of a region once thrown into upheaval by volcanoes. That was the central hearth; but colonies swarmed the whole length of the banks of the Lot, of the Garonne, of the Ariège, and even to the two slopes of the Pyrenees and the Cévennes. The earth was beginning to tremble less from the sub-



House at Cambridge, Massachusetts (Grandgent & Elwell, architects), which combines in a felicitous manner characteristics of the traditional Colonial style, with a strong classic flavor in the façade

The Personal Element and Architectural Style

As Vital as Ever, the Classic Mode Affords a Wide Scope for Structural Originality

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

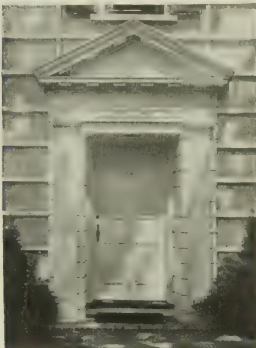
"**M**ANNERS Makyth Man." When William of Wykham founded Winchester College, this was the motto he gave his school. The broad truth of the statement contained therein few would be disposed to question. Without doing violence to the spirit of this time-honored legend, that has left its impress upon the minds and characters of Wintonians through so many centuries, one might equally well say "manners makyth architecture."

Classic mode of architecture that prevailed in England and the American Colonies from the latter part of the seventeenth century till the early years of the nineteenth, reaching its fullest and most varied growth during the eighteenth century, the Golden Age of Modern Classicism.

Definitions are wont to be a trifle dull or, at any rate, not altogether exciting. Nevertheless, for the sake of necessary exactitude, the gentle reader who is meditating intimate

contact in the near future with matters of architectural style will, perhaps, be patient enough to bear with a few words of definition anent a point of terminology about which there exists much needless confusion. This confusion is due in part to ignorance, in part to inexcusable carelessness. Unless we know exactly what is meant by the terms we use, it is useless to discuss architectural style, no matter in what connection.

Eighteenth century domestic architecture of



Classic doorway of the country house at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

Certain it is that the architectural forms evolved during any given period faithfully reflect the manners and ideals of the people of that period, and supply a trustworthy index to their dominant tastes and their collective psychology. In other words, the architecture, and all that it comprehends, may be regarded as a tangible and enduring emanation of collective personality.

This is eminently true of the



In the garden front of this house at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, designed by Derby and Robinson, classic symmetry and decorous restraint have not diminished its intensely human appeal



Doorway in which the classic influence of Sir Christopher Wren is evident

the Classic mode in America, in any and all of its phases, is too often a source of discouraging perplexity because the public at large, with loose and slovenly nomenclature, persists in mis-calling it "Colonial," which it most distinctly is not, save in the sense that it was one of the modes in common use during the Colonial period of American history. What the truly Colonial styles were, a preceding paper

explained—simple, "homespun," traditional styles brought hither by the early Colonists, and modified by them to suit local conditions; styles thoroughly informal in their essence and altogether devoid of Classic infusion or influence; styles characterized by strongly-marked local peculiarities, adjusted to local needs, and possessed of a sturdy vitality that ensured their continuance, along with later modes, until the total eclipse of all architectural taste early in the Victorian era.

In sharp distinction from these truly Colonial types, the Classic manner made its appearance in the American Colonies at the end of the seventeenth century. It was not, however, until late in the first quarter of the eighteenth century that its employment became at all common. Before that time conditions were not ripe for its growth. After that time the increasing wealth of the Colonists and their desire to emulate the elegancies of the Mother Country, not only in matters of dress, house furniture and table appointments, but also in the larger matter of architecture, were favorable to its spread.

IN all its manifestations the Classic mode in America was the very counterpart of the Classic mode in England. Such minor differences as occurred were differences in size, and in degree of elaboration. There were no variations in type significant enough to affect the fundamental identity. Formality of conception, well-balanced symmetry, and urbanity of expression were essential characteristics of the mode on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Classic manner was in every way radically different from those earlier types that are rightly called "Colonial," and to which no other name can logically be given. It was different both in the spirit of it and in its outward aspect; it was a conscious effort at sophistication of style and a conscious, intentional departure from the truly Colonial types; was the same—and intentionally the same—as the contemporary Classic expression in England. Hence the impropriety of calling any phase of the Classic mode in America "Colonial" is perfectly patent. It is absurd to persist in using an inaccurate name that produces confusion, ignores the existence of obvious differences, falsely implies the presence of another difference where none whatever exists, and disregards a transparent identity.

The earliest phase of the Classic mode we meet with in America is what may be called, for the sake of accuracy, the Restoration-Queen Anne phase, which came to an end not many years after the death of Queen Anne. Examples of this phase, however, are comparatively rare. The next phase, possessed of its own particular individualities, is the Early and Middle Georgian. Instances of this phase are exceedingly numerous throughout the original Thirteen Colonies. Following this is the Late Georgian, or Adam phase, to which belong the works of Charles Bulfinch and Samuel McIntire. Last of all, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, comes the austere Graeco-Roman phase of the Classic mode. If one prefers not to particularize the several phases of the Classic mode in speaking of early American domestic architecture, it is, of course, perfectly permissible to generalize and use merely the terms *Georgian* and *Graeco-Roman*, since the Restoration-Queen Anne type made but a limited showing in the Colonies. So much for our definitions.

As everyone knows, who has followed even superficially the course of modern domestic architecture, all of the Classic phases are being constantly employed. They are all of



In the lines of its roof and in general mass this house near Cambridge, Massachusetts, designed by Grandgent and Etwell, follows traditional Colonial precedent, while in studied symmetry and chaste detail it is purely classic

them familiar and, therefore, there is no occasion to dwell at length upon their details. What does concern us very much, however, is to see just how the personal element comes into play with reference to the Classic mode and domestic architectural style.

The personal element takes effect in two ways. First, it applies in the very act of choice of a Classic form of expression rather than of an informal mode. Second, it applies in the manner in which we employ it, after the first decision is made. In the former case, the preference is naturally based upon the *qualities* of the style chosen and upon their appeal to the taste of the individual.

The outstanding qualities of the Classic mode are its calculated poise, its embodiment of the principle of conscious formality, its nicely adjusted balance, and regulated, or-

derly symmetry. The elements of symmetry and studied order are organic and affect the parts as well as the whole, and the relation of the parts to the whole; the application of ornament as well as the disposal of structural parts; the interior as well as the exterior; the plan as well as the composition of the elevation. In short, the Classic mode is a deliberately conscious and finished manifestation of architecture, wherein the subtle relationships of scale and proportion are taken into full account, as opposed to the informal, picturesque, Colonial types, oftentimes asymmetrical, and seemingly fortuitous alike in composition and plan.

NOW the qualities just enumerated may or may not appeal to the individual, according to personal temperament and taste. One person instinctively likes informality and picturesqueness, and rejoices in the freedom of asymmetrical arrangement. To such an one the restraint of orderly precision is distressing. Another person just as instinctively leans in the opposite direction. To explain the causes of the differences in natural inclination is a task for the psychologist. It is quite germane to the present discussion, however, to point out that it is a mistake for persons of pronounced leanings, one way or the other, to choose for their future home an architectural style with which they are inherently out of sympathy. And yet, such mistakes in choice are constantly being made. If personal inclination lies in the direction of ordered precision, symmetrical adjustment and general sophistication—that is, sophistication in its wholly unobjectionable sense—then there is little likelihood that one will repent of choosing some phase of the Classic mode.

The way in which the personal element affects our employment of the Classic mode, after we have decided in its favor, is conditioned first by our understanding of it and, second, by our judgment in making a direct application. In each case there is a pitfall to beware of. The first danger is that anyone, not knowing it fully in all its aspects, may think meanly of it and imagine limitations

(Continued on page 50)



This Massachusetts country house exemplifies a happy application of classic form to domestic requirements



MRS. WALTER WANGER, BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS JUSTINE JOHNSTON

The American stage loses one of its most gifted and beautiful players by the removal to London of Justine Johnston, where her husband, Mr. Walter Wanger, is directing manager of three of the largest theatres. The Wangers have just taken possession of a beautiful home in Mayfair. This camera study is by Mr. F. E. Geisler, with whose artistic portraiture our readers are already familiar.



"Diana," from the painting by Abram Poole

Old Lady Chicago Shows Her Medals

Some Awards Given to American Painters by the Art Institute

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH



SHOW of such variety and beauty that it filled nine galleries without monotony was the Thirty-fifth Annual Exhibition of American Painting and Sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago. Neither figure-paintings nor landscapes predominated. There were an unusual number of interesting portraits, among them two by John Singer Sargent. Perhaps on the whole the show was rather conservative, but not enough so to exclude the work of many successful young experimentalists. The jury managed better than usual its difficult task of satisfying everyone.

The Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal was awarded to Frank W. Benson for his Still-Life Decoration, one of the best things that Benson has ever done, both in his own estimation and in that of others. The central interest of the picture is the rich color scheme of a bowl of fruit in a gray afternoon light; and a dramatic element is added by the dark outline of a Pompeian bronze statuette—a water-pourer whose mobile figure seems to leap out of the shadow.

The Potter Palmer Gold Medal was awarded to John Singer Sargent's Portrait of Mrs. Swinton. The painting was also purchased by the Art Institute for its permanent collection. It is a large and extremely beautiful canvas, painted in pale but iridescent colors, with the amazing vigor which characterized a certain period of Sargent's work. A

great deal of its charm lies in its atmosphere of aristocracy. The sensitive pose of the fine, small head, the texture of the dress, the quiet splendor of the jewels, all help to carry out the impression that we are gazing on the product of many thoroughbred generations.

Directly opposite the Sargent was a canvas

of almost the same dimensions—Leopold Seyffert's portrait of Mrs. Frank G. Logan of Chicago. The drastic test to which Mr. Seyffert's work might have been subjected—that of comparison with Sargent at his best—was obviated by the fact of contrast. Two paintings could scarcely be more dissimilar in manner. The Seyffert portrait is sumptuous in line and color, elegant in detail, a striking likeness, a painting that would be conspicuous in any exhibition.

But where the other has the look of having been finished with the dew on it—done in one burst of inspiration—the Seyffert portrait is as polished as a flawlessly cut stone.

Another portrait, which in spite of its diminutive size attracted as much attention as any in the exhibition was Harry Stickroth's "Antoinette." It is a portrait of his wife painted not long before his death. His extreme popularity as a teacher in the school of the Art Institute and his influence in his classes made his passing an especially regrettable one. He had somewhat the relation of a renaissance master to his pupils. The portrait of his wife is very decorative, with all the loving attention to detail of an Italian Primitive, in the shelf of limp books, the half-burnt candle, the embroidered sleeves of Mrs. Stickroth's gown and the Chinese vase with its spray of white blossoms.

William Wendt received the Mrs. Keith Spalding prize for his landscape, entitled, "I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills." It is a view of



"My Model," from the painting by Ivan Olinsky

(Continued on page 74)



"An Indian Wedding," embroidered by William and Marguerite Zorach



"The Homestead," a Gauguin-like embroidery by the Zorachs

Modernistic Pictures Done in Wool

A Note on the Quaint Embroideries of the Zorachs

By JEAN PAUL SLUSSER



REQUENTLY in front of modern pictures one has heard the remark, "Yes, that is a very stunning thing, but I'd like it so much better if it were embroidered or woven."

It seems to be the case that people who view with some alarm the simplifications and distortions of modern painting feel no disquietude at all in contemplating the same kind of thing in the realm of textile design. Whether it is that they regard the laws of painting as forever fixed and inviolable, or whether they regard the picture frame as a kind of window through which they may always expect to get a fairly realistic presentment of "things as they are," or whatever the cause, there seems to be no doubt of the fact that the public generally is unwilling to grant the same liberties to the artist who paints with oil upon canvas and displays his work within a frame as it gives to the worker in other and less serious mediums.

Perhaps that is why numbers of modern artists have chosen to work in other materials than the conventional oil paint and canvas with a gold frame to finish off—in wood and glass and paper, and in strange new combinations of them all, or in colored wools on burlap, as Marguerite and William Zorach have often done. Far more likely, their delight in freedom and the joy of fresh materials and new textures—the old, old joy of the artist—has led them to these new means of expression. The public, no doubt, will follow in time, and realize that art is not necessarily a matter of paint, and that serious artists often reveal themselves and their work outside the bounds of gold frames.

Not that Marguerite Zorach bothers her head much about what the public does or does not think or know about art. She knows that she enjoys the look and the feel of colored wools upon linen or burlap, more sometimes than she does the hard dryness of paint upon a sized canvas, and following her instincts in the matter, as true artists are wont to do, she creates with her needle harmonies of color and line and shape that delight her eye and her sense of touch, and will delight the

public's too, if the public cares to follow her.

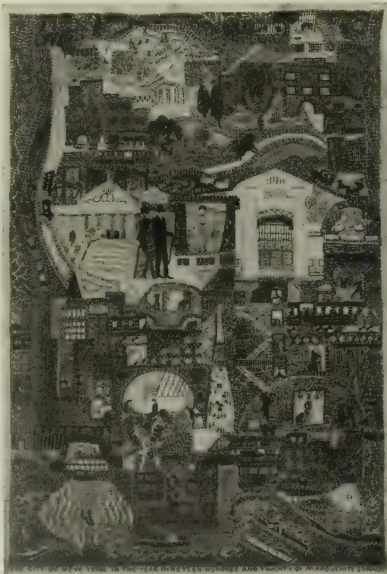
And so with infinite patience she stitches out in brilliantly colored wools rhapsodies on the themes of mating, motherhood, the spring-time earth, the sea—the great primal subjects which engage her equally whether she works with her brush, her needle or her wood-carver's gouge. The legend is that the Zorachs at an earlier time found they needed an embroidered pillow to complete a scheme of studio decoration. So, in a way that the Zorachs have, they sat down and made an embroidered pillow, following their artists' intuitions and inventing a technique where they did not have one to follow. Since then Marguerite Zorach has brought her handling of the medium to ever finer perfection, though

it is one that seems from the very nature of things to suit her personality. Her large embroidered pieces, produced through a period of years, are of exactly the same seriousness as her painted work, and take rank with the best that has been produced in modern art in this country.

Thoroughly typical of the Zorach embroideries are the "Indian Wedding" and the "Homestead," both reproduced upon this page. The one lends itself obviously to decorative treatment in brilliant color, and the other is spun from the realm of the artist's imagination more completely, being an interesting example of the exotic quality and coloring these artists contribute to the most homely subjects. The large New York City

piece is perhaps the most astounding performance in modern American embroidery, but ranks high with other interpretations of its subject in whatsoever medium. It is doubtful whether any one of the artists who have tried to render in one single composition something of the spirit of New York City has succeeded half so well as has Marguerite Zorach in this glorified sampler of hers with its interweaving of motifs taken from East side and West side and all around the town. Here is Manhattan with its waters and waves which surround it, the Battery, Broadway, Brooklyn Bridge, the East side with its tenements, a bank, the inside of a theatre, a Greenwich Village studio—triangle and all—the Public Library, Fifth Avenue, Central Park with its promenaders on foot and on horse, the Zoo. So on and on, up the crowded island to the Bronx itself. Infinite complexity is suggested by the interlocking forms and in the detail of the various bits, all amusingly worked in stitches of wool.

It would seem that the Zorachs had set for themselves a high standard of achievement in a distinctly new field, an art midway between painting and tapestry. And the charm of their quaint embroideries lies not so much in their purely pictorial qualities as in their appeal through design and color to the imagination. Indeed, some of the products of these deft fingers, are worthy wall space for their sheer artistic merit.



A bird's-eye view of Manhattan Island, from the Battery to the Zoo



IMPORTANT

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An American body by Brewster
on the English Lancaster chassis



This type is becoming familiar
as the enclosed town runabout

Tendencies of Motor-Car Design in 1923

Recent Displays Indicate a Liberal Art Trend in the Automotive Industry

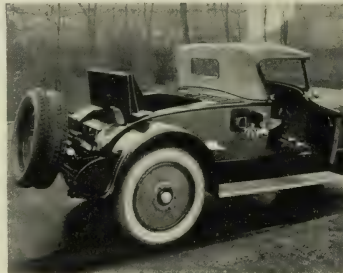
By WILLIAM CARL CHAPMAN

JANUARY always gives the motorist a fairly definite idea of the trend in motor car design for the year. If the manufacturer has anything exceptionally good to exhibit he does it either at the National Show or the Salon, and from the recent displays one is encouraged to believe that the automotive industry has developed something approaching a liberal art—automobile body design.

Until very recently this country has produced only skilled artisans in this respect, graduates of the coach builder's trade, but today the new profession requires more than a cabinet-maker's skill. The body designer must have some knowledge of automotive and transportation engineering. He must be a draftsman. He must know fabrics, fittings, and color harmony. The inherent taste of the designer stamps him either as an artist or a mere craftsman. You have probably noticed that the profession is not overcrowded.

Until quite recently the American stock car was not noted for its beauty. This was largely due to the fact that the engineer who designed the chassis considered it his perquisite to design the body as well. This is as logical as a demand from Messrs. Hogan and Kelly, contractors and structural steel workers, to the effect that inasmuch as they put up the framework for the St. Vitus Hotel they were entitled to design its interior.

The absence of art in body design was so conspicuous that several attempts were made by well-meaning people to raise the general standard. For the most part the results were ghastly. One of the most noteworthy atrocities



An extreme type of sport car, the Peerless
Sporting Roadster, designed by Le Baron and
Demarest

was perpetrated by an interior decorator of some standing. His idea was to pattern the interior of a limousine after a boudoir. The trim was exquisitely feminine and exquisitely easy to soil. To raise or lower the tiny silk curtains huge silken cords of the tensile strength of an elevator cable were attached. A veritable laboratory of enameled cosmetic containers lined the sills. But the crowning achievement was an antique mirror in place of the customary partition between the passengers and the chauffeur. This not only cut off every vestige of the front view, but forced the occupants to sit and stare at close-up reflections during the entire ride. While the *tout ensemble* was "distinctively individual" beyond question, it is to the credit of the so-called discriminating motorist that for once she actually discriminated. Fortunately

nately this era of uplift is no longer necessary.

One of the greatest drawbacks to really artistic coach design is the unfortunate economic pressure which requires that the car be sold within a relatively short time, after its appearance. A closed car cannot be stored like a less bulky object, and the manufacturer invariably insists on a quick delivery. So far no chair or endowment has been established to promote artistic design in automotive circles.

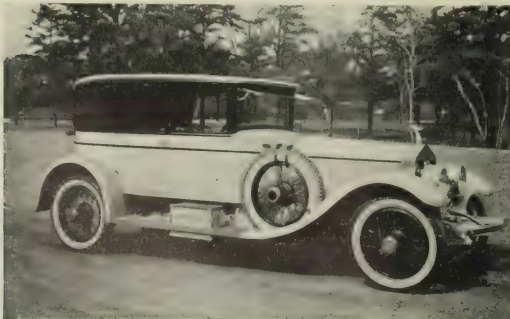
It is not difficult to satisfy the person of taste. Graceful lines and a harmonious but unobtrusive interior are usually all the patron asks. One of America's foremost body engineers has said that a fine car should be like evening clothes, correct but not conspicuous.

Ornate monograms, screaming color schemes and enameled trimmings that fairly shout "Look at me" are frequently specified. Some "artists" prefer the white and nickel bathroom motif, while others are satisfied with the Parisian millinery-box effect. Yes, there is plenty of work for the body designer who takes his art seriously.

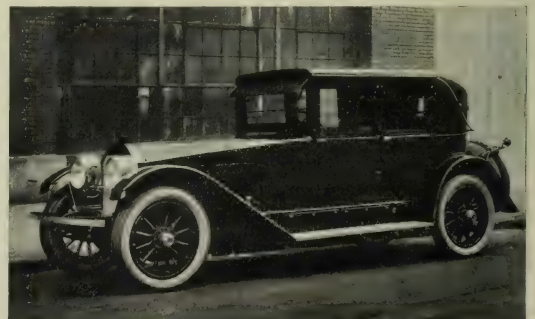
The golfer's influence is beginning to be felt, likewise prohibition. Some of the new sport cars have cellarets, ice boxes and everything but a liquor license in addition to parking space for golf paraphernalia.

Until 1914 Europe led America by several laps in coach work and mechanical design. Today the situation is reversed. France is where she stood when the war broke out, except that numerous American ideas are being adopted, such as our window-raising mechanism and the soft top which eliminates "drumming." Italy has taken to quantity production and is special-

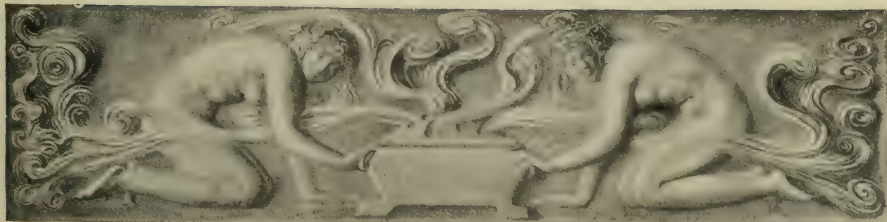
(Continued on page 56)



Rolls-Royce enclosed drive cabriolet. Cream and black body with
interior upholstered in plain Bedford cord.



Mr. J. Frank De Causse, one of our foremost body designers, is
responsible for this new five-passenger Locomobile sedan.



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Paris



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"I have a kind of intuition by which I know what will best fit each woman who comes to me. It sounds absurd, on the face of it; it is what everyone says who makes clothes or hats. But I have women who come to me from England, from Cuba, from all over the United States, who come back year after year, because they know that I have done that for them. I have made them distinguished for being well dressed."



Drawn by Boye-Sorensen

"Styles change, but distinction does not change, or but slowly. Changes in the clothes of the important houses are much less radical than changes in the clothes of the boulevards. A woman who has found a type of costume that fits her, that becomes her, that distinguishes her—she will not change abruptly for another style merely because some far-off unknown dictator issues a new edict about fashion."

"Distinction Changes Slowly"

An Interview with Madame Haguë, Head of the House of Thurn

By DOROTHY COCKS

HAT is she like?" you are going to ask me, I suppose, for every woman who loves beautiful things is just a little curious about the woman who makes things as beautiful as Thurn's. "What is she like?"

Let me tell you what she said, then you will know more truly what Madame Haguë is like.

"Write, first of all, that Thurn makes clothes for ladies. That is a hackneyed word I know. But how shall I put it? Our collections are always notably restrained. While our models are always new and good, they are never bizarre, never extreme, but always elegant, aristocratic, distinguished. Our clothes are wearable."

"That is why so many American women come to us, I think, instead of going to Paris for gowns."

"Is that so? Do you find more women shopping here, who used to shop in Paris?"

"Indeed, yes. They send me wireless on their way back from Europe, for an appointment to see me about new clothes! Does that seem strange to you? Many American women find it hard to shop with satisfaction in Paris. The Paris collections are wonderful to see, they are brilliant, full of beauty and inspiration."

"But they will often be whole collections of evening gowns, or whole groups of restaurant hats. A woman would have to view every collection, in some seasons of Paris, in order to assemble a well-rounded wardrobe."

"We assemble our collection from our intimate knowledge of the needs and the habits of the American society woman. We choose and import the flower of the French collections, and then add to the group our own origination. We think of a woman's whole day—her tailleurs, her trotteur hats, her daytime frocks and dance frocks, her sport clothes, dinner

gowns, theatre gowns, everything! A woman can come to us and know that she will find frocks and wraps and costumes for every hour, and all in the same spirit of simple distinction that marks the clothes of our house."

"Suppose she wanted one different, startling dress, would you make it for her?" I asked.

"They trust me, most of them, to choose gowns for them. They trust me so much, often, that they are afraid to go elsewhere, for fear of finding themselves in a gown that is not like them. Their friends tell them that they have never dressed so well as in the last season. Their husbands compliment them on a gown they have bought on my advice. And after that, they take serious thought before ordering anything of a different sort. I think I have a kind of intuition by which I know what will best fit each woman who comes to me. It sounds absurd, on the face of it; it is what everyone says who makes clothes or hats. But I have women who come to me from England, from Cuba, from all over the United States, who come back year after year, because they know that I have done that for them. I have made them distinguished for being well dressed."

"Are skirts going to stay long?" I had to ask.

"Are skirts long?" she smiled back. "Skirts are not exaggeratedly lengthened in the best collections, any more than they were exaggeratedly

short. I never saw skirts as short or as long in Paris as I have seen them on the streets here. They are a little longer this year than last, to be sure, but not very long among the women who dress well, except occasional trains on evening gowns, of course."

"Styles change, but distinction does not change, or but slowly. Changes in the clothes of the important houses are much less radical than changes in the clothes of the boulevards. A woman who has found a type of costume that fits her, that becomes her, that distinguishes her—she will not change abruptly for another style merely because some far-off unknown dictator issues a new edict about fashion."

A charming little anecdote Madame Haguë told me of her own childhood and the early days of the house of Thurn. It was a shop of children's clothes, as originally founded by Madame Haguë's mother.

"And when I came home from school at Christmas, I was delighted with the fascinating pieces and trimmings that were all about me. I used to make dolls' hats, and to my great joy, my mother let me show them in the shop. If any were sold, the money was my own."

"Our establishment was further downtown, then, in the fashionable old shopping district of Broadway. And near us was Aitken's old store. One day I came home crying, because there were dolls' hats on display in Aitken's windows! You see, even in those youthful days I could not tolerate competition," she twinkled.

"But my mother knew Mr. Aitken and took me with her to see him. And she told him with much amusement that I objected to his inroads on my little business. So the splendid gentleman took all the dolls' hats out of his store and gave them to me to sell!"



Thurn
EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS FOR WOMEN
15 East 52nd Street, New York
Gowns • Furs • Tailored Costumes • Hats

An Architect Builds His Own Home



Photographs by
G. H. Van Ande

A view of the Thomas house from the garden—a dramatic grouping of elements, the house and terrace and the giant elm tree, with greensward foreground, all appearing to grow out of the site. The lower part of the birdhouse is for peacocks, the rear for pheasants, and the roof is a dovecote.



House at Hartsdale, Westchester County, N. Y., built by the architect, Andrew J. Thomas, for himself. The above view shows part of the garden elevation of house and dining-room windows and rear entrance to garage. There is a rustic effect of rough textures in brick and native ledgerstone, the masonry thickly parged with mortar, through which the stone appears in spots. The roof is shingled in varied colors, graded from a coppery tone at ridges to a gray at the eaves. The sparing use of planting makes it count as a decoration against the walls.



The front entrance. Here is a simple effect successful because of the combination of materials. The doorway is hand-surfaced oak, the frame carved in a mediaeval ornament, the door itself of oak planks, with leaded glass opening, and having a wrought iron grille and bosses.



The living-room, with vistas into entrance hall and into sun-room on main axis of the garden. An effect of oak beam ceiling with floor, furniture and hangings contrasted against simple plaster walls, which are thumb-finished and glazed with tints of oil colors, delicately brushed with gold.



Silk Damask after Philippe de Lasalle

The pattern of this damask originated in a broché silk designed in the 18th Century by Philippe de Lasalle of Lyons.

The golden pheasant motif is characteristic of Lasalle's art. Birds, flowers, foliage and symbolic ornaments were almost ever-present in his works and no one could compose them more beautifully.

This particular design, as worked out in damask, is quite remarkable in that the pattern does not repeat itself across the entire width of 50 inches—a technical achievement possible on few looms in existence. In adapting the design to this width, the perfect balance and harmony of line of the original have been successfully preserved.

In determining patterns for damasks and brocades, Schumacher designers go to the master weavers of past centuries for their inspiration. In addition they create exclusive designs and weaves reflecting the tendencies of the decorative arts today. Many of these designs are woven on Schumacher's own looms by the most skilled weavers procurable. Schumacher's fabrics may be seen and purchased through your own decorator or upholsterer.

F. Schumacher & Co., Importers, Manufacturers, Distributors to the trade only of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics. 60 West 40th Street, New York. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

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Dainty Frocks for the Palm Beach Event

The frocks on this page were primarily designed for use at the Southern winter resorts. They have both distinction and simplicity of line.



A dainty morning frock is this French voile in delicate grass green. It is all hand-drawn and plaited. The white straw hat has a green facing.



Soft gray crêpe, with violet-tipped ruffles, makes a quaint but charming little luncheon frock.

*The Glow of
the Tropics is
in the Season's
Informal
Costumes*



Here is a Jenny frock stitched in weird design of gold thread on a black and rose ground.

Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by
Miss Doris Kenyon



A linen sports frock printed in exotic Oriental design and coloring. A band of henna crêpe finishes the sleeves and hem.

Models by courtesy of the Messrs. Glidding

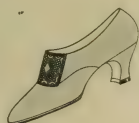
The straight lines of this sports frock increase the value of its vivid colors which, however, blend delightfully throughout.

TASTE

A WOMAN of taste may delight in the ruling mode of the moment with all of its eccentricities of cut and line and colour. She will wear it with an easy grace; she will lend it the *cachet* of distinction as it will lend her piquancy and charm.



Again, her likes and aversions may be the outgrowth of an old-world point of view. Throughout an era of short skirts and flamboyant footgear, for example, she may still cling to swathing draperies and exquisitely unobtrusive boots and shoes; yet she will follow this impulse with so fine a discrimination that at no time will she look other than supremely and undeniably smart.



Nor can it be forgotten that within the enchanted circle of society dwells the woman of a wayward taste in dress. She insists upon the most *outré* of fashions, the most startling of colour schemes, and still the result will be a joy to the beholder and an utter vindication of her own amazing fancy.

Every woman of taste, be that taste ultra modish, smartly reticent or daringly bizarre, will find shoes to her entire liking among the custom made models of Henning.

"HENNING FITS THE NARROW HEEL"

HENNING
Custom Made
Boot Shop

575-577 Madison Ave. at 57th St.
FITTED By CRAFTSMEN
NEW YORK

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 Jacob Fisher
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 Springstead & Goldhammer
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The Wellington Memorial House for Nurses
 of the Knickerbocker Hospital
 John Oakman, Architect



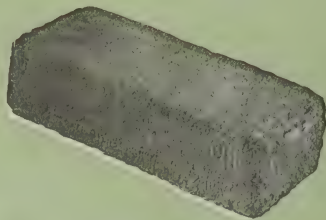
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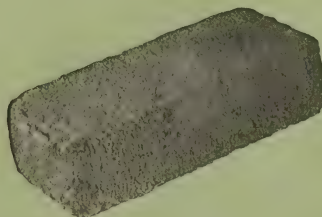
, New York



The Dodge Building
East Side of West Broadway
from Park Row to Murray Street
Shape, Bready & Peterkin, Architects

Architects who specify Fish Brick

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Represented throughout United States and Canada

A Forecast of Style and Design in Shoes

With the Palm Beach Season at Hand the Gallic Models Have Been Recreated to Meet American Taste

By JAMES C. PAPE

THE shoes which are displayed each season by foreign boot-makers of note are an indispensable inspiration to every craftsman in leather. Yantoni's elegantly conservative models, the dashing designs and novel combinations of fabric, ornament and color shown by Hellstern, Perugia's daring creations (among which is the hotly disputed and ardently acclaimed walking boot à la Wellington with its buttonless, wrinkling shank and military cuff), all are imperatively necessary to the world of fashion.

But the American world of fashion while admiring, at the same time hesitates; fascinatingly attractive as are these boots, shoes and sandals, there are still certain peculiarities of proportion, of balance, of feeling in general which look a trifle ominous to a prospective American wearer. Can her foot, she asks herself, adjust itself to so short a toe, so compressed an arch, and to that unusual breadth of heel space? She concludes, and rightly, that it cannot.

Happily for her the latter-day American boot-maker has solved her problem; he has translated the dash, the style, the peculiar charm of the modern French shoe into a very wearable and extremely modish Anglo-American equivalent.

With the Palm Beach event in view, as well as the Northern season in town and country that so immediately follows it, there have been rebuilt, remodeled, readorned a number of sports shoes and afternoon pumps



Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by Henning Boot Shop

A woman of reticent tastes finds this pump of black patent leather with rounded toe, moderate heel and oval jet buckle, completely attractive and altogether wearable.

and sandals from a Gallic into a distinctly American form and expression. Among these in a sport shoe of suède, narrowly strapped with bands of perforated leather, which I particularly fancy. The low French heel is covered with the same glazed leather that forms the banding—a detail of striking charm when the leather is of contrasting color to the suède of the shoe proper. This combination is much in demand already in white suède with tan Russia bandings, and in white suède with white reindeer, and again in *tête de*

négre suède with strappings of matching kid.

Black Russia is admirable for sports pumps. I have made it into a model with a rounded toe, wing-tipped with black patent leather, adding a low patent leather heel and patent heel foxing, as well as a smartly perforated line of patent leather around the top. But since this application of contrasting leather to a sports shoe has a peculiar smartness, the same pump is offered in a variety of combinations of leather and colors. Many women will prefer it in otter suède, wing-tipped, fox-heeled, heeled and strapped with matching Russia, while others will choose gray suède with wing-tip, heel foxing and heel of black patent leather. Either an oval steel buckle or a black ribbon bow may be worn at the instep over the two eyelets and the elastic goring which lend support and a certain well-defined trimness to this smart shoe.

It is impossible to discourse at length on shoes without touching on the stockings which may be appropriately worn with them. Many women of discernment are constantly telling me that they could never contemplate a return to an absolute uniformity of hue in shoes and hosiery, and I can assure them positively that they have nothing to fear, for the present, at least. Light-weight woolen stockings, finely and closely woven, will be the supreme vogue with sports shoes at the Southern resorts, and later in the season, on Northern country club verandahs. They come in white with an embroidered self clock, in putty and

(Continued on page 44)



Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by Henning Boot Shop

Oxblood kid, wing-tipped, bound and heeled with black patent leather, will be much in demand for afternoon wear during the Palm Beach season.



Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by Henning Boot Shop

Unity of effect in costume is achieved by combining with a brocaded gown, black satin slippers with tongue and heel of harmonizing brocade.



Above is shown a reproduction of a modern French model, in itself an English adaptation as it has Jacobean legs. It is covered with antique red velvet, imported from Italy, which we had embroidered for this chair. Beautiful in itself, it fits into any decorative scheme, and illustrates the versatility of Notman designs.



A lamp of amber glass, imported from Czecho-Slovakia, mounted on a bronze foundation. The shade of brocade has a heavy mixed fringe.

EXACT reproductions of the world's most beautiful furniture, supplemented with combinations of what is best in furniture creation adapted to meet modern needs of comfort as well as beauty and distinction, are on view in our galleries. Here you will find the groups, or the single elusive piece of furniture, that will give you the particular effect of beauty you desire. The craftsmanship is worthy of the design.

All prices are quoted, and sales made through Decorators and Dealers



An Italian hexagon table with drawers, made of black walnut, whose design has an alluring individuality.

A.H. NOTMAN & COMPANY
121-127 West 27th STREET
New York

in gray, with self or contrasting clocks, and are to be worn with white, brown or black shoes, as well as with shoes in two contrasting colors. Golf with its more vigorous demands calls for a sturdier quality of wool known as coating, which is to be had in attractive heather weaves—those in which light camel brown is the dominating note being the most popular, especially if clocked with dark brown.

It is with a sense of elation that a designer works on the afternoon pumps and sandals which he intends to project at the beginning of the mid-winter Southern season. Startling foibles in the way of footwear are not only accepted, they are positively invited by the voyagers to Florida and the shoe creator gives the rein to his fancy and executes a pump with a vamp of scarlet kid, and saddle and high French heel of fuchsia glazed leather—an amazingly piquant climax, this, to a certain type of exotic afternoon costume.

Less startling, but no less smart, is the same model developed in oxblood kid with saddle and heel of black patent leather, a slightly extended sole outlined in black, and an oval oxblood buckle narrowly bound in black. The woman who affects a black cloth or black twill coat-dress of ultra modishness with the early days of spring will seize upon this shoe as the essential accessory of her costume.

A woman of reserved standards in dress might protest that colors such as these are outside the pale of good taste. Were they made up in an extremely short vamped, broad-heeled, cramped-arch last they would, beyond all doubt, be impossible to a wearer with a fastidious point of view, but adjusted to the graceful lines, natural arch and trim heel of an American foot, they are without a suggestion of vulgarity.

Brown patent leather is the season's supreme novelty, and it is impossible to imagine a more harmonious color and texture in conjunction with the neutral hue and semi-diaphanous beiges, *café-au-lait*s and grays affected during warm weather, as well as with vivid and delicate blue and with rose and yellow shades and tints. A strikingly Spanish character has been given this type by molding it into a strapped sandal with an almost pointed toe and a decidedly Spanish heel. It may be worn without ornament of any kind, but if the wearer prefers a touch of elaboration, then a tasseled ornament of bronzed cut-steel may be slipped on over the pointed tongue with great charm of effect.

The sharp, upstanding tongue of this brown shoe was so flatteringly becoming to the instep and ankle that the experimentation was carried into the field of fabric, using a white and gold brocade of large design for the pointed tongue and high French heel. The result was so uniquely attractive that a process was sought by which the white ground of the brocade may be tinted any of the paler colors without dimming the metallic lustre of the brocade. Needless to say this shoe has been developed also in black patent leather as well as in black satin, using in the latter instance black satin for the vamp and heel-foxing, and a brocade of gold and silver thread on a ground of black for the sharp diamond-shaped tongue and high French heel. A touch which I greatly fancy is a piping of gold kid decoratively running



Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by Cammeyer

This black suede pump with its smart crossbar panels is Cammeyer's admirable interpretation of the ornate French mode.

about the top and tongue of this model.

Although brown patent leather claims precedence as a novelty, black patent leather is by no means eclipsed. It is especially good when made into an oxford tie having no more than three eyelets, a vamp of medium length, a moderately rounded toe and a not exaggerated French heel; add to this an oval jet buckle and the ensemble is unimprovable. It interests me greatly as a designer of shoes for smart women to find how perennially popular is a model such as this with a certain proportion of discriminating clientele. It meets precisely the needs of a woman who is modish, yet who, while conceding much to current fashions, still clings to the traditions of a more conservative era.

This identical type of woman responds with



Posed for ARTS & DECORATION by Cammeyer

The straight French heel of this black suede pump makes it practical for walking, while the open crossbar panelling, tip and strapping add to it incalculable charm.

enthusiasm to an evening slipper which is the latest of models—a slipper with a heel of moderate height and a moderately pointed toe. It is of silver brocade, or of gold, and its sole adornment is a series of five open eyelets placed around the border of the toe vamp. She—this woman of reserved tastes—will doubtless wear it over a matching silver stocking, but a modernistic mondaine will see other possibilities; she will give it as a foil; hose of brilliant rose, flame or vivid green will be her choice, the gay color showing through the open eyelets. Quite naturally, the color of the stockings will match that of the gown with which they are worn.

Plain silver slippers and plain gold are often ornamented with frilled toe fancies of silver or gold lace, having a touch of color deftly plaited into their fan-shaped folds; and again the stockings worn with these are of brilliant color. I know of no more picturesquely fascinating type of slipper than this with a full-skirted evening-gown, for showing as these gowns invariably do, a decided upward sweep of the skirts border at the ankle line in front, the high slipper ornament is thrown into striking relief.

Although by no means an evening slipper, I cannot refrain from quoting just here a pump in brown leather which is named "Silhouette" and which is equally attractive when worn in conjunction with a full-skirted frock. (And, surely, every astute boot-maker has noted the trend towards the circular skirt, or straight skirt with circular side panels, for street wear.) The pump in question is cut in an unbroken sweep from heel-seam to heel-seam, and is adjusted to the toe and instep by means of a goring of elastic concealed by an oval leather buckle. The heel is high and of the variety known as Spanish-French, with the support thrown well back, so that it meets the pedestrian's needs. It is impossible to give an adequate idea in a written description of the ineffable jauntiness of this shoe. In its simplicity it is characteristically American and characteristically tailored, yet, especially in soft brown kid, its close adjustment to the foot, its seamless surface, its leather buckle, give it a decided look of the seventeenth century.

This model will be made in the various suede hues and in suede leather; it will be greatly in demand for spring cloth and twill costumes as it will be later in white kid and suede for the lighter frocks of summertime.

It is a happy inspiration on the part of the well-dressed feminine public to ask once more for these sports shoes of Anglo-Saxon expression, for charming and coquettish as the French fashions in footwear undeniably are, they have their definite limitations. Stereotyped English country walking togs have an appropriateness and distinction all their own, and although foreigners once protested with justice against the clumsy weight of Anglican cross-country boots and shoes, the plaint is no longer in order; the two makers now most in favor have achieved practical ties and brogues which are still not a drag on feet and ankles.

The models of the foreign designers, the foot of the American woman—a creator of shoes could hardly hope for two more fortunate inspirations.



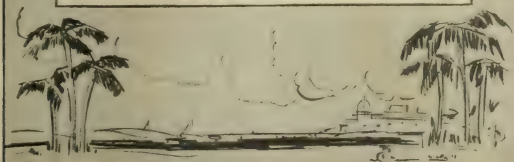
Under Southern Skies

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Our Industrial Art

(Continued from page 15)



White Studios

LIBELLULE or "Dragon Fly" is neatly named, for it is as filmy and as ecstatically colored as the scintillant creature that inspired it. An original creation of Boué Soeurs, of blue metal cloth and silver lace, with floral embroidery in pastel colors.

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the curse of the average, which so widely afflicts American life, be averted.

The practice of catering to externals and quick sales has committed the middleman to the policy of "good enough." He has obliged the manufacturer to turn out stock in such varieties and numbers of items as to overwhelm the purchaser. What each piece has lacked in quality the dealer has sought to make up in variety. This is a false groundwork and discerning dealers have already come to that conclusion. It is not constructive. Any method which does not contribute in a constructive sense to the advance of all concerned is bound to be poor policy in the long run.

Through this response to the supposed public demand, as expressed to him by the middleman, the manufacturer has been compelled to overstock in an alarming degree. Only recently some furniture houses carried over four thousand active "lines" or forms of design, but had at the same time two thousand more that were practically never called for. Many manufacturers would admit that there is a good working profit on a very small percentage of the "lines" or designs carried. The reason is obvious. The false demand of dealers has not always been backed up by the facts of "consumer demand." The middleman has made up his own demand out of whole cloth, but supposedly based upon public requirements; in the guise of "what the people want" he has foisted his own selections, chosen on a business basis alone, upon a public which he thought he was pleasing in this devious manner. There the manufacturer who has his own direct outlet to the public has a decided advantage.

All of the well-known seasons, vogues and fashions, even for certain colors or forms, as for mid-night brown, spinet desks, musical lamps (called light music), are artificially nurtured selling methods. They lack the solidity of a foundation in public demand or needs. They do not contribute to the growth of the nation. Do middlemen owe nothing in this direction?

The factory crowded with inactive lines, "dead" designs, waste efforts and forlorn hopes should be a thing of the past. The middleman is responsible for the multifarious lines thus prepared and assigned to the morgue within a few months' time. Such variety is not versatility in design; it is chaos and debasement of taste.

THE dealer may for a limited space of time be in the saddle and dispense to both manufacturers and consumers what each shall have in the way of profits or

products, but he cannot forever delude the public into believing that he is fully equipped for his job unless the facts are at hand to back him up. The facts in the case are nothing more than the quality and the taste shown in his goods. He has long recognized the quality of perfect workmanship; on the other hand, he has not yet, as a class, awakened to the demand for better design, judged as design. The isolated exceptions only make the accusation stronger.

The truth remains that the dealer has had a great opportunity to express public feeling in the industrial arts and in home furnishings in particular and that he has signally failed to live up to his responsibilities. The public wants better furnishings and the public will get them. The public does not want a myriad eye-confusing things; the public does not want a surfeit of vogues and styles following one another into the discard in breathless sequence. And again, the public *does* want qualified salesmen and an adequate environment for showing the product sold.

Not a few among the buying public will testify to two serious evils in the selling of home furnishings and other decorative arts: the mystic value of foreign labels and the general tendency to "play down" to the public. There is also one easily remediable condition which time and common sense will correct, namely, the ignorance of "buyers" in the matter of design.

THE foreign label, a supposed foreign origin, is an open sesame to certain purses. The French origin of styles in clothing, for instance, adds a fictitious value; fictitious for two reasons: first, because, with certain outstanding exceptions, the better design is not evident at all in most of the importations, although this would not reduce their commercial value in present trade conditions; second, because most of the so-called French designs have contemplated Paris from a top-story workroom in a Seventh Avenue loft building.

So it is in other fields, antiques a month old, silks made in a certain great city and sold as foreign in the same city a few blocks away. To a great extent the public wants to be humbugged, as a famous showman said; some would buy things with a foreign label although they were told that the label was a fraud. There are cases on record of foreign labels having been sold by the hundred in the American metropolis, quite regardless of the product to which they were ultimately to be attached. It is, by and large, a

(Continued on page 49)

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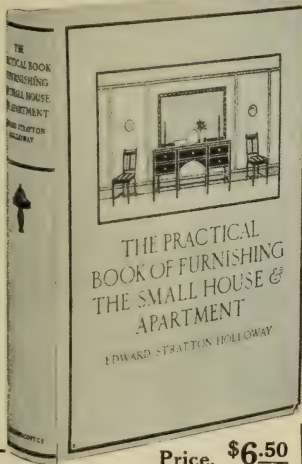
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Are Ideas in Art Taboo?

(Continued from page 10)

guided in technic; otherwise an exhibition is as mechanical as a kaleidoscope. It must encourage the expression of inspiration and ideas in the field of conception and thought; an institute of architects could not expect to develop lofty architecture if it considered skillful bricklaying as a justifiable standard by which to measure architecture or admit it to fellowship. An academy should do more: it should discourage merely skilled craftsmanship that is devoid of everything else; it should do this not merely as a sound standard of art for our own day and generation but to preserve the field for the growth of art in the future; it should do this lest the janitor-minded or the academic and uninspired technicians should, by the mere process of living long enough, come to the succession in the academic seats of authority.

Does all this mean that I am for the so-called story picture? That phrase "just a story-picture" has been a bugaboo of the technic-for-technic-and-art-for-art's-sake artists for years. It may be yet. At its worst such a story-telling picture is merely anecdotal—and the Academy clutters its walls every year with such trivialities, and worse—and in its highest expression the story-telling picture touches a match to the candle of the unlighted imaginations of a whole people. What is allegory but story-telling? A story-telling picture is simply one that tells its story, that gets over its message; what is appalling about that? If a picture has no message it has nothing to get over—it is art for art's sake—a dressed-up manikin without life. All great music is story-telling music—music that makes plain its sentiment and stirs the realms of imagination and

emotion that were dormant before. Without a fundamental idea based on some of the great planes of universal consciousness—love, life and death, or its equivalents in the field of art; sentiment, beauty and tragedy—art becomes as mechanical as one of the robots of Capek, and with far less purpose. Art to be great must have some story to tell, some revelation to make to the human mind in its breadth and not be merely a little whispered scholasticism among a few cloistered self-recognizing aristocrats of a conventionalized craftsmanship.

Both the art of music and the art of visible expression grow from a common human need. They are the imponderables in the human consciousness, but they are as definite as the desire for a God. Like a God they justify not only one Moses but many Moses'. The human consciousness cannot interpret—often it is not even articulate over its own desires and needs; it is an unlighted candle that is incapable of lighting itself. It is the function of the artist to light it with the inspiration of an idea, to bring to it the flaming revelation of some thought, the lofty exaltation of some ambition. True, he may fail and he may not be able to deliver his message to Garcia. But only the lack of effort constitutes a failure.

Yet he cannot fail completely.

The only complete failure, as an artist, is the one who sits down and plays complacently with art-for-art's-sake and whirls contentedly, like a waltzing mouse, always within the orbit of a purposeless technique.

An art exhibition—even though it be the Academy—without idea is merely an agglomerated robot.

The Painting on Our Cover

OF the many charming canvases of Cecilia Beaux none is more compelling in its quiet beauty than that which is reproduced on our cover this month. Known as "A Girl in White: Ernesta," this portrait ranks among masterful character delineations with some of the Whistler canvases. The comparison is not excessive since Miss Beaux's painting suggests in its simplicity of handling that of the great American who chose to live abroad and whose genius belongs to the world.

"A Girl in White" is one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It presents a type of the spirituelle young woman in a quietly sophisticated environment. It has the beauty of sound drawing and restrained

color and, we fear, it represents a type which no longer exists. One cannot imagine the subject of Miss Beaux's brush jazzing her way through life, nor can one fancy her grappling with the world in an effort to wrest from it a livelihood. She is that rare creature the "sheltered lady," whose path is made smooth and agreeable in a generation that has completely vanished. But she still lives in pigment to delight those who cling to the old-fashioned idea that modesty of mein is a quality inherent in the woman of our period. As a piece of brushwork the portrait is superb; as a human document the canvas will grow more valuable with the flight of time.

Our Industrial Art

(Continued from page 46)

curious reflection of our greatest business weakness described by the foreigner as America's favorite indoor sport, dollar chasing.

"Playing down" to the public is another easy way to sell. It is, in fact, one way to give the uneducated mass "what the public wants." Considered impartially, it is neither fair nor dignified. It is certainly not service, the one thing stores pride themselves upon, and the number of customers permanently satisfied by this method decreases from year to year. No doubt the education of salespersons in the matter of design will operate to reduce this evil in the process of getting industrial arts to the people.

Much the same can be said of the omnipotent "buyer," who determines what designs shall be carried by a given department in the store. His is the serious task of showing that he wisely spends the store's money. The designs he selects must "move" from the salesroom quickly and at a good margin of profit. The buyer as he exists now has had no training in design. He knows certain style earmarks of the "periods"; he has a certain vocabulary of trade jargon to cover all "artistic" emergencies. But he does not really know what design is or must be, how it is related to material and execution, how it has figured in the past, what styles have meant to their makers, what they should mean to us. Had his aptitudes or circumstances been slightly different he might have become a buyer of neckwear, whereas he may now be attached to the rug department. To be sure he is thoroughly trained in the business side; he has probably grown up in the trade; he can diagnose public demand a year in advance; such diagnosis is easy after all, for the patient *has* to take the medicine and pay for it, too.

Yet all of these are not fatal conditions; they are being improved from day to day, albeit too slowly. The echo of Fifth Avenue progress takes a long time to get to Kokomo, even though the first automobile was driven there (in remote 1894).

The time of economy is not yet over. Economy is the dealer's gain in the long run, though he must for the time being sacrifice something of variety in stock. Economy in this respect means less labor and lower costs; it means longer life for each design put out; it means greater uniformity of business, for stock would move in more definite lines and at a more easily manageable speed; it means that fewer pieces would have to be discontinued each season, consequently lowering the distribution costs because of reduction of wholesale buying risks. To all of this should be added the greater satisfaction

which accrues to the ultimate consumer.

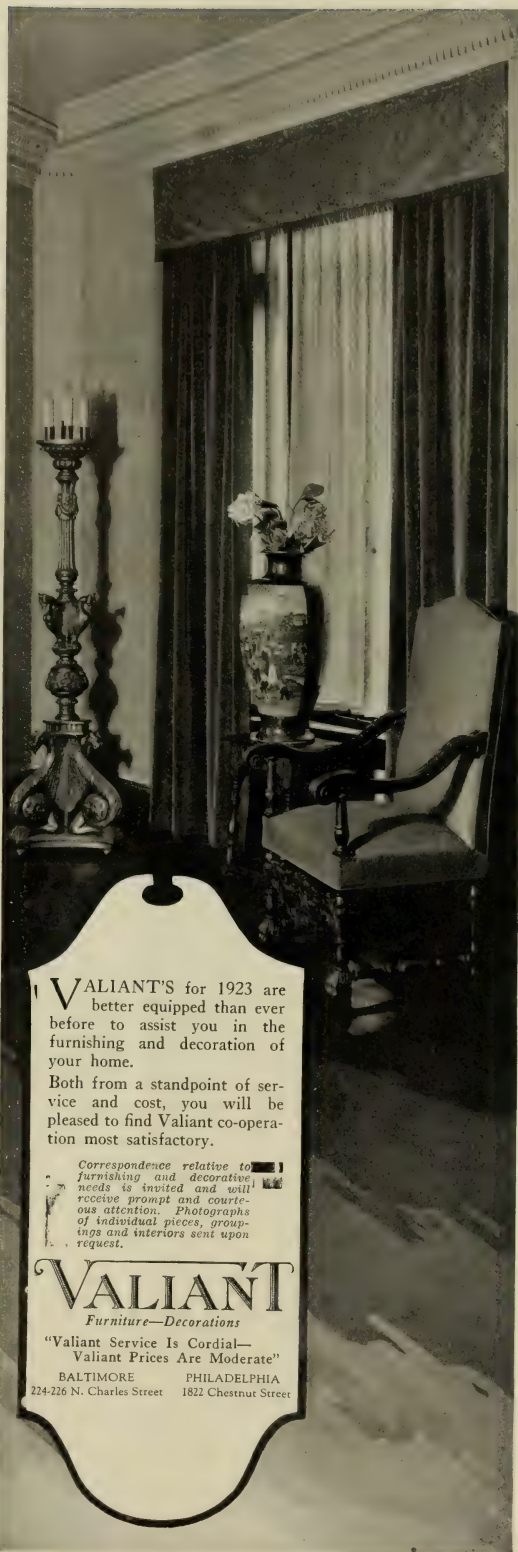
THE middleman must back up the manufacturer; together they can insure the public against poor design. This happy combination based upon slow but steady progress will make for Americanism in our industrial art. It will eliminate superficiality. It will free us from our present dependence upon European sources for all of our inspiration and over half of our designs.

Dealers in the industrial arts fields have a long road to travel. They have above all to learn that complacency is a certain sign of stagnation. Out of apathy progress has never come. Out of the policy of "good enough" no American style can be developed.

It should be the boast of sellers in industrial arts fields, from metropolitan department store to small town shop, that they always keep ahead of their trade, not in fads and novelties, not in latest importations, not only in technical knowledge as to manufacture and execution, but in the interpretation of taste and the appreciation of design. This is no idle propaganda for high-brow knowledge of art; it is unyielding fact. The wise men among the distributors of home furnishings today are wondering whence they will obtain salesmen qualified to display and discuss their wares on an equal footing with their customers; they are appointing art directors and in other ways seeking to emphasize the art value of the store to the public. Trade publications give much space to articles on display and on methods of profiting by "selling points" evident in the design of products sold.

In New York many "buyers," salespersons and store executives attend the conferences offered in several series at the Metropolitan Museum under the name of Study Hours for Practical Workers. These meetings are devoted to various aspects of design, color, styles of art, etc., and include frank criticism and study of objects regularly for sale in the stores.

To these middlemen the American public says: know your product; know the relation of that product to others with which it is associated in the home; know that your product is of the best possible design, fundamentally correct and inspirationally successful; sacrifice numerous mediocre designs to a few excellent conceptions that appeal to the more discerning trade; eliminate duplication of effort and economize on material by favoring good things only; and frown upon will-o'-the-wisp vogues and count upon that steady advance which makes for a worthwhile standard.



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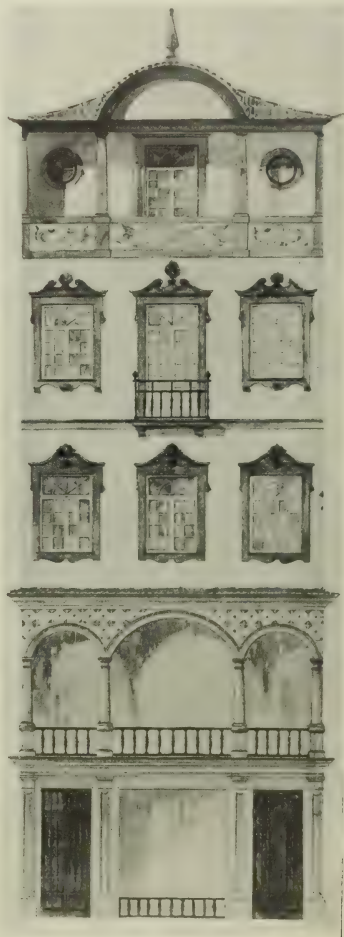
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The Personal Element and Architectural Style

(Continued from page 27)

that do not exist. Their attention needs to be directed to all the manifold varieties from the days of William and Mary to the time of Bulfinch and McIntire, or the more austere designs of the Graeco Roman style—the vigorous lines, robust contours, bold projections and opulent ornament of the Restoration—Queen Anne period; the virile urbanity and sturdy breadth of the Early and Middle Georgian school; the delicate refinement, attenuated grace, and exuberant wealth of exquisite Classic detail in the Late Georgian mode; and the forceful, simple dominance of the Graeco-Roman forms. To all the whole field of choice lies open.

The second danger is that not a few, being content with a limited outlook, will regard the Classic mode in general as a wooden, cut-and-dried manner of expression, devoid of humanizing flexibility and precluding all the nuances of fresh invention that impart the trenchant charm of individuality. Such a view, of course, could be entertained only by those imperfectly acquainted with it in its many varied phases. The imperfectly acquainted, however, though their numbers are fortunately decreasing, are still in the majority. Hence the conception is too common—and many an architect is no less guilty of harboring it than are hundreds of the laity—that the major requirements of a Classic composition are complied with when a rectangular elevation is designed, perforated with a certain number of symmetrically disposed penetrations for windows and doors, and adorned with a sufficient complement of more or less hackneyed stock details.

The only cure for such an utterly false, narrow and unworthy view of a very large part of our architectural heritage is to be found in a broader and more sympathetic study of our early domestic possessions in the Classic mode. If the present discussion accomplishes nought else, it will not have been in vain if it supplies some measure of incentive to such further study.

THE employment of the Classic mode does unquestionably impose sundry limitations and restrictions, it is true, but the history of human endeavor, no matter in what field of activity, shows that the acceptance of such conditions, instead of proving a source of weakness and impoverishment by putting imagination into a strait-jacket, has really spurred ingenuity, encouraged an orderly individuality and materially aided in producing many of the greatest masterpieces of art. To take an illustration from a wholly different quarter, the

greatest of the late seventeenth and eighteenth century French poets and dramatists wrote within the restraints of a rigid Classic tradition. To some of an incurably romantic bias, it is true, their work may seem arid and cramped from their close adherence to the Unities, but unprejudiced study will reveal not only consummate finish of form and perfection of style, but the evidence of strong individualities as well. Just so it is with the Classic modes of architecture. Observance of traditional conventions has not deadened initiative nor impoverished invention; rather has it fostered an endless play of engaging diversities within a comprehensive and ordered unity, evidences of vital and individual originality, but without the extravagances and irrelevant trivialities of license. For our proof we need only turn an observant eye to the great body of past domestic architecture in the Classic mode.

The writer holds no especial brief for the present employment of the Classic manner in domestic architecture to the exclusion of all other modes. What he *does* urge most strongly is a thorough and dispassionate examination of the Classic manner from the best examples, both past and present, an understanding appraisal of its outward qualities and an intelligent appreciation of its underlying principles and spirit. Ultimate individual choice must be determined by temperamental preference, but let that choice be discriminating and intelligent. In the broad field of American domestic architecture, with manifold eclectic tendencies at work in the general public, there is scope enough for all styles, but let these styles be chosen with due reference to their inherent qualities and to the factor of temperament, a factor too often ignored. If this last-named factor were more generally heeded by both architect and client, there would be fewer misfits, fewer temperamental classicists in romantic shells, and *vice versa*.

The Classic manner is just as vital as it ever was and affords just as much scope for the exercise of living originality. The size of the composition has nothing to do with the excellence of the style manifested; the Classic gem may be either large or small. Furthermore, the Classic manner is instinct with possibilities for the realization of comfort, cheerfulness and elegance. Last of all, it is thoroughly adaptable to the most modern requirements, as may be seen by a careful study of the work of competent and sympathetic modern architects.



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The earrings and the tassel, both of carved lapis lazuli and seed pearls (on the right) the larger miniature of a lady in a gold frame set with pearls (R. Cosway, England, 1780) and the pair of miniatures of sisters in gold frames (Andrew Plimer, England, 1780) merely suggest other treasures on view.

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SINCE the First Woman's artless effort at personal adornment, we have learned to realize the value of "exterior decoration." The fig-leaf was not suited to all climatic conditions—the limpid pool once frozen or snow-covered no longer afforded a mirror—the cave gradually became a hut and life moved up a step.

Woman's duties broadening, her first necessity was to insure the return to his own hearth of her lord and protector. Quickly she realized that his home instinct must be satisfied by her household and herself. Warding off his dissatisfaction by endeavor to enhance her charm she learned to combine simple herbs as well for beauty aids as for treating the sick.

The natives of Africa who are, perhaps, as little advanced towards civilization as any, have various compounds used by medicine men to make women beautiful. Through inordinate bribes to my native guide, I obtained many of these "cosmetics," and found that they resolved themselves into three classes. One was merely coloring matter—showing that the "bread-pills" of our modern medicos are not original with our own civilization. The second was made from herbs and might quite possibly have been beneficial to the system. The third was of the "dead men's bones" order and in watching its compounding I was only too conscious that had it been known that a forbidden eye was taking in all the gruesome details, why, I might quite well have qualified myself as its essential ingredient. No white woman has shared my distinction of having witnessed these rites. I trust, for their peace of mind and sleep o' nights, they never will.

The Egyptians made the most exhaustive researches into the care and preservation of the skin. Their success in arresting the decomposition of its tissues as evinced by the mummies of their pre-Christian era kings defies modern science. Just as the secret of mixing of paints of the old Italian painters has never been duplicated by present-day artists, and their mastery of color remains supreme, so the embalming processes of the old Egyptians died with them.

We have basis for the belief that the actinic rays of the sun—noticed in our country by the frequenters of summer Newport or winter Palm Beach—were, in Egypt, counteracted by mask treatments. Through the generations, the secret of these mask treatments has been handed down from mothers to their daughters, and by them to their daughters,

and so on, until the potent blandishments of golden coin made it mine—at a price!

Someone has very well said that morals are only a question of Locality! How true this is of Beauty! The nose-ring as a principle of beauty is out of favor with us, while, strangely enough, the ear-ring has been a well-liked inheritance for each generation. The ancient Egyptians painted their eyes with a long green line, and believed very strongly in applying to the eyes mesd'empt, which was considered to have the soothing and healing properties of kohl—which is still used by Eastern peoples—where, incidentally, ophthalmia is very prevalent. We have changed the green eye shadow for discreet shades of brown and black, or, for artificial light, of blue.

Advancing through the Halls of Time, the Persians and the Phoenicians are found with their ideals of Beauty while in Latium was being founded a nation whose rapid growth carried its people from asceticism and poverty to unbridled license and unparalleled opulence.

Rome was not built in a day, nor was its corruption a short matter. Women were prominent in the home and in the state. Birth and Beauty were at first the two requisites; Birth or Beauty was the next stage, while finally Beauty as such reigned triumphant, and gradually became connected with the corruption of politics, the downfall of the home life, and, of course, ultimately was the reason for the decline of the power of the Roman Empire.

Neighboring Greece, appalled by such practices went to the other extreme. We say Grecian of profile—we mean a pure flowing line with no irregularities. Grecian Beauty was, perhaps, cold, but it was flawless. The artists and sculptors of Greece took as their fundamental precept "Nothing to excess." This thought should dominate all else in the minds of those interested in Exterior Decoration. "Nothing to Excess." We may Americanize it, being a more generous-hearted nation and say "Enough at all Times—but—Nothing to Excess." Adhering to this principle has made Grecian Art standard the world over, for Beauty in Art. Can we not make American Woman standard for Beauty in Femininity?

We now find Simplicity and Chastity going to the excess of being Asceticism. Fearing the power of beauty and revolting against it, the Dark Ages contain horrible instances of persecution of Beauty as a means for the extermination of witchcraft and crime. Shoving the clock of Eternity forward a thou-

(Continued on page 56)

"AN OUTLINE OF CIVILIZATION"

ELIE FAURE'S

HISTORY of ART

The Development of Man
As Revealed by Art



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EGYPTIAN
EMPIRE (XXX
to XXV Century
B.C.) The seated
scribe. (Louvre).

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statues remains a
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—Lewis Mumford, *The New Republic*.

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(XII to XIII
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Transept of the
cathedral.



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communes, grew
during their time
of maturity, covered
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statues and stained
glass, and then
languished and
ceased to grow
when they declined
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The Great Operatic Riddle

(Continued from page 19)

the characters were not singing in some foreign tongue he would make an effort to catch a word or two. He wonders if the orchestra likes to play. The usual assassinations occur and the visitor catches his boat.

THE same individual under observation on a Moussorgsky or Korngold evening reveals still less enthusiasm. After the first ten minutes of concentration he grows very restless and decides to take up chess or philately. No sooner is a melody begun than it is lost, which the subject believes is another instance of the sad fruitage of artistic temperament. He is firm in his conviction that it is largely affectation and that no one really likes such rot. The composer must pay an enormous sum to have it produced.

The European likes to admit that there is something mildly barbarous about the American at opera, whom he accuses of putting on lugs and waiting for high notes. The American, he considers, needs to be told that grand opera is neither a fashion show nor a bullfight. Such besetting sins as coming in late and applauding before arias are finished he continues to denounce with unconcealed contempt, as cause for

denunciation increases with the population. It may be Europe's fault if our *per capita* culture is less comparable than ever with that of ancient Athens, but the blame is ours. "Anyway," remark some of the other Wall Street men, "who said we wanted opera?"

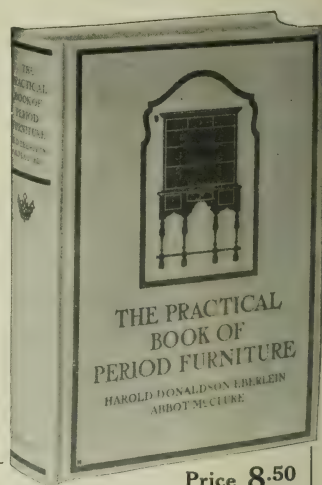
In an era of self-hypnotism and daily dozens it is conceivable that man's eternal quest for enlightenment may end in America becoming an honestly opera-loving nation.

Whether we think we enjoy opera or do not enjoy it, we are bidden to disregard its inherent frailties and shortcomings. We need not ask impudently: Whose little propaganda are you? Whether it comes to us in fulfillment of the demand of the populace, or because of private ambition or sheer vanity, or because we ought to have it and be initiated into its rosy shrine, or because sweet voices must be heard at large—it need not trouble consciences so lately Puritan. All that really matters—is it sufficiently administering to our souls, giving us a fair glimpse of the rewards to be ours when the art sense finally awakens to its fullest, and saving our talent from a cold interment?

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A. & D.-1

Why Do We Go to the Theatre?



HY do we go?

Most of us would be puzzled to answer. To be amused, says the man who declares that there is enough misery in real life without being made wretched in the theatre, and will then spend a thoroughly happy evening at a melodrama full of tears and murders, without being willing to miss a single pang or a single tear. To be educated, says the earnest student, who falls asleep when the play becomes educational instead of dramatic. To get away from ourselves, says another, perhaps nearer to the truth, who, if he gropes still further, may guess that it is not ourselves that we want to lose but rather our real selves that we want to find, when we pass to that serene atmosphere which allows us to look at life without hurting or being hurt by it. This æsthetic self-analysis should lead to a wider conclusion. Whatever the opinions of the individual as to his motives, he becomes a singularly docile creature when once he has taken his seat and become part of an audience.

Every actor knows that "the house" is not many persons but one personality, and even that superior being, the dramatic critic, only really begins to exercise his critical faculty when the curtain has fallen and he is released from the spell. Not only so, but the same critic, be he never so able and never so sincere, will be hard put to it to form an opinion of a play at a rehearsal where there is no audience—that same play of whose qualities he will be so sure, even against the popular verdict, when once he has sat through a public performance. Nor is the audience the same personality every night. Different audiences will take up different points. One night the house will be dead, another responsive. It takes few people to make an audience. It is difficult to say how few, but they must be people of varying sympathies, and if this condition is present the minimum can be reduced.

In one respect the public of every modern country is like that of every other. In no theatre since the Greeks has the taste been really controlled by men. In the theatre of today it is women who decide what plays we shall go to see. It is for women that the playwright is half-consciously or quite deliberately setting his sails. Dare one ask whether that is why so few men take the theatre seriously? Certainly one may say that there is no performance chiefly devised to appeal to men. No, after all, there is one—the Follies.

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Of Arts & Decoration, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1922.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Adam Dingwall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Arts & Decoration, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor—Perritt Maxwell, 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—Adam Dingwall, 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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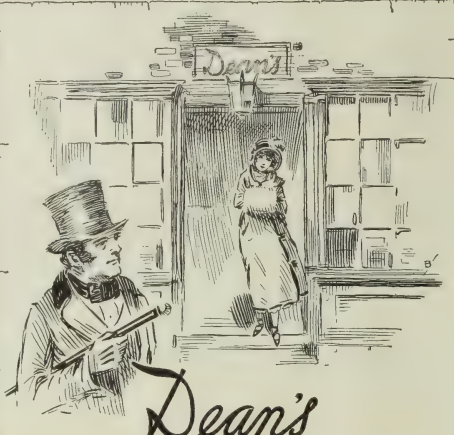
ADAM DINGWALL, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1922. (Seal) ALBERT B. BEELAND,

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Exterior Decoration

(Continued from page 52)

sand and more years, we find the same cycle enacted in the rise of luxury of the English and French courts, and the stealing away to America of the Pilgrims where their Puritanic instincts punished the exhibition of beauty in women so rigorously that little caps even were adopted to conceal the hair.

The final stage has been the gradual coming out of the use of cosmetics from under the ban where our Puritan instincts had placed it, and the recognition of Exterior Decoration as a science in itself, an art commendable and justifiable as a means to spreading the Gospel of Beauty.

I beg you to remember, however, that these United States extended over a vaster territory than did Greece—or Rome. The climate in New York City is so different from that of New Orleans that it seems ridiculous to call my readers' attention to it, but how few of us realize the effect of this climatic difference upon the foundation of all beauty—the skin.

Sunburn, arch-robber of the juices which are the skinfood sup-

plied us by Mother Nature, leaves even the oily skin so enfeebled that the unseasonably cold winds occurring sporadically during Autumn will cause it to crack into countless lines and wrinkles. So the skin must be protected against impoverishment and atmospheric conditions must be discounted.

I have frequently to warn my migratory patrons that their month or more at Palm Beach calls for very different beauty aids than they would use for the social season of New York. Chicago's wintry winds are world-known; would I advise the same protecting cream for one of its residents that I would recommend someone in Denver to use? Decidedly, no!

All this must be considered and the analysis of the skin made, whether it be dry or oily, if there are lines around the eyes or sagging muscles to brace up. With a clear knowledge of her own case any American woman can hope to create or re-create Beauty, and to make of herself an harmonious part of an appreciative world.

Tendencies of Motor-Car Design in 1923

(Continued from page 32)

izing on small cars of fine quality. Germany never produced a handsome car and is still holding her own in this respect. England continues to put comfort first and appearance second and if the latter is achieved it is generally as much of a surprise to the builder as to the public.

In America the increasing popularity of the closed car for year-around service has served to place a number of excellent closed jobs at moderate prices on the market. Some of the cheaper models to all appearances rival the more expensive makes. Unfortunately there is a regrettable monotony in design. In fact there are at least a dozen cars that cannot be distinguished from each other unless you look for such details as the hub caps and name plate. There is an epidemic of maroon and nickel touring cars and roadsters sweeping the country. This is a good sign as color has been suppressed and ignored for years.

One of the tendencies of design is to shorten the body enough to allow a trunk rack in the rear. Another is the reappearance of the spare tires on the fenders. Among open cars the tops are much lighter and smarter, with exposed wooden bows and a tan top of English burbank. The top lining is fast disappearing, probably on account of its bulk, which made a neatly folded top almost impossible.

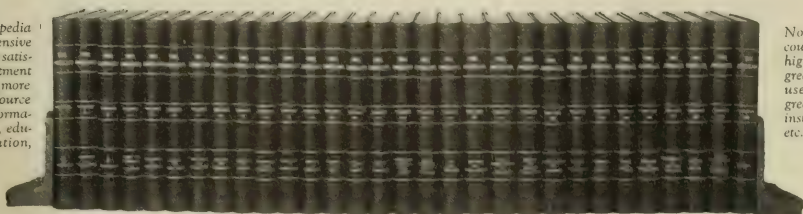
The increasing number of owner-drivers is an encouraging sign, though why a man or woman should surrender the real pleasure

of driving to a chauffeur, except when absolutely necessary, has always been a mystery. The result has been a number of new designs with the inside drive featured.

That the small car is daily growing in favor, particularly among women who drive, is most apparent. This increasing popularity is not due to a desire for greater economy, as in Europe, so much as for convenience in handling. With traffic growing heavier and parking space at a premium the small car owner has a decided advantage over the driver of a larger one. Fiat has brought out several diminutive town cars on this theory.

Among the big cars the Locomobile boasts many new refinements and its coach work is unusually good. The magnetic hand of M. Durant has apparently made the big chassis considerably livelier. The Lafayette is breaking away from the factory body designs and is at last getting bodies in keeping with its mechanical excellence. The return of the Crane-Simplex to the quality field is another development, though it is generally understood that the car will be just the same as when last offered the public. The small Rolls Royce, for which motor enthusiasts have been watching, will not be made or offered for sale in America, according to reports. The makers feel that America is not educated to the low-powered car. Among the lighter cars the Packard Single Six has enjoyed amazing popularity.

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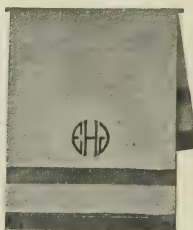
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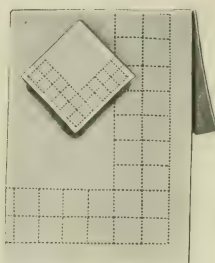


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- First prize, \$250.00—E. Stetson Crawford, The Enclosure, Nutley, N. J.
Second prize, \$100.00—George P. Parker, 350 High St., Newburyport, Mass.
Third prize, \$50.00—Henry A. Goldsmith, 715 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Honorable Mentions

- H. P. Koeppel, 2222 Fairmount Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.
Marie Derge, 2314 Eina St., Berkeley, Cal.
Hermann A. L. Behlen, 128 East 37th St., New York City.

CLASS B

- First prize, \$250.00—Fred A. Vuilleminot, 1627 Ontario St., Toledo, O.
Second prize, \$100.00—G. Alessandrini, 904 Bates St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Third prize, \$50.00—Richard Mueller, 800 East 173rd St., New York City.

Honorable Mentions

- Frederick L. Gerhold, 2360 Auburn Ave., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.
A. Reimherr, 159 Charles St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Henry A. Goldsmith, 715 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CLASS C

- First prize, \$250.00—Ruth Koch Gerth, 1200 Second Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Second prize, \$100.00—Ruth Koch Gerth, 1200 Second Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
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- F. Cowles Potter, 95 Hillendale St., Rochester, N. Y.
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The Face of the Soul

YOUR palm is the newspaper of your soul. There are head-lines, heart-lines, death notices, marriage announcements, and little items that often contain all the news of your ancestors that is not fit to print.

I became interested in palmistry about three years ago when my wife after an examination of the criss-crosses in my left hand through a powerful magnifier told me that my line of least resistance was very great, that the girdle of Venus had slipped on to the Mount of Apollo, that my line of intuition had shown tremendous development during the years, that a bar leading to the Plane of Mars showed unending strife where no quarter would be given. In my right hand my line of celebrity would exfoliate into some rare pickings when I was about forty-some years. I waited until forty-some (every day, in every way, I noticed I was getting more and more clippings about myself) and found that my line of celebrity certainly has a special despatch from old man Kismet, all right. Publishers began to run after me like revenue officers after a bottle of Scotch. Since then I have become a palmistry "fan."

I do not believe those lines in the hands are accidental. There is nothing accidental in nature. Everything means something. Why not the lines in the hand? It is all very simple. If the face is the palm of the mind, the hand may very well be the face of the soul. Destiny must express itself. Nature will out. Thus the faint outcroppings showing the vast ledges of the subconscious that lie buried in each of us. Palm-reading is not a fad. It is a science, as Henri Rem demonstrates in his great book, "What Your Hand Reveals" (translated from the French; E. P. Dutton & Co.).

M. Rem is not a charlatan or a mystifier. He says that chirolgy is not an occult science; there is nothing supernatural, magical or diabolical about chirolgy. It is not a branch of the art of divination, for everybody may study and understand it, and, once under-

stood, it is possible to read and translate the signs in the hands just as any one may read and translate a page of Greek, Arabic or Chinese. "All tricks," he says, "should be left to street fakirs and to fortune-tellers and to those among our modern pythonesses whose only object is to trouble the intelligence in order to exploit public credulity with greater ease."

No such comprehensive, simple and complete story of the hand has come within my knowledge. The illustrations can be studied by a child. There is no ornament in style, no propaganda. It is a plain exposition of facts. It is, indeed, a wonder-book, as in every book that tells us something about this strange world we live in—for the Earth is a haunted house spinning fantastically around the sun.

"Up Stream"

THE New Romanticism (Paul Elmore More and Irving Babbitt, on guard!) runs to confessions, memoirs, recollections and soul-gurglings galore.

Among the raft of these books that have come to my desk I just read "Up Stream," by Ludwig Lewisohn (Boni & Liveright). When I finished I felt that Mr. Lewisohn was a male Carol Kennicott whose urge to culture and social righteousness was stifling to death in the Gopher Prairie of the universe.

A German whines when he's beaten and bullrysags when he wins. It is a national characteristic. The inference (at least to me) in "Up Stream" is that Mr. Lewisohn is a superman of some kind that the world will not listen to. He is an Americanized German Jew of great book-learning, very little wisdom, and absolutely no sense of humor.

His battle up-stream is a battle that every man of individuality must fight against codes, conventions and cant—that every man of individuality and character has fought since the beginning of time. In this battle strong souls do not whimper. They fight. Their weapons are satire, ridicule and invective. Go on with your work—and await your day. If it do

(Continued on next page)

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And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from previous page)

not come, it was not to come. That's the game.

There is in this book of social and literary indictment nothing that gives me a single glimpse of genius or revelation. It is a tale of uninteresting family matters, professors, book education, seeking for jobs, troubles during the war (war is war, Monsieur Lewisohn) and his sentimental evocation of a "world in chaos" (which has as familiar a sound as "The British Empire is tottering," "This is the last of Tammany Hall" and "France is decaying").

I verily believe that Mr. Lewisohn looked upon the declaration of war of the United States against Germany as a special grievance. Why shouldn't this country have stayed out of the war and made America safe for Ludwig Lewisohn?—seems about the gist of his plaint. Then he sentimentalizes over a few silver spoons he had to pawn when hard up (his father could always be depended on to send him money in a pinch), and he actually pities Shakespeare avenue, in the Bronx! Ach! these insipid, pewling, sentimental Germans! The trouble with Mr. Lewisohn is that he wouldn't work.

The ambition of Mr. Lewisohn's life, it seems, was to become a college professor. I believe his academic mind would have eventually placed him in the forefront of the most useless profession in the world. But a man who passionately aspires to be a college professor, to "teach"—well, he is born, it seems to me, in the tribe of the philistines.

What's Your Favorite Utopia?

MAN works with his feet on the ground and his head in the air; and the history of what has happened on earth—the history of cities and armies and of all the things that have had body and form—is only one-half the Story of Mankind."

This beautiful sentence occurs in Lewis Mumford's "The Story of Utopias" (Boni & Liveright). It is the story of a Robinson Crusoe Man, marooned on a star, seeking the trail of footprints that lead to the other stars. But he does not know that those footprints are his own.

In a manner, as Mr. Mumford points out, Utopia is as much a fact as Europe or the United States. Utopia is a dynamic idea, an ideal, or a superstition. As a perpetual belief lodged in the human brain it has had power to move great masses of men, change the course of history, and put its stamp on social and intellectual progress. Therefore it is a fact—although Utopias themselves are chimeras.

Many years ago at the Empire

Theatre, Maude Adams while playing Peter Pan used to rush down to the footlights every night and ask the audience directly:

"Do you believe in fairies?"

We all used to shout, "Yes!" We all believe in fairies and fairy stories—and from the back of the darkened auditorium I could hear the "yes!" of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Campanella, Etienne Cabet, Bellamy, William Morris, H. G. Wells, W. H. Hudson, Shakespeare and Shelley. They, too, invented fairylands which they called Utopias and beings to people them.

Mr. Mumford's fascinating book starts with the Republic of Plato and tells us in simple terms the history of every dream for the redemption of man down to the economic and social Utopias of today. He is too sane to be caught by any of them. He is primarily a story-teller, a man who wishes to show the other side of Van Loon's book, "The Story of Mankind." Indeed, Mr. Van Loon writes an introduction to "The Story of Utopias." He, too, believes in the belief of the "Never-Never Land."

But what a satire it is on the world we live in—that we must be forever inventing new ones in order to bear the ills of this one! Is the belief in Utopias optimistic or pessimistic? The idealist will say it is a promise. The pessimist will say it is a final judgment on life as we are compelled to live it.

Papini the Terrible

GIOVANNI PAPINI is the Peck's Bad Boy of European philosophy. He is the "Huck" Finn of Italy. Never a six-month passes but Giovanni doesn't let fly the pots at some one's head. He's an egotist and a romantic—God bless 'im! He has dusted the jackets of everybody—from Homer to Woodrow. He eats philosophers alive. He crushes whole social systems with an epigram (the social systems never know it). He contradicts himself—just like Nature, Walt Whitman and women.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll call your attention to the first page of "Four and Twenty Minds," his latest collection of essays (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). The first page is his face. A towed head, battling Italian. His features are heavy but not unprepossessing. He has character. He is sensuous. He has intellect. He is an individual. He would probably die in defending the names of Nietzsche, Whitman or Da Vinci, but would not walk around the corner to save his bank account.

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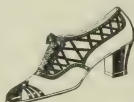
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Facts and Rumors from Londontown

(Continued from page 13)

pathized with my young friend who thought it was not quite the correct thing for queens and princesses to go about dressed just like ordinary people, sitting in furs and on ordinary chairs instead of on crimson thrones and wearing their crowns. I am afraid she was disappointed by being disillusioned and she declared we are a strange people in believing it to be "bad form" to recognize royalty at the theatre.

NOWHERE is there so much local patriotism as in my village of Chelsea where, you know, everybody of real importance lives, or at any rate would like to live, though recently we refused to elect the philosopher Bertram Russell as our representative in Parliament. However, now that Mr. Lloyd George has been turned out of historic 10 Downing Street, he has come to reside at 10 Cheyne Row, so that really he is among the elect of humanity. The rumor has even reached us across the Atlantic that the people of Boston, Mass., "think no small beer of themselves"—if an Englishman may be permitted to a "no more cakes and ale" virtuous American audience of readers—but for imaginable, confident, intellectual conceit Chelsea would take the

shine out of half a dozen Bostons! Just now we have a movement to set up in our midst, at a cost of some \$125,000, a hostel for sweet girl graduates from other parts of the world who come to London for educational enlargement. When that hostel is erected it will be attached to one of the most beautiful, oakbeamed, stain-glass-windowed old halls in the world. We care for our famous buildings as an elderly dame guards precious lace. Crosby Hall, built in 1466, used to be in the city and is celebrated in Shakespeare's plays. In its time it played many parts, from being a Cardinal's residence to becoming a restaurant; but when in these crude utilitarian days it had to be removed for street-widening purposes it was not destroyed but taken apart stone by stone, rafted by rather, and set up again on a plot of land in Chelsea which used to be part of Sir Thomas More's garden. It looks a little lonely standing there, not being used for anything in particular; so there has been the happy thought to hand it over to one of our female high-brow educational societies and let it be used as the common room of the oversea damsels who will take up their residence in the hostel yet to be built.



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Modelling the Pope's Portrait

Three Hundred and Fifty-two Artists Have Asked to Make a Portrait of His Holiness But Only This One Man Succeeded

By FRANÇOIS COGNÉ

(This interesting article relating his experience at the Vatican as written by M. Cogné, the French sculptor who has made portrait busts of such distinguished men as Marshals Foch, Joffre, and Lyautrey, and General Nivelle, which busts adorn the Musée de l'Armée, was translated from *L'Illustration* of Paris for the *Living Age*, from whose pages it is here reproduced. Only a Frenchman could impart to his personal narrative of a quiet undertaking the thrill and color of a high emprise. M. Cogné has done this—charmingly.)

AFTER finding my way across the great courtyard of Saint Damasus, glaring in the sunlight, I climbed up the interminable stairs of white marble that lead to the apartments of the Holy Father. The heat was exhausting. On every landing a gendarme stood on guard. At the top, a little door, crowned by an inscription in gold letters, opened off a shadowy hall. Attendants were writing down the visitors' names and making each wait his turn in one of the diminutive salons.

What a contrast with everything outside! Here all was shadow. The great white-and-gray curtains and the closed blinds masked the windows and shut out the sun. A fresh coolness reached you, together with the odor of old books. Priests were moving about without a word, going out, coming in, passing hither and thither amid an awesome silence. I was waiting in a little room to the right, where there were bookshelves with modern titles. I read the names—the proceedings of religious congresses; encyclicals; and in a corner of the glass-fronted case, some copies of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with modest salmon-colored covers.

My contemplation was interrupted by an attendant, who pointed out to me, in the hallway, an ecclesiastical dignitary wearing a purple skullcap and dressed in a cloak of the same hue. It was the official I had come to see, Monsignor Pizzardo. He talked rapidly and seemed to be in a great hurry. He was already leaving his companion, another prelate, and turning toward the little door, when I hastened to make myself known. In excellent French this kindly little man, with curly hair and the friendliest appearance imaginable, begged me to follow him into the next room. He explained to me how difficult it is to approach the Holy Father: nevertheless, I should have an audience. I was to tell him the object of my visit, since the Pope would not be able to spare more than a few minutes for me. Even as he spoke, he was leafing over a notebook. I confided my intention to model a bust of the Pope, and explained how delighted I was to secure his audience through his good offices. He hurried into

the next room, where I could hear him telephoning in Italian. After some time, he came back, holding a letter in his hand. The Pope would grant me an audience at five o'clock this afternoon. I was to present this letter at the antechamber of the audience room. I expressed my delight to Monsignor Pizzardo, but I added, at the same time, that one does not make a bust in ten minutes, and that I should have to take some measurements. He would not let me finish:

"Measurements? What are you thinking of? You're going to touch the Holy Father with a compass? Impossible! You didn't tell me that! No, no, it can't be done. I don't believe he'd like it."

I recoiled before this flood of indignation. I would be content with a mere sketch and I wouldn't stay more than ten minutes. Monsignor Pizzardo cheered me with a smiling:

"You'll see what you can do when you are with His Holiness. Perhaps—"

He did not finish, but held out his hand and turned away. I saw him bustle off, his silk mantle trailing out slightly in the breeze behind him. Then, very slowly, I went back down the stairway.

I WAS to see the Pope at five o'clock! I could hardly believe it. For ten days I had been running my head against a stone wall. Invariably, the secretary who guarded the door had declared to me, "Three hundred and fifty-two artists, from every part of the world, have already asked to make a portrait of His Holiness. You are merely the three hundred and fifty-third. The Holy Father is too busy. Nobody wants your letters of introduction. Here, take this *biglietto*, which will enable you to see His Holiness at the public audience." And then I would go away, out of countenance. Whereas, to-day—!

At four o'clock, with my sketching pad under my arm and with two cameras swinging from a bandoleer, I presented myself at the Bronze Gate. The Swiss Guards, who began to know me, let me through, and I climbed the two stories that separated me from the grand hall. After some encounters with the gendarmes (but their commander forewarned,

(Continued over page)

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Modelling the Pope's Portrait

(Continued from previous page)

knew that I was persona grata) I was permitted to climb the stair-
way leading to the Pope's rooms.
At each floor a Swiss Guard, lance
in hand, tapped on the marble
tiles of the landing. I was so ex-
cited that I forgot to take the
elevator.

The last landing! I went into
a little room where a vestiary is
set up. There were some cham-
berlains dressed in red silk, in knee
breeches and buckled shoes. After
being relieved of my hat, I was
led into another hall, which is
used for collective audiences, and
was requested to sit down and
wait.

I examined the room in which I
found myself. Rows of armchairs
were placed along the walls and
there were several luxurious con-
sole tables holding clocks and cru-
cifixes. The Venetian blinds were
closed and the curtains drawn.

Two diabolically large men, veri-
table giants, in black boots and
tight white breeches, like those of
our Garde Républicaine, were
stalking up and down with the
same cadenced step. They wore
black coats, *à la française*, and
huge hairy hats, like our grenadi-
ers under the Empire. As an
exception to the code of etiquette,
I was permitted to dispense with
full dress and white tie, but I felt
still more overawed in my simple
black business suit. The chair on
which I sat was too high—my feet
did not touch the floor.

The door opened at last and
a priest came toward me,
asked for my letter, ran through
it, and departed—taking it
with him. Ten minutes more of
waiting. Then came a personage
in full dress, followed by a Mon-
signor in purple. They beckoned
to me. I walked on tiptoe through
hall after hall, and then through
a little chapel where—this I
learned afterwards—the Pope
says mass every morning before a
few worshippers concealed by a
curtain. A pause. I was placed
in the hands of a chamberlain
older and more severe than the
others, but wearing the same red
breeches. He instructed me to get
my apparatus ready, and sat down
in an armchair to watch me do it.
We were, he explained, in the
room where Leo XIII died. He
had himself been in the service
of the Popes for forty years, and
had been under three before this
one. He added that this, the last
he had the honor to serve, was a
good man and a very great one.
The conversation went on in un-
dertones.

The door at the left opened
noiselessly. A man in full dress
with a white tie—an usher, no
doubt—told me to bring my
equipment into the next room.
Still on tiptoe, I complied.

In the room that I now entered,

a richly decorated throne, with a
canopy overshadowing it, stands
constantly ready for the Sovereign
Pontiff. I admired two superb
console tables. On the one to the
left rested a marble statue of Saint
Cecilia and above it, on the wall,
hung a portrait of the Pope. On
the other table were two fine cloi-
sonné vases, a candlestick and a
clock.

The chamberlain and I placed
an armchair for the Holy Father,
and then opened the curtains and
the shutters to let in a blinding
light that threw everything in the
room into sharp relief. A door
concealed by a hanging opened
softly and a priest in purple robes
entered, to ask whether every-
thing was ready and to remind me
that the audience must not last
more than ten minutes. Then he
disappeared.

I FOUND myself again alone
with the chamberlain. Above us,
on the parquet of the next floor,
I could hear rustlings and slow,
heavy footfalls. The chamberlain
explained that the Holy Father
had no doubt come back from his
walk and was entering his apart-
ments. I was smitten with stage
fright. What should I do when I
saw him? Ought I kneel? Ought
I speak? The chamberlain in-
dicated that I should kneel, and,
bowing his head, showed me the
proper attitude to assume.

Once again the door opened,
giving me a glimpse of a room
that seemed enormous. Appar-
ently it was a library. It was
partly masked behind a screen, but
I could make out shelves with
books ranged upon them. Sudden-
ly the Holy Father appeared.
He came forward slowly, mopping
his forehead, dressed in flannel, all
white, with the white skullcap
surmounting a rosy face, and eyes
half hidden behind spectacles of
thick glass. His simple whiteness
was like a gleam amid all that
luxury. I knelt. My eyes were
moist, and above me I heard the
Latin words of the benediction.

I rose to my feet. My uneasiness
was gone. Before me stood an
august model, who addressed me
in a friendly tone. His voice is
warm and grave, and he speaks
excellent French. The metal foot
of my tripod slipped on the par-
quet, and I could not get it to
stand up properly. I felt the Holy
Father's eyes upon me. Forgetful
of the proprieties, I spoke to him
without being addressed, apologiz-
ing for my clumsiness. He replied
gently, "No matter. Do your
work and don't be nervous, or
you'll lose time."

Was that to recall the minutes
that were passing? Or was it an
encouragement? A kindly smile left
no doubt in my mind, and I ven-
tured upon the audacity of asking

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(Continued on page 72)



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Modelling the Pope's Portrait

(Continued from previous page)

knew that I was persona grata) I was permitted to climb the stairway leading to the Pope's rooms. At each floor a Swiss Guard, lance in hand, tapped on the marble tiles of the landing. I was so excited that I forgot to take the elevator.

The last landing! I went into a little room where a vestiary is set up. There were some chamberlains dressed in red silk, in knee breeches and buckled shoes. After being relieved of my hat, I was led into another hall, which is used for collective audiences, and was requested to sit down and wait.

I examined the room in which I found myself. Rows of armchairs were placed along the walls and there were several luxurious console tables holding clocks and crucifixes. The Venetian blinds were closed and the curtains drawn.

Two diabolically large men, veritable giants, in black boots and tight white breeches, like those of our Garde Républicaine, were stalking up and down with the same cadenced step. They wore black coats, *à la française*, and huge hairy hats, like our grenadiers under the Empire. As an exception to the code of etiquette, I was permitted to dispense with full dress and white tie, but I felt still more overawed in my simple black business suit. The chair on which I sat was too high—my feet did not touch the floor.

THE door opened at last and a priest came toward me, asked for my letter, ran through it, and departed—taking it with him. Ten minutes more of waiting. Then came a personage in full dress, followed by a Monsignor in purple. They beckoned to me. I walked on tiptoe through hall after hall, and then through a little chapel where—this I learned afterwards—the Pope says mass every morning before a few worshippers concealed by a curtain. A pause. I was placed in the hands of a chamberlain older and more severe than the others, but wearing the same red breeches. He instructed me to get my apparatus ready, and sat down in an armchair to watch me do it. We were, he explained, in the room where Leo XIII died. He had himself been in the service of the Popes for forty years, and had been under three before this one. He added that this, the last he had the honor to serve, was a good man and a very great one. The conversation went on in undertones.

The door at the left opened noiselessly. A man in full dress with a white tie—an usher, no doubt—told me to bring my equipment into the next room. Still on tiptoe, I complied.

In the room that I now entered,

a richly decorated throne, with a canopy overshadowing it, stands constantly ready for the Sovereign Pontiff. I admired two superb console tables. On the one to the left rested a marble statue of Saint Cecilia and above it, on the wall, hung a portrait of the Pope. On the other table were two fine cloisonné vases, a candlestick and a clock.

The chamberlain and I placed an armchair for the Holy Father, and then opened the curtains and the shutters to let in a blinding light that threw everything in the room into sharp relief. A door concealed by a hanging opened softly and a priest in purple robes entered, to ask whether everything was ready and to remind me that the audience must not last more than ten minutes. Then he disappeared.

I FOUND myself again alone with the chamberlain. Above us, on the parquet of the next floor, I could hear rustlings and slow, heavy footfalls. The chamberlain explained that the Holy Father had no doubt come back from his walk and was entering his apartments. I was smitten with stage fright. What should I do when I saw him? Ought I kneel? Ought I speak? The chamberlain indicated that I should kneel, and, bowing his head, showed me the proper attitude to assume.

Once again the door opened, giving me a glimpse of a room that seemed enormous. Apparently it was a library. It was partly masked behind a screen, but I could make out shelves with books ranged upon them. Suddenly the Holy Father appeared. He came forward slowly, mopping his forehead, dressed in flannel, all white, with the white skullcap surmounting a rosy face, and eyes half hidden behind spectacles of thick glass. His simple whiteness was like a gleam amid all that luxury. I knelt. My eyes were moist, and above me I heard the Latin words of the benediction.

I rose to my feet. My uneasiness was gone. Before me stood an august model, who addressed me in a friendly tone. His voice is warm and grave, and he speaks excellent French. The metal foot of my tripod slipped on the parquet, and I could not get it to stand up properly. I felt the Holy Father's eyes upon me. Forgetful of the proprieties, I spoke to him without being addressed, apologizing for my clumsiness. He replied gently, "No matter. Do your work and don't be nervous, or you'll lose time."

Was that to recall the minutes that were passing? Or was it an encouragement? A kindly smile left no doubt in my mind, and I ventured upon the audacity of asking

the Holy Father to pose in the attitude of benediction, since I was going to make a statue. He replied kindly, "I cannot make that gesture and remain motionless. I will bless you and you may choose the instant or the movement that you think is most interesting, to be held." He blessed me twice, and twice I caught his gesture. Then he asked: "Is that all?" He had already risen. I replied, "No, Holy Father. If you will permit, I should like to take a few measurements that will help me make the bust."

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Buying Bogus Antiques in London

By FRANCIS HACKETT

(Mr. Hackett is a special contributor to the *New York World*, with a blanket commission to find themes of interest to write about in any part of the globe. His story of the "shark" dealer in antiques, herewith appended, is both amusing and illuminating. It also conveys a profound if obvious moral.)



BID you ever buy antiques? Did you ever buy a genuine old chest, highly recommended by its late owner, the owner who died on it? Did you ever have a pang of doubt concerning it? If so, let me share with you a lawsuit which is now wending its dignified way through the English courts. The first Judge who had it passed it up. But it will come on again. And I advise all the hopeful spirits who go after antiques to hear this little story.

The defendant is an antique dealer. I don't mean the kind of dealer who has a nodding but not yet speaking acquaintance with English. I mean the kind whose first name is likely to be Basil. The kind of man who has a handkerchief up his sleeve. The kind who says:

"A chay-aw? Yes, we have a chay-aw. That one thay-aw? Yes, nice needlework. The price?"

The trivial consideration of price has never crossed Basil's mind before.

"Fifteen hundred, I fancy."

A genteel examination of the chair.

"Yes, fifteen hundred."

The defendant in this case is really named Basil. The man who is deadlocked with him is called Shrager, Adolphe Shrager.

The war brought Adolphe into flower. He was in the rubber business for better or for worse, and during the war there was a mighty trade in rubber. Adolphe rolled up a fortune. Between super-tax and income tax that fortune might have suffered a few slings and arrows, but Adolphe heard of the antique business. He got the idea that a house filled with antiques would be as good as a bag of diamonds. You have the use of them and they get better as they get older. Obviously. Why not salt away a few dollars on nice old antique furniture?

ENTER Basil, the swell antique dealer. Basil realizes that Adolphe is not an expert. Everyone cannot be an expert, can one? But Basil is an expert and should be delighted to help Adolphe in every way. What Adolphe desires, of course, is Genuine Antique, collectors' pieces? Quite. Up to £100,000? Quite, quite. Chippendale, Queen Anne, Charles II., Adam (not the Biblical Adam—ha, ha!—the other Adam); and how about

some really good oak panelling from Royston Hall in Hertfordshire? And a tampion clock? Naturally.

Adolphe got it, £85,262 worth. And then he uttered a loud yell. He was pinched where the rubber was short. His fortune was slipping. He needed cash. Anxious, as in the good old days, to realize a little something on a table or a chair, he sent for another dealer. That dealer came and looked at Adolphe's treasures with the eye of a dead fish. He shook his head in a repellent and dismal manner. He was undoubtedly one of those men with dark blue faces who shake their heads and say, "No, my friend, I can do nodings. You can see for yourself." Adolphe, in intense pain, sent for a specialist. The specialist was named Herbert Cescinsky. And this is what Mr. Cescinsky told the court:

THERE was no Royston Hall. That was just Basil's happy thought. The old oak panelling, some of it, came out of a dairy on High Street and the rest out of the carpenter's. It cost three hundred or less to start with, but after the "reconstruction" Adolphe was permitted to have it for £3,000.

Ye "fine olde Chippendale" lamp-stands were neither fine nor Chippendale. "The legs were obviously new," Mr. Cescinsky showed the court, "and the stem had probably been made from a child's four-post bed. The price of £450 was ridiculous. As second-hand furniture they would be worth £8 10s."

This bitter expert next exhibited an "eighteenth century blue lac cabinet." He described it as "a well-known article of commerce." It came from a stock of bogus antiques, like the political ideas of Senator Lodge. "It was not Queen Anne, but was recently made up in a factory. The 'lacquer' was merely French polish and the brass work was of a well-known Birmingham make." This bit of artful dodgery cost the rubber king £850.

Adolphe had a fatal leaning toward Queen Anne, so the next thing he fell for was a Queen Anne red lacquer writing bureau. This bureau was an ingenious thing, a combination of Dutch body and an Oriental chess-board tacked on top. Eight hundred pounds, the price of any fashionable operation.

A Charles II. walnut table with marble top was the next exposure.

(Continued on page 70)



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Orland Campbell, whose portraiture is
individualistic

Out of Chaos Comes a New Portraitist

(Continued from page 17)

for himself. Thoroughly grounded in the essentials of art, with a rare mastery of draughtsmanship and color and informed in the chemistry of his materials, Campbell has developed a style and maintains a point-of-view altogether unique. His canvases are painted about the personality of the sitter, to the end that this personality may be portrayed in its strongest possible aspect; thus settings are arbitrary and are suggested wholly in the individuality of his subject.

He uses little, almost no shadow, preferring to avoid dramatic and enveloping effects, yet his figures are not lacking in solidity. His arrangements maintain a profound structural simplicity enriched by pattern and ornament, and a technique in textures of paint that is amazing. No part of the canvas is slighted as unimportant;

no space-filling detail irrelevant to the main idea is introduced; no amount of necessary labor is too great.

Born in Chicago of American parents, in November, 1890, Orland Campbell lived the first twenty-three years of his life in Washington, D. C., to which city his family had removed. Up to the time when he began a serious study of art he had acquired a college education, traveled extensively and in addition engaged two years in business before taking up the career of a portrait painter. Briefly his precepts are that he very definitely believes in the inestimable value of the great achievements of the past; that no great work can be accomplished without much thought and unceasing labor, and that above all, and in all things, a man must be himself.

Buying Bogus Antiques in London

(Continued from page 68)

Cescinsky took the same delight in showing up this as Houdini did in sprinkling tin tacks on the stage for the celebrated "ghost" in bare feet. Like the old New Haven railroad station, this table "had no period at all." It sold for £375. It was worth £10.

A pair of Chippendale side tables sold for £1,100. They had modern carvings and were worth £7 apiece.

BY the time that Cescinsky had shown the Judge and the ten expensive counsel the difference between a knife-slit made in 1921 and the wear and tear of the eighteenth century, by the time he had proved how old bodies could be put on new legs and new bodies on old legs, by the time he had taken a wine cooler and an Elizabethan oak buffet to pieces, His

Lordship began to fear for his sanity and his profession. If, he moaned, there are 200 antiques to be indecently exposed, what of the wilting jury? Such a case should be huddled into the twilight zone where referees preside. The burning daylight must not play on Chippendale legs. He murmured, "Another tribunal," and was helped away.

One gathers the impression that Adolphe was stung. Still, I am not worrying about him. He asked for it. The moment he walked into that antique shop, his footprints leaving the impress of liquid gold, Basil could hardly have been restrained. The temptation to sell Adolphe a Globe-Wernicke filing cabinet as a nice bit of Heppelwhite must have been considerable.

The Background of Our Industrial Art

IN America we assumed our place as a nation practically at the time of the industrial revolution. We had no artistic traditions except those of the mother countries where the old order was shortly to change into the new. Furthermore, the material needs of life absorbed all the energies of our people. As we expanded and became prosperous the genius of leadership was absorbed in the development of our natural resources, the expansion of our railroads, the opening up of our mines, the felling of our forests, the building of factories and the organization of our industries. Naturally, under such conditions, we looked to the old world for our artistic leadership. Our architecture is the most outstanding illustration, but the same fact runs through all of our arts. Like all Europe we have gone back to the past and we have gone back largely through the eyes of Europe. Thus in a foreword to his volume on "Art in Industry," Mr. Charles R. Richards traces our industrial art history.

For the most of our inspiration in later years, says Mr. Richards, we have turned to France. Paris has been notably the center of styles relating to women's wear as well as many other things that concern the elegancies of life. To England we have gone in many matters concerning the decoration and furnishings of our homes.

The World War strikingly brought out our dependence upon European taste. Importations of artistic goods ceased to a large extent and it was no longer possible to purchase designs or copy patterns originated abroad. In the last year of the war, and in the period following, with the relative abundance of money in this country, this situation was brought out in marked relief.

The need for designers was severely felt and the fact that the schools were not functioning with entire success to produce such designers became apparent. During this period much was accomplished in certain industries to develop our own resources in the field of design and to render us comparatively independent of Europe. With the resumption of artistic production in Europe, it remains to be seen whether we will allow ourselves to fall back upon dependence on foreign leadership or whether America will take advantage of the ground already gained and make resolute efforts to move forward substantially in its artistic development.

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The side chair illustrated is an exact reproduction of the famous example in the Metropolitan collection, while the table and armchair accurately reflect the spirit and the character of Duncan Phyfe's work at his best period when the Sheraton influence predominated and Empire motives in restrained use but added a new and charming note.

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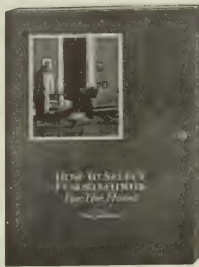
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Modelling the Pope's Portrait

(Continued from page 67)

utes' parleying with the Papal halberdiers. Rigal, who speaks excellent Italian, had explained that His Holiness was on the back seat, and that I was a great artist summoned by him to finish his bust. Then, drawing back the cloths, he showed them the face of the Holy Father, staring up at the sky.

Near the Clementine Hall an atelier had been improvised. It was a guardroom, with its helmets, its pitcher of water and drinking-cup, and some Swiss Guards lying asleep.

AS the door opened, they all rose. We set up the bust on a high table, and when we uncovered it I had the satisfaction of hearing a murmur of approval. They all found it a good likeness. It was one o'clock. We went off to have lunch with the ambassador.

When we came back to the Vatican we went up to the improvised atelier without being halted. We could move about the great palace freely, for by this time we were known. When we entered the room, what was our surprise to find two of the Swiss mounting guard over the bust. At five o'clock we received a visit from Monsignor Pizzardo, who expressed his keen satisfaction with the bust and requested me to have it ready at the same time the following day. With uneasy modesty, Rigal showed him the profile sketch, a fine and interesting profile, in which the qualities of a great painter and observer were instantly obvious. To his delight, Monsignor Pizzardo complimented him and added that he might accompany me next day to the audience, in order to go on with his sketch.

How good the beer on the terrace of the little *ristorante* opposite Saint Peter's tasted, after that! Blinking our eyes, we looked at the lovely façade of the Vatican, within which dwelt our august model.

July 28.—All day long we waited in the Vatican, going from the Sistine Chapel to the terraces, to the Pauline chapel, and to the Stanze with Raphael's frescoes. Once, as we were climbing a narrow iron stairway sunk in the wall—a swaying iron ladder, scarcely accessible, that might have served for firemen—we pushed open a door opening off a landing. A flood of dazzling light burst into our dim little niche; in front and to the left of us was the dome of Saint Peter's.

AFTER we had crossed a little balcony hanging in the void and provided with only a little iron railing, we came to a small window, and clinging to the rail-

ing, we looked curiously into the shadows below. Gradually, as our eyes adjusted themselves, we could make out below us groups of people, the hum of whose conversation came up to our ears. A throng was looking up and listening to the guides' explanations. All the countries of the world were there, and these visitors were living through moments never to be forgotten, for they were in the Sistine Chapel. Rigal and I, sitting on the cornice, wondered at it all, and touched the frescoes of that god of art whom we were learning here to know better than ever; and without moving, with the same fixed glance, we contemplated from close at hand the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge. We were overwhelmed by the more than human genius of Michelangelo. Over there was the Last Judgment, vibrant with life; but this great composition is, alas! browned by time, and we were too far away to see clearly each detail.

TIME was going swiftly. It was four o'clock, and at five we were to see the Pope. We went back to the Clementine Hall and "my" atelier. When we arrived, the Swiss Guards were drawn up, motionless, while they rendered honors to a cardinal whose red robes we saw, framed in a doorway leading to the apartments of the Pope. The Holy Father had not yet come back from his daily walk in the gardens of the Vatican, but he was not to be late. A chamberlain beckoned to us and we followed him down a great corridor, richly ornamented, its windows looking out over the immense inner court of the Vatican. In an enormous square, as big as the court of the Louvre and glowing under the sun, we looked around. The court was empty; no one was in the galleries; there was nothing but the flaming sun.

There was the rumble of wheels, the sound of horses' hoofs on the pavement, and a black coach emerged from the sombre arch. At four doors beneath the arches appeared gendarmes with gleaming sabres. The horses were magnificent, and the carriage rolled across the court with an iron resonance that rang through the stillness. It was upholstered in white, and within sat the Pope in his white cassock, beside a purple cassock. The carriage halted at the main staircase; a footman sprang out and opened the left door. The Holy Father, wearing a broad-brimmed violet hat, stepped out and quietly disappeared, walking majestically up the grand staircase with a chamberlain as his companion. We

(Continued on page 76)

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Miss Renee Prahar, noted woman sculptor, was recently awarded the Association prize over twenty-three competitors for her sculpture, "Jaguars," a decorative animal study exhibited at the show of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in New York

Old Lady Chicago Shows Her Medals

(Continued from page 29)

the California foothills, majestic in their purples, blues and greens. When the artist received the good tidings by telegraph he wired back, "I lift up my eyes unto the hills and give thanks." Other prizes awarded to landscapes were the Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. Peabody prize to Frank Swift Chase for "Autumn Lights" and one of the Peterson Purchase prizes to John E. Costigan for "Sheep at the Brook."

Eugene F. Savage was awarded the Norman Wait Harris Silver Medal for his decoration, "Expulsion," a symphony in greens, in which the figures of Adam and Eve seem one with the gnarled trees, bent by the wind of their misfortune and torn from their roots in the primeval soil. Eve is bowed forward until her hair, like a mass of molten green gold, sweeps the ground. The Norman Wait Harris Bronze Medal went to Karl H. Buehr for his "Storyland."

"Diana," by Abram Poole, seems steeped in green moonlight. The lines have a horizontal sweep that give the picture a crayon-like texture and suggest to the eye the forward flight of the unseen arrow that has just left the bow of Diana.

Three pleasant views of New England were Felicio Waldo Howell's "Chestnut Street, Salem," Chauncey Ryder's "The Old Mill" and Daniel Garber's "Tohickon" which won the Altman prize at the National Academy last year. "Su-

perstition," by Blumenschein, winner of the 1921 Altman prize, was also exhibited, in interesting juxtaposition to another New Mexican picture by Walter Ufer.

As usual the jury was obliged to omit many of the most interesting pictures from the list of possible prize-winners for the reason that the artists were among their own members. One painting thus omitted, H. Dudley Murphy's "Portrait of Woodbury," was afterward awarded one of the Peterson Purchase prizes by the Committee on Painting and Sculpture of the Art Institute.

New notes in the show were furnished by such technical feats as the woven modelling in paint of John Costigan's "Sheep at the Brook," the suggestive shorthand of Katherine Langhorne Adams in her "Ten O'clock Breakfast," and the tapestry-like weaving of lines in several impressionistic color-schemes. New also was the romantic twist which appeared, pervading even the most realistic of paintings. There was a noticeable absence of the "brutal nude." Ivan Olinsky's study of an auburn-haired model illustrated this new idealism in a wholly truthful rendering of the human figure. Its prettiness is not of the objectionable type, nor is it in the least academic. One wonders if perhaps the passion among our younger artists for portraying ugliness, having served its purpose, has not definitely begun to wane.



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Modelling the Pope's Portrait

(Continued from page 72)

looked back into the court. The gendarmes were kneeling, with their heads lowered until they looked very small, and at all four doors men were on their knees.

WE went in hastily. I had the bust carried by the red chamberlains and we followed through interminable halls, along lengthy corridors, like a procession. We came at length to the private apartments and the throne room, where I set up my bust. Monsignor Giuseppe, private chamberlain to His Holiness, was there to receive us. He had been present at the sitting, and did not spare his compliments.

The red door, opened gently. The Holy Father entered as he had before, and again I knelt to receive his benediction. But what was my pride when I saw a smile upon his face, as he looked with satisfaction at his bust. He passed his hand over his temples to see whether his spectacles were in place, and looked at Rigal and his drawing without seeming in the least surprised to find a second artist.

July 29.—The last sitting. The bust is finished. As on the previous afternoon, we waited for the Holy Father in the little throne room. Before giving the bust its finishing touches, I looked

carefully at my great model. Always the same simplicity, everywhere the same whiteness—the flannel cassock with the little white buttons, the short cape falling over the broad shoulders, the wide girdle about the waist with its wide ends hanging at the left side. Around his neck a chain of gold, fastened on the breast by a little buttonhole, from which hung a cross, beautifully carved in gold, framed in amethysts on a base of diamonds.

The words of Monsignor Cerretti in my atelier came back to me:—"You will find His Holiness goodness itself. He is a great scholar, acquainted with all the languages, a man who for more than forty years has read what there is to read, a man who has been filling his brain in his library, bending above his manuscripts; and often, when the stars grow dim in the sky, they leave him still bent above his pleasant labors."

When we were done, the Pope rose and came for the last time to look at our work. He nodded his head gently, satisfied. Rigal and I were on our knees, waiting for him to bless us, but he did more than that—he signed my bust with a large *Pont. Max. P. P. XI.* That was his thanks, and that splendid signature gives one more richness to my work.



"Women Washing on a River Bank," from the original woodblock by John Murphy

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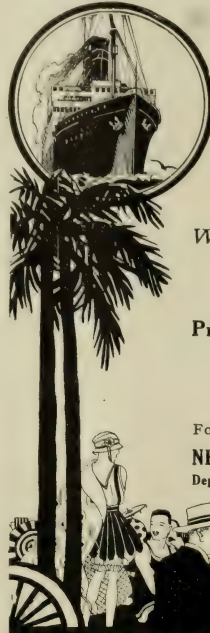
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The Chinese theatre heretofore has mystified and baffled the foreigner. He doesn't understand the language, and in spite of character-revealing gesture, and the fact that most of the lines are sung, he has a bad time making out what it is all about. He is likely to mistake a whole series of plays for one play, and come home at the end of his tour with a sorry tale of the dismal length of Chinese plays, and the deafening jangling of gongs; and—for he quite forgets the nasal voice that peddles chocolates in many an American theatre—he is appalled because the Chinese eat and drink in the theatre. Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe would not have been quite so squeamish, by the way, for they were used to the hubbub of the pit, the lords in the galleries and sometimes on the stage, the orange-sellers and the sweetmeat merchants going their rounds; and they might even have found some stage devices in the Chinese theatre with which they were not quite unfamiliar.

But the average tourist in China is neither a Sinologue, a student of the drama, nor a student of dramatic history. If he goes to the native theatre at all—which is not very likely—he comes away either with a puzzled feeling or with a superior feeling. Perhaps the Chen Kwang Theatre will be

more to his liking than some of the others. The refreshment tables have vanished, and though smoking is to be allowed, this has ancient Occidental precedent and is not quite unknown even to-day.

After the first night, the Peking Leader gave this account of the new theatre:

The lover of the theatre may now go to see good examples of the native art in this clean, warm, and attractive building, in which he need not have his servant hold down a seat for him for hours before the best actors will appear, but where he can reserve a seat and be sure it will be held for him until he arrives to occupy it.

There is no eating, but smoking is allowed. A refreshment room adjoins the theatre, where the hungry or thirsty spectator may fortify himself for the further strenuous spectacles.

In spite of the foreign building and the foreign stage, one sees in this theatre the true art of the Chinese actor. The orchestra sits on the stage and, thanks to the good footlights, one can observe them and their various string and wind instruments very conveniently. The “property man,” who figured so prominently in the production of the *Yellow Jacket* as presented in America, is there and hands tea to his master after he has sung a strenuous number, or throws a pillow on the floor where the distraught maiden will kneel before her indignant parent, saving the lovely gown from being soiled by this bit of forethought.

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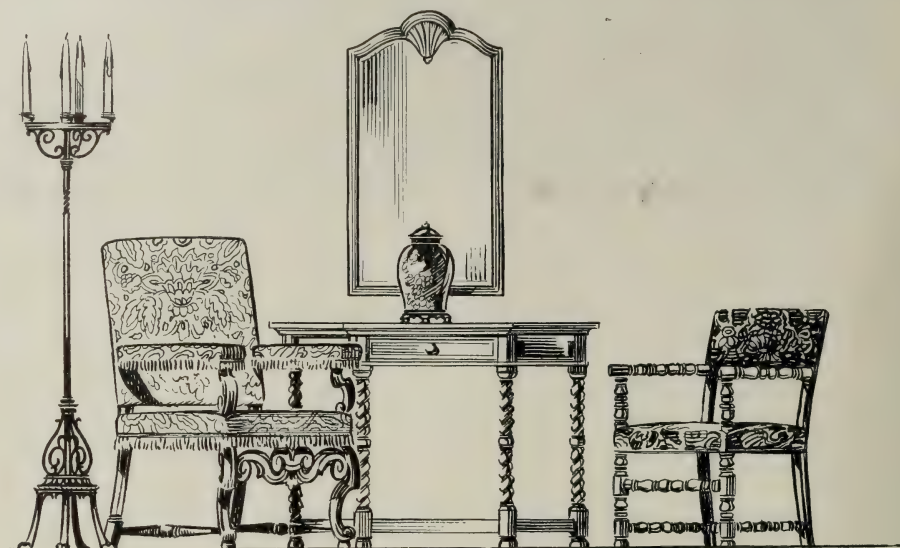
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ARTS & DECORATION for 1923

A program of wide interest in all the arts

RIGHT or wrong, the fact remains that the ever-increasing public to which a magazine of the type of ARTS & DECORATION appeals, will no longer be satisfied with a handful of pretty pictures surrounded by some casual text which tells little and enlarges no one's mental horizon. These are eager and fact-absorbing days; few of us have time for reading protracted essays written in the jargon of art specialists. Art is too vital a thing, too close to our everyday life to be dealt with obscurely. Art is not something outside of living; it is part and parcel of life itself. Not an object with which we come in contact but should reflect beauty through its utilitarian purpose. To preach the gospel of Beauty as it applies to daily life is the chief aim of ARTS & DECORATION. But the preaching will be done without pulpit oratory or heavy dogma; it will be in the polished but always intelligible speech of the educated human.

It is the busy man or woman who usually selects the best reading; being busy these cannot waste their time on trash. Between the two confines of the covers of ARTS & DECORATION the majority of readers lose sight of the drab and ugly; the man forgets the worries of his business, the woman the petty harassments of her household. Here is an Alladdin's lamp which with a single rub transports the reader into realms of ineffable beauty; and some extremely useful facts may be culled during the pleasant journey.

Obviously this monthly magazine makes no attempt to cover all the art exhibitions; that is the province of the

newspapers. But whatever is significant will receive attention, every outstanding feature of the art season which is epochal, or at least of an unusual quality and appeal.

Not for nothing does ARTS & DECORATION carry its slogan under the masthead: A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts. Accepting life itself as a fine art, all that makes up human existence comes within the editorial scope.

We believe that a photograph of a hunter taking a five-bar fence ranks in interest with a reproduction of Da Vinci's *Giaconda*.

We believe that a well-considered article on the making of an artistically conceived shoe, or a well-designed wallpaper, carries with it as much interest as a critical essay on Cubism. The story of a well-organized modern drawing-room can be no less appealing than the story of a Greek sculpture. What is what in women's dress is assuredly no less distant

from immediate art interest than would be a description of the current Salon exhibition.

We make no effort here to detail the array of vital articles and superb illustrations which it is our purpose to give our readers during 1923. There is no desire on our part to follow a set formula for the year—so many features of such and such a character. That way lies the curse of standardization and sterility. ARTS & DECORATION prefers to sail with the breeze of Progress and Progress shifts into many a new channel during a twelvemonth.

But touching a few of the high spots already established let us mention that such literary brilliants as Clive Bell, G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells will have some sound words and wise deductions in these pages during the year. From the unceasing fount of London gossip Sir John Foster Fraser will offer his monthly causerie of intimate talks, giving "inside facts" about the great and near-great of the British Empire. Benjamin de Cassères, most brilliant and ironic of literary appraisers, will contribute a regular department of book reviews. Richard Le Gallienne will be among those present with his subtle but simply expressed ideas on the human relationship of the arts. Carlo De Fornaro, poster artist and writer will reveal the forces and personalities at work in the graphic arts. Madame Hagué, of the House of Thurn, internationally famed for its artistic creations in women's dress, will describe the last word in feminine attire and its *raison d'être*. Richard F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum, will deal in an illuminating manner with various phases of Industrial Art and Dr. Phyllis Ackerman will draw

upon her wide experience in detailing the proper thing in its proper place in the well-organized home. Harold Donaldson Eberlein will describe the present trend of architecture and a large number of specialists whose wealth of information does not clog their method of verbally dispensing it, will pass across the pages of ARTS & DECORATION.

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Madame Hagué, head of the House of Thurn, will write on the smart new phases of the couturier's art



Richard Le Gallienne, internationally famous as poet, essayist and critic, will be a frequent contributor

ARTS & DECORATION, ... 1923
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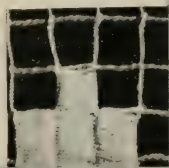
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Stencilled Nursery Frieze "The Pergola," Designed and executed by Christine Angus.
From "Modern Decorative Art in England," courtesy William Helburn, New York.

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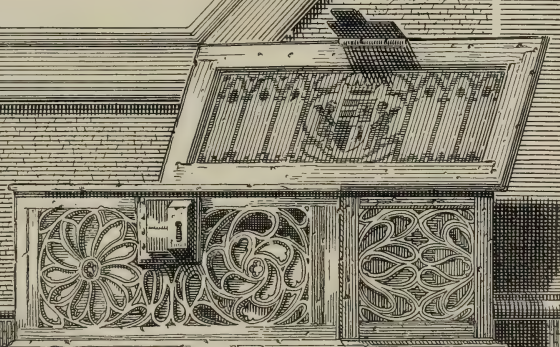
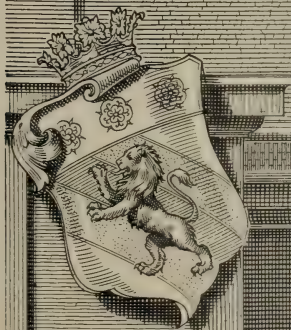
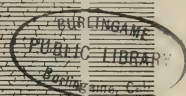
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Courtesy of the Elsie Galleries

TWO PORTRAITS OF MRS. HARRISON SMITH by LEO KATZ, SYMBOLIST PAINTER

Most commanding of the extraordinary portraits by Leo Katz of prominent social figures in New York, this "symbolic interpretation" of Mrs. Harrison Smith is at once a decided work of art and a profound psychological study. Referring to his canvas the artist says: "This personality had to be expressed in two portraits. The larger one shows dissatisfaction with an adjustment to modern life which holds no place for her essential being. The smaller picture symbolizes, with the burning grail and its impersonal

geometrical setting, the priestess attitude that would celebrate existence as, a holy mass. In contrast to the latter symbolic arrangement, the larger portrait is composed in personal asymmetry." The artist, a Viennese, was invited to America by Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip to paint the portrait of his family and friends. It is Mr. Katz's object to prove the possibility of combining the intensity of the old masters with his own treatment of the human portrait on the lines of modern psychology

ARTS and DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts



Why Write About Pictures?

Has the Artist a Legitimate Cause for Complaint Against the Professional Critic Who Stands Between His Work and The Public?

By VIRGIL BARKER

THE case against all criticism of painting has been effectively stated in one short sentence: "... to write about paintings at any time seems almost wasted effort. *The painter's message is spoken in paint.*" The words carry a challenge indeed, and their simple sufficiency is more weighty than all four pages of Whistler's tinsel "Ten O'Clock" eloquence to the same effect. But the very article in which they occurred* is to some extent their own refutation; and in a world which it takes all kinds to make, both reason and experience justify the critic no less than the painter.

The painter's message is spoken in paint, truly enough. But paint is a highly specialized medium, the specific quality of which is not readily comprehended by most people. Words, if anything, are popularly understood. To write about paintings properly is as far as possible to translate them from a more difficult into a less difficult medium. Since the justification of every art is its ability to say things which no other can, no translation can ever be complete; but enough of the message of painting can be indicated by words to arouse curiosity, to sharpen perception, to convey delight. So that by interesting people in what can be said about paintings they may be led on to an interest in the paintings themselves.

The ever-present danger is that they will be content to read about pictures instead of looking at them. This is fatally easy. Here in America more than one generation has actually been brought up not on paintings but on writing about paintings; and of that writing the larger part has been either the exploitation of the writer's own temperament or mere literary hysterics. Because of this too many folks expect pictures, when they do look at them, to say things that can be better said by words. But for the purpose of adequate expression, painting must frankly pin its faith in its own idiom. That is just what the most intelligent of our contemporary painters are doing; and one of the principal services which criticism can perform is to remind its readers constantly of this fact.

THIS may appear to be a parasitic function—even as the older types of criticism were parasitic. Certainly parasite is the only word that can describe those who use pictures as a pretext for spouting forth a froth of words; certain paintings, for instance, seem to have had an effect upon Ruskin similar to that of a cake of soap upon a Yellowstone

geyser. More recently a whole tribe of writers have frankly abandoned every pretense of subordinating themselves to their subject-matter and have devoted themselves to spilling their own souls; they have interested their readers not in pictures but in their fancies about pictures; they have degraded the creations of better men into backgrounds for their own posings. All such usurpers of the title of critic have retarded the general appreciation of painting for its own sake; and the painter has fair ground to quarrel with any man who presumes to get between his work and its public. Those who perform this disservice are indeed parasites deserving extermination.

But in the human body there are beneficent as well as harmful parasites; and cultural health may be equally dependent upon the nature of the critical bacteria in the mental digestive system. Certainly this country needs the critics, parasitic though they be, as long as its appreciation of painting remains what it is now—largely a conscious and deliberately cultivated affair. Like all other manifestations of self-consciousness, it involves much awkwardness and uncertainty, much unconscious falsification of emotion and much wil-

ful feigning. These are diseases of our present cultural state which can be best fought by the propagation of the benevolently parasitic critic. The sort of criticism needed here to-day and tomorrow will help drive out cant and hypocrisy, and, so far from exalting itself at the expense of the greater life on which it feeds, be content to maintain a healthy peristalsis in the national culture.

That degree of usefulness may reasonably be expected of even the most uninspired journeyman critic who must fill his weekly or monthly columns with remarks on current exhibitions; but his work will become more largely effective in proportion as he rises to a more generous conception of his task. Endeavoring after a more difficult goal, he will spend no time in verbal pyrotechnics, setting off coruscant pin-wheels of private enjoyment, and very little time in explaining individual works of art to those who cannot perceive for themselves. His loyalty will be given not to his own ego, nor to the artist's ego, but to life itself; and he will show by his own labor that the business of criticism no less than of art is to enhance the livableness of life.

WHEN writing about painting, he will not direct attention to its anecdotic or its imitative propensities. He will not lead his readers astray into the morass of technicalities and leave them floundering there in the belief that that is the appreciation of painting. He will not maim the art by fitting it to some Procrustean æsthetic theory of his own devising; and least of all will he use it as a spring-board from which to dive off into some ultimate metaphysical reality. He will allow painting to exert upon him the most comprehensive attraction possible to it. It can say many things, and he will gladly attend to them all, knowing that everything has value which is an affirmation of life. For him painting will be no narrowly specialized activity appealing only to a specific æsthetic faculty in an impossibly split-up human being, but an art that springs from and is addressed to complex yet whole and undivided personalities. For him painting will be even now what it has always been—an infinitely variable means of communication between men. Moreover, in his own comments on it will be sensed the looming presence of that vitality which has been progressively manifested in human history, and what he writes as well as what he writes about will range itself under the creative tradition of humanism.

INVOCATION

By GEORGE MITCHELL

GOD, if I only could write
The verse that runs wild in my brain

Inspired by a star-spangled night,
Or the whisper of trees in the rain.

God, if I only could paint
The beauty that fills all the earth.
Had I the soul of a saint
Still would I fall short of worth.

God, if I only could sing
The music that pulses in me,
As carolling blackbirds in Spring,
Or the symphonic boom of the sea.

God, I am woefully weak—
Mine the unreachable goal.
Give me the power to speak
The message that burns in my soul!

* "E. C. Tarbell," by John E. D. Trask, in *The American Magazine of Art*.



View of the Seventh Annual Exhibition of Work by Manufacturers and Designers showing study of the collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A Museum Exhibit as a Spur to Industrial Art

What the Metropolitan Museum of Art is Doing for Manufacturers and Designers

By RICHARD F. BACH



Though to vindicate herself for the thousandth time as the artistic Mecca of the land, New York offers the consistent follower of exhibitions two extensive collections at one time in which industrial art is the keynote. At the Metropolitan Museum, January 15th to February 28th, may be seen the Seventh Annual Exhibition of Work by Manufacturers and Designers showing study of the collections, and at the Grand Central Palace, February 5th to 15th, is offered the Second International Silk Exposition, fittingly described by our youngest cub reporter as a "textile blaze of silken glory."

In purpose, content, and appearance, these exhibitions vary decidedly, and it is a fortunate circumstance that they do; for the spectator, yes, but especially for those laboring committees and individuals whose hectic travail must make ready the presentation. A number of these have we met, and they say that the management of a troupe of near-stars of opera has no terrors for the exhibition impresario or committee chairman for whom the minutes must be as fruitful as are long days for the world outside, for whom the press is a Roman dictator, and the official opening day a feast adorned with human sacrifice.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art,—best abbreviated "Met," as the designers call it,—the gallery of special exhibi-

tions houses a miscellaneous assemblage of pieces brought together from many cities and representing a score of art industries from jewelry to rugs, but all subscribing to the idea of "Museum study." To quote from the Bulletin of the Museum, it "has not cherished the purpose of assembling all objects made or designed on the basis of Museum study. This would be impossible, and if possible, not desirable. The Museum cannot hope to bring together the best that can be done as a result of such research in its collections; business requirements, necessity of prompt delivery of new pieces, as well as other practical conditions, combine to frustrate such

an ambition, even though made a policy.

"In the third place, and most important, the exhibition does not cover the field of industrial art at large, in the sense that the objects shown could be taken as indices of the highest achievement in this field, for the simple reason that the best work of any firm may by chance not be the result of Museum study, and would therefore be debarred. In fact, manufacturers have refused to send to this exhibition pieces which should have appeared there, not because the pieces themselves were of inferior quality in design, but because in that year their best work, which alone they were willing to exhibit, had been worked up from other sources.

"Plainly, then, the purpose is to demonstrate by means of a limited number of worthy pieces, regarded as thoroughly representative in their respective industries, the thesis that Museum material has a positive laboratory function to serve and practical facilities to offer toward the production of current industrial art, and to choose these items for the sake of the thesis so as to compass the widest possible variety of material, style, form, color, texture, and technique generally. It will be seen that though the conditions differ radically from any that might control a general exhibition of industrial art, they are, nevertheless, thoroughly workable from the standpoint of the thesis to be proved, as the

(Continued on page 62)



Another view of the Seventh Annual Exhibition of Industrial Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Chinese explorers mention a beautiful bird of nine colors. This bird may have been the type from which the famous Phoenix-bird of Chinese embroidery was developed. This illustration is from a very ancient Chinese artist's sketch book.



The sketch book referred to is filled with birds of many kinds. It is in truth a kind of celestial Audubon. This particular bird may have been seen first in China, or it may have been one of the rare pheasant types of the uplands of Turkestan.

The Worm that Turned the World

Silk a Factor of Civilization as Evidenced at the International Silk Exposition

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD



ANCIENT peoples solved problems beyond the reach of current memory by making myths. These came in due time to assume the proud status of fact. Under pressure, we resort to no less vague if less imaginative courses. The sovereign explanation for our lack of definite information on certain matters closely associated with the fundamentals of human culture, is the anthropological formula "pre-historic." We use this term as though it defined limitations and had descriptive force.

I hasten to admit that this is a rather disconcerting opening for an article that purports to shed some light on the earlier phases of the story of silk. It is far wiser to confess in advance, however, that the great fundamental facts in regard to the origin of all textile fibres, processes and tools, falls within the realm of the myth maker, whether ancient or modern. For no man can say surely, when

or where wool, flax, cotton or silk were first used, when or where the spindle, the loom, the arts of dyeing, printing and embroidery had their first rude beginnings. We know that man started in his race with the lesser animals without any of these accessories, and that each one of them marks a great forward step in human culture. But all these hesitating steps were taken in the purple morning shadows of the world, along the path of earliest culture; we can see them no more plainly on this much-traveled road, than the adult can describe the child's first years.

The beginning of the textile arts belong in the cycle immediately following that of the fire maker and the craftsmen who first discovered the virtue of the cutting edge. Certain phases of textile history precede the bow maker, the inventor of the snare and the sling and the first crude modeler of the clay. To refer to these intellectual triumphs as "pre-historic," is but an admission of our ignorance, not an indication of their importance. In truth, they, and others of a similar character, form the vital history of man. All that followed is largely a matter of chronicle.

I have no wish to disturb the satisfaction that all right thinking people take in myths. They are the first and often the highest type of literary creation. In proof of my sincere regard for these old, old tales, I here advance a myth of my own, new coined to fit the occasion, in explanation of certain portions of silk history that lie hidden beyond the veil of the ages. A modern myth must restrict itself to that mass of fact and theory we refer to as science. I will, therefore, confine my myth, as far as is consistent with its structure, to the known tenets of anthropology.

Silk was one of the products discovered in man's early quest for a cord of strength, pliability, lightness, weather resistance and of material easily obtainable within a restricted area. Spinning is very ancient. It existed in a perfect form ages before the idea of a fabric was conceived. No people so ancient, but amid the traces they left in the silt and sands of their last resting place, mixed often with the bones of pre-historic animals, we find evidence of their ability to make cord. No modern tribe is so sunk in savagery, but have acquired a definite skill as spinners. Cord is a *sine non qua* of human existence. For man

must have twine for a bow-cord, sling, net and snare.

Primitive man of grim necessity was a great observer of the qualities of all natural material. His quest for the perfect substance for spinnable materials has so completely exhausted all physical possibilities, that his ultimate conclusions, wool, flax, ramie, cotton and silk, for all our science, for all our boasted investigative powers, still stand supreme. All the genius, in all our laboratories, cannot find more perfect substances for these purposes.

The Dawn Man's first great problem was neither hunger, cold nor disease. He vied with the gray wolf in his ability to starve between intermittent seasons of plenty. Draped with the skin of a wild animal, crouched over the smoky fire at the mouth of a cave, he could stand the rigors of the weather beyond any modern conception. For drugs, for ministering care in sickness, he had as little need as a healthy jaguar. But his days were terrible and his nights hideous with



Yuan-Fei, Goddess of Silk Worms, from a Chinese artist's book of portraits. This book is very ancient and was kept in a strong chest so that the court screens might be restored if destroyed by fire.



Chinese sage, councilor of the Emperor, with a slab of ivory on which he transcribed the words of his master. It will be noted that aside from the embroidered collar, the costume is without ornament.

fear of the great beasts, the eaters of flesh. These were his bane. If you doubt, read carefully old fairy tales of monsters, and ogres and animals demonized. Examine the records of propitiary, animalistic art of primitive people or walk in some wilderness where savage beasts lair and go armed only with a wooden spear with a fire-hardened point, or a knotted club. Or think why a child is driven into panic by being securely held. The adolescent mind still bears the impress of the ages when being firmly grasped preceded being eaten. You will then get some dim appreciation of our forefathers' mental and physical relationship to the greater beasts.

Truly, the first Mother of Invention, Necessity, was a grim muse. The man who first invented the bow, who first conceived the idea of propelling a pointed stick, tipped with bone or flint, and thus sending destruction from a safe distance, did infinitely more for human culture than the inventor of steam. To a bow, a strong, flexible cord was essential, and the stronger and the lighter and more perfect the cord, the more certain the force of the arrow, the surer its direction. Then as now, the strongest, most flexible, most moisture-resisting of all substances was silk. It is perhaps no accident that the Chinese bow was the deadliest, the most certain of all weapons up to the invention of the rifle, and no doubt it owed its early accuracy to the use of silk for a cord. So I come through imaginative anthropology to my myth.

He was a man, not a demi-god, not a myth, not a caste, a generality, institution or race, but a man, meshed in the circumstances of his environment, faced with the hitherto insoluble problem of his time—the beast that lurked along the pathway and waited in the thicket for his defenseless human prey. He knew the futility of his puny weapons, but unlike his brothers, did not accept them as the final word in means of self-defense. All ages prior to this man, had gone in dumb terror, impotent before the problem, but in his mind gradually formed an Idea. He had seen time, and yet time again, the little grayish brown, weather-worn cocoons; the miracle of the emerging moth blossoming from the encased caterpillar, had by no means escaped his sight. With strong, skillful fingers, perhaps with teeth, he had tested the workmanship of the little worm. Back in the deep cavern of his brain, beyond the deadening reach of tradition and taboo, in the lucid depths of the deeper pools of his consciousness, blossomed thought—observed fact grown fruitful. This material was fibre, capable of being made into a cord like that he now twisted from the sinews of the animals he killed with his rude strength, like that he made from the stalk of the great, sticky nettle, but finer, stronger, less brittle, less affected by moisture and cold. And one day he finds the secret of removing the gum and with sure fingers, twists the first silken bow cord and thus makes possible a stronger, deadlier weapon, one that in strong hands, makes man the sure superior of the beasts of prey. In his hour he was great, none greater; he had conquered fear and the midnight lurid fantasies of the smoky cave.

No thought had he of silk, the mother of endless loveliness. He dreamed neither of looms, nor commerce far flung in endless, world-encircling ribbons, nor of machines, neither of progress, fashions, tariffs nor labor



Japanese idol representing a famous Empress of the 12th century. The ornaments on the hat were made from king-fisher feathers, mentioned in the Chinese narratives. This suggests that even millinery ornaments were objects of international commerce at a very early date.

troubles; all these were hidden in the womb of the future. But his act had released the causes that would one day produce all of these things. He thought only of the present and the new security he had won for himself and



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

Aegean Island embroidery of the 17th century. The Greek Islands long maintained the arts they had learned from the East.

for the narrow limits of his tribe. In his almond eyes, came a new light and he carried his head with pride. He had raised himself beyond the danger of claw and tooth, and generations that followed gave to him the



Corner of gold brocaded Sari from Delhi. This design is woven, not embroidered. It is, perhaps, the type described erroneously by the Chinese as embroidery.

high name of "That One Who Conquered the Brute." Let us, for all that he did unconsciously in that gray morning create beauty, commerce, wealth and understanding, do him this honor, keep him human. He belongs to that small class of men above the lesser gods, able and willing to go beyond the environment of custom, habit and tradition into the land of thought.

Such is my myth regarding the origin of silk. Naturally since it is my own, I prefer it to the one that accords to a charming, but equally vague empress, Yuan-Fei, the credit of having devised in her own pretty, ivory oval of a head, all the discoveries, all the inventions, processes, tools and customs essential to the development of the simplest silk fabric. There never was such an empress, and what the Chinese meant was that the fruits of the invention had been beautiful, and they, therefore, personified this beauty in the person of a lovely woman. For ages after my brown-skinned hunter with the deep, shadowy eyes, made his silken cord, nothing else happened. The world that followed him, simply imitated with satisfaction what he had done. Then his cousin, Germaine, invented the loom, and before long the idea of using silk thread to supplement the coarse ramie fibre and the rough wools and hairs of animals developed. Wealth grew at the touch of beauty, culture

advanced and after another swing of the centuries, came still another man, neither god nor demon, but only a craftsman, seeking greater security and personal advantage and he conceived the idea of domesticating the moth that spun silk, that made a bow cord and now furnished the yarn used in making crude fabrics. He was no doubt impelled to this discovery by the recurrent scarcity of wild moth cocoons. Nature is at times as incomprehensibly niggardly as she is at others prodigal. At any rate this unique conception of domesticating an insect, could not have come until the environmental culture was very high. There was need for a delicately balanced wheel, for pottery vessels to stand the heat of boiling water, for the type of intelligence capable of thinking out processes in advance of a need, for subjecting theory to practice without the grim urge of stark necessity.

The man who first cultivated the silk worm was far removed in training and environment from the hunter who simply sought a better cord for his rude bow. We must assume as well that weaving and the general textile arts were well advanced at this time. Even so, no doubt, for a long time afterwards silk was no very important factor in textile China. According to the Chinese myth, in 2800 B. C., the emperor, Shen-Nung, to whom the invention of the plow is attributed, began for some unknown reason to cultivate the mulberry tree. Two hundred years later, Wang-Tie, who receives the credit for the development of a numerical system, as well as music, and the loom, entrusted to his wife Lei-Tsu, an investigation into the proper methods of rearing silk worms. This lady became Yuan-Fei, the goddess of silk worms. Some one simply had to do something for old Shen-Nung's two-century-old mulberry trees.

The truth probably is that somewhere around this time the Chinese court stopped feeding gold fish, long enough to discover the fact, everyone else apparently knew, that silk was a fiber, spun by caterpillars to make the

dressing room for the moth, and that if treated with sufficient care and delicacy and patience, it could be made into a fabric of exquisite beauty. The action of the Chinese court at that remote period was very like that of modern courts paying honor to inventors, philosophers, generals and even at rare times, writers. It would be just as intelligent to attribute the invention of wireless telegraphy to the King of Italy, the aeroplane to President McKinley or the Spinning Mule to George III, as it is to give the Chinese court credit for the invention and perfection of silk technique. I have the highest comparative regard for Chinese royalty. I am willing to admit that they were in the main, superior to the occidental type, but even as ardent a royalist as myself, must be careful not to go too far. Acts of this kind, simply do not lie within the power of kings.

While I am on the subject of myths, I might as well proceed with the higher criticism. There is a myth, accepted now almost as a tenet of faith, that credits the spread



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

Sicilian needlework of the 16th century. Its design shows the Persian, or rather the Asiatic, influence on the arts of Sicily.

looms, their task appears to be a little too much to expect even from Nestorian monks. I can not question that as monks went they were very well, but a monk is not a motor truck.

When this point was brought out by a skeptic some time ago, the myth was changed so that they brought originally the seeds of the mulberry tree and returned for the eggs. Even this does not explain why the eggs did not hatch on a journey that must have been of several months' duration. My belief is that silk culture spread long before we have any record and belongs in a very remote period, indeed, of the history of Asia. In all probability once the production got under way in China, it very soon outstripped local demand and China was forced to seek first sporadic barter relationships on the fringe of her territory and later to begin the establishment of the trade routes which were old before the Christian Era. Once silk fabric became known it was natural that silk raising should spread. It does not require a melodrama to explain self-interest.

Even in international commerce, silk reaches back into the realms of forgotten languages and lost peoples. The old Chinese accounts, surest of all trade records, are in characters intelligible only to the antiquarian. They are as distinct from the Chinese of today as is the English of pre-Chaucerian times from a newspaper editorial of a current issue. In Sir Aurel Stein's excavation in ruined Turfan,

once the fair metropolis of the frozen sands, he unearthed many important documents, painted on wood or silk, and these are in languages that even this scholar refers to as "unknown."

China sent her generals (in truth commercial ambassadors), from the court at Peking, to open direct trade contacts with the eastern portion of the Roman Empire before the Christian Era. In this attempt they were for a time defeated by the adroit evasion of the Parthians, who were by no means anxious to lose the comfortable profits of middlemen between these two great peoples. The forebears of the modern Persians did not wish their Chinese friends to know the market prices of Syrian glass or ivory, nor their Syrian friends the true cost of Chinese silks. They even dissuaded a certain credulous Ying-Ling from taking passage on the trading vessels through exaggerating the dangers of the trip, the duration of the journey and hence the expense. I quote from the learned Dr. Hirth's "China and the Roman Orient."



Buddhist fresco painting from the ruined city of Turfan.

"At the time of the Han Dynasty, the tu-hu Pan Ch'ao sent his subordinate officer Kan-ying as an envoy to that country; but the sailors who were going out to sea said, 'that there was something about the sea which caused one to long for home; those who went out could not help being seized by melancholy feelings; if the Chinese envoy did not care for his parents, his wife, and his children, he might go.' Ying could not take his passage."

However, in 166 A. D. direct contact was made with Ta-Ts'in and plain, white Chinese silks were from that day on freely exchanged for colored opaque glass, storax (a peculiar drug), ivory, ostrich eggs, rhinoceros horns, jugglers who could spit fire and change the spirits of men, patterned rugs, gold and silver embroidery and many other useful and interesting commodities.

Hirth's translation follows:

"Their king always desired to send embassies to China, but the An-Hsi (Parthians) wished to carry on trade with them in Chinese silks and it is for this reason that they were cut off from communication. This lasted until the ninth year of the Yen-Hsi during the emperor Huan-Ti's reign (A. D. 166),

(Continued on page 84)



An ancient religious painting on silk from Tibet.

of silk culture to Kotan, an old trade center in the mountains, to a Chinese bride, who concealed in her dark tresses silk worm eggs, and that through this medium silk culture spread, as a delicate compliment to the husband she had never seen. As a matter of fact, the cities that lay along the old caravan route of China, very soon acquired small Chinese commercial settlements and very naturally, these intelligent, thrifty individuals proceeded to cultivate the beginning of a profitable native silk industry.

There is as well the great, but premature Sunday supplement story, regarding the Nestorian Monks who concealed in hollow staffs silk worm eggs and brought them to the court of Justinian and thereby gave this astute ruler a chance to compete with the Chinese monopoly. When it is considered that these commercially-minded monks not only would have had to violate the traditions of hospitality of their genial hosts in China, but bring with them mulberry trees or rather mulberry tree shoots of exactly the age of the eggs, so that when the worms hatched, they would have had leaves to feed on of the proper degree of tenderness, and in addition to all this, reeling devices, winders, perhaps



Courtesy Brooklyn Museum

Rhinoceros horns are mentioned as articles of commerce as early as the second century of the Christian Era. In Siam the rhinoceros became a religious emblem dedicated to Buddha.



A group of historical dolls, clad in silk, at the Second International Silk Exposition. From left to right: Nell Gwynne, Siamese Dancer, Martha Washington, Yuan Fei, Buddha, Henry of Navarre and "La Fosse"

A Pageant of Silken Splendor

Seven Miles of Fabric are Seen in the Canopies and Draperies at the Silk Show

By RICHARD F. BACH

THE Silk Association of America and the Silk Travelers' Association have combined to produce the Second International Silk Exposition. No one calls it that. On Fourth Avenue and on Fifth, in the stores and on the street, even among the tax-paying public and the knights of the driving editorial pen, whose only riding is done on a swivel chair, among them all, including the young thing with the long earrings and wad of gum who studies the New York American Pictorial on the subway, it is: "The Silk Show. Have you seen it? Try and get in!"

Well do we recall that last year we made two fruitless efforts to persuade the Fire Department that we at least were of the press and should be permitted to enter. The street

was packed. Grand Central Palace must have settled considerably with the weight of interested humanity that daily took in the Silk Show. The present show is but a few hours



Sketch of the exhibit of the H. R. Mallinson Co. at the Silk Exposition

old, and we have not yet been prevented from getting in, but as the numbers run up to the moment, last year's attendance of nearly 200,000 will be small in comparison.

Ecstatic superlatives cannot suffice to picture the Silk Show. We should need the thundering exaggerations and alluring alliterations of Ringling Brothers' posters and the perfervid effusions of a Broadway press-agent; we should need to speak of the miracle of silk and the queen of fabrics, of entrancing color and intriguing texture; there would still be something missing—a trip to the show.

Howard Greenley, as art director, has again made the mistress of the textile world

do his bidding. In vivid colors and broad, shimmering expanses, he has tented the entire space. The spirit of the scheme is somewhat Russian, somewhat Balkan, but chiefly silken. An effect of magnificence and a glitter of lights is obtained through a liberal use of metallic fabrics and strong hues.

The idea of commercial booths has been subordinated to a broad scheme which will represent an industry of gigantic dimensions of which the firms whose product appears are but constituent units. Mr. Greenley says that he has tried to "achieve a certain vitality." We agree, except that the statement must be put in the past tense. The vitality is there, vehemently there, and adequately reflects the spirit of this billion-dollar industry which is supported by the daily labors of a leaf-devouring worm.



Courtesy of Cheney Bros.

A printed silk blouse with a New York City scene as the theme of the design



Courtesy of Cheney Bros.

An oriental design in vertical stripes is the basis of this printed silk blouse

"Dramatic majesty" and "accumulated opulence" are milk-and-water descriptive terms for Mr. Greenley's achievement here, for he has taken advantage, not only of the dominating fabric, but also of the architectural possibilities of the interior and the effects of lighting. It is a stupendous presentation, huge in scale,—seven miles of fabric are seen in the canopies and draperies. The very posters of the show seen in shop windows required eleven printings. Each day at the Post Office of New York fifteen million letters are postmarked with a cancellation stamp announcing the Exposition. Such are the staggering figures.

Silk has been described as the youngest of our textile industries. Charles Cheney tells us: "Originally ours seemed to be a country in which there were no favorable conditions for the development of a silk industry. We produced no raw silk, we had no industrial organization, and possessed little knowledge of art. But today, in volume of output and number of employees our American industry far outranks that of any other country."

For comparison, we note, for instance, that in 1870 there were 86 establishments with 6,649 operatives engaged in the production of silks; in 1919 there were 1,318 establishments with 142,444 operatives. There are today in operation close to 100,000 broad-silk looms representing over three and a quarter million spindles! And the first silk mill erected on this continent is dated 1810!

American success in this field has been entirely in the manufacture of silk fabrics, trimmings and thread. Sericulture itself, the cultivation of the fibre-producing silk-worm has never succeeded here though tried by many persons and groups from 1608 to 1844. James I. of England fostered an effort of the Company of Virginia to such an effect. Under influence from the Court of St. James, Colonial legislatures in America at one time even required that on every hundred acres ten mulberry trees be planted. A premium was offered for every pound of silk produced. There was a colony in South Carolina known for a century under the name of Silk Hope.

Silk manufacture in America received its impetus as a result of high import duties on all luxuries (is silk a luxury today?) during the Civil War, running as high as sixty per cent. in 1864. The result was an increase in manufacturing enterprise on this side of the Atlantic, still our present billion-dollar industry was worth only \$6,600,000 in 1860. Imports of manufactured silk in 1860 were valued at \$3,300,000 and there has been but little increase since. Protective tariffs do help sometimes.

There is a romance in this industry which finds few equivalents in other avenues of business; the romance of adventure and enterprise, of prosperity, and of the building up of a virile organization, of the East and the Empress Si-ling-chi, who first wove the gossamer filament of silk in 2700 B.C.; and there is the romance of commerce and barter, the



Courtesy of Empire Silk Co.

A display of silk fabrics decoratively composed and of gorgeous colorings

glamor of history and religion, of argosies lost and battles won, of thrones and courtesans, of statesmen, of modern department stores in which forty-five per cent. of the sales in some



Part of the official poster of the International Silk Exposition, designed by C. E. Millard

way touch silk, and of the woman of today, for whom silk is a necessity as well as an embellishment.

All these phases of silk in history and production have a part in the Silk Show. From

worm to gown every step is shown. There are operatives from Chinese, Japanese and Italian filatures. There are looms and printing machinery in operation; dyeing and finishing are also shown. The educational value of the whole is endless and amply repays study if its triple significance with regard to the production, distribution, and consumption of the fabric is considered.

But we do not use the word educational with any implication of class-room and hard, wooden benches. To be sure the material in this exposition is of the object-lesson type and can with unlimited profit be made useful as collateral illustration

matter to carry home to opening minds the paper and ink facts of manufacture, of native and manufactured products in the geography sense, of trade values, of processes of production, of economic values, and so on; but more than that the displays offer to the allegedly educated individual a certain insight into a great and thriving industry, which can by no other means be given him. The methods of manufacture could otherwise be seen only in factories to which Smith and Jones do not have access, the method of reeling silk could be observed in detail in but few places and these he would have to seek chiefly in the Orient. But, more than these primarily mechanical aspects of the material, the Silk Show offers a unique opportunity to examine and enjoy the fabric itself. Surely under no other circumstances may this richest of textiles be seen in such quantity, variety or splendor.

Needless to say the mills have been unstinting as to both effort and outlay, skill and cash alike, with results little short of amazing. If ever a complicated mechanism, such as the Jacquard loom, needed justification as a necessary factor in life today, the work of silk manufacturers shown in this exposition establishes such justification,—above all qualitatively. It should be a source of pride to us Americans that this is our industry—surely the figures, could we quote them all, prove that. Nor should such gratification end with the broad silks; there are ribbons, and other fabrics to be considered, not to mention knit

silks and the myriad historical and stylistic reflections of Dame Fashion herself. Here is an example that several other industries, in the textile field and in others as well, could emulate with profit. Silk has risen in public esteem since the first Silk Show, because the public was given an opportunity to examine and study the fabric and its production.

The importance of the individual concerns is not held essential to the picture as it is presented, yet the displays by the firms themselves are of enthralling beauty. A certain pageantry characterizes them all. There are Oriental bazaars and French galleries, *housirs* and *femmes du monde*, and we may add, a galaxy of American maidenhood that Ziegfeld somehow overlooked (or did he lend some of them for the purpose?).

The Silk Show is a stupendous success.



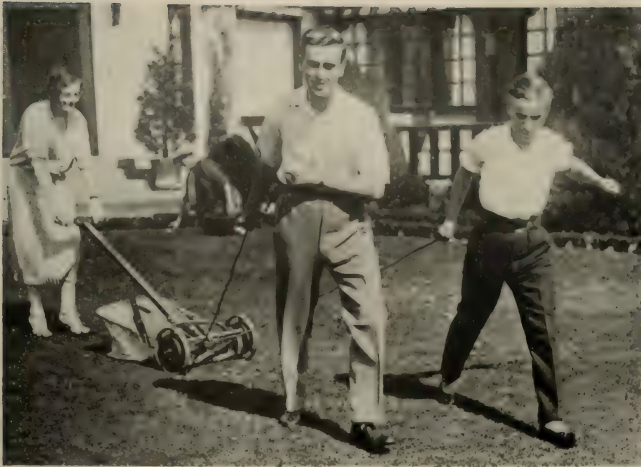
The view along one of the main aisles at the International Silk Exposition. Designs by Howard Greenley, president of the Architectural League of New York, and art director of the Exposition



Courtesy M. Knödler & Co.

"UN GARDE ROYALE" by LÉON BAKST

One of the most bizarre of the decorative water-colors from the inimitable brush of the Russian genius Bakst, now on exhibition in New York, this study of an African functionary at the court of Louis XV is unique in idea and handling. Dependent largely for its charm upon its daringly brilliant coloring, the drawing translated into black and white still retains its forcefulness of design and its spontaneity of execution.



"Personages of exalted position," which is the English manner of referring to the King and Queen when anything disagreeable is under discussion, are angry with Lord and Lady Mountbatten who permitted this photograph to be made in the hilarious company of Charlie Chaplin.

Men, Women and Events in London

English Political Strife, the Royal Displeasure of Lord Mountbatten's Intimacy with Charlie Chaplin, Melba's Tribute to Kitchener, Undecorated Baronets and Early American Art at the British Museum

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special Correspondent in Great Britain for ARTS AND DECORATION

RERHAPS before this is published you will have heard of the resignation of Lord Reading as Viceroy of India. He has had an arduous and unappreciated job and I believe he will be very glad to get back to England. To a great extent his public career was advanced by his friend Lloyd George. As a lawyer he was a great cross-examiner, but when he entered the House of Commons as Mr. Rufus Isaacs he failed to secure the reputation as a parliamentarian which he held as a barrister. It was really Lloyd George who got him into the Government, made him Attorney General, helped him to become Lord Chief Justice of England, induced him to become Ambassador for a time at Washington and then had him made representative of the King in India—some advancement for a Jew boy who began his career as a sailor! When he was made a peer he took the name of Reading, for that was the town he represented in Parliament for a number of years.

The great diplomatic quality of Lord Reading is his caution. I have heard it said that when he went to Washington he gave instructions that no member of his family or suite was to make a joke about anything they saw in the United States, however innocent and good natured; there was, he thought, always the possibility of its being repeated with unkindly interpretation which would do harm.

There is talk that the Earl of Birkenhead, F. E. Smith that was (he is no longer Lord Chancellor, and failed in his ambition to become Foreign Minister), would like to succeed Lord Reading as Viceroy. As, however, he has been at rather cross purposes with the present Government, the high dig-

nity is not likely to be offered him, unless it were to get him out of the way for a few years, for he can be a very unpleasant critic. Much more likely is the post of Viceroy to be offered to the Earl of Ronaldshay (heir to the Marquis of Zetland), a man who has already been the Governor of an Indian province, has sound statesmanlike qualities, has travelled extensively in little known parts of Asia and has written several most readable books.

RUMOR has it, in social circles, that personages in exalted position are not altogether pleased with some of the doings of Lord Mountbatten in your country, especially a photograph showing him mowing Mr. Charlie Chaplin's lawn. There is no "side" about any member of the British royal family, but it is felt that the line must be drawn somewhere, and a relative of the King mowing the lawn of a funny movie artist is not considered dignified.

That reminds me that when I was in Russia in 1916 the Emperor Nicholas sent me some photographs, with permission to publish, of himself with his children, playing tennis, snowballing in which the All Highest was getting the worst of it, and a tug-of-war representing his daughters, the archduchesses, pulling, with much mirth, their august sire over the grass. The photographs were just the intimate sort that are taken in most family circles, and I was very pleased to get them.

But judge of my surprise when at luncheon one day the Emperor's private secretary, Count Fredericks, discreetly intimated to me that the Empress was annoyed when she heard what pictures the Emperor had given me because they "Lowered the imperial dig-

nity" and I would be doing an appreciated thing if I returned the photographs—which, of course, I did at once.

DAME Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, has been telling us something about the great men she has met in her lifetime. As everybody knows she is an Australian; indeed her professional name Melba is taken from the town of Melbourne.

She tells that when Lord Kitchener arrived in Australia he was so fêted and so many parties were given for him that she felt it would only be worrying him to write. However, she received a letter: "Don't you think it is unkind of you not to send me even a little line of welcome in your own country?" and the result was she dined with him and the Governor General and the Governor of Victoria. After dinner the three men knelt before her. "I know what you want," she said, "but I won't." Kitchener drew her apart. "Madam," he said, "I have been an exile for eight years. Will you not sing just one verse of 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

Melba sat down at the piano and when she had finished singing there was silence. Kitchener then came up and kissed her hand. And down his face two great tears were rolling. "And," says the prima donna, "if anybody tells me that Kitchener had no heart I have my answer ready."

SIR John Lindsay Dashwood has just married Miss Eaton who comes from Canada. In all the wedding notices there has been accentuation that Sir John is "the premier baronet," which seems strange seeing there are 233 baronetcies of earlier creation than the Dashwoods. The premier baronet of Eng-

(Continued on page 74)



Cortile at Cigliano, San Casciano, Val di Pesa. The Cortile encloses the body of the house on three sides. The loggia is on the fourth side, separated from the garden by a wall. Rooms are built above the loggia.

The Italian Loggia and Cortile in American Houses

We Can Profit by a Study of Tuscany's Solution of this Structural Problem

By HAROLD DONALD EBERLEIN

DOMESTIC architecture in America, for some years hitherto, has been experiencing one of those cyclic infusions of foreign influence that have in general proved the life and salvation of architectural development in the past; such an infusion as architecture in England experienced by the introduction and spread of the Classic influence in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In this case, too, it is an influence of Latin origin, or rather a triple influence, French, Spanish, and Italian.

Just how beneficial this infusion will prove in the final outcome depends altogether upon the wisdom with which we select and the thoroughness with which we assimilate what we draw thence. The new impetus comes to us as an opportunity for enriching the resources already at our disposal rather than as a much needed means of rejuvenation. We have, fortunately, our own informal Colonial tradition and our Georgian tradition with its blended elegance and vigor.

Both of these many-sided native modes are susceptible of endless successful methods of fresh handling quite adequate to any demands likely to arise. Considering the numerous local phases of both the Colonial and Georgian modes, and the abundant diversities of precedent they afford as bases for ingenious modern adaptations, American domestic architecture is in no danger of perishing through inanition without the spur of foreign infusion, albeit the occasional sorry specimens of stupid Georgian and "cute" Colonial to be seen which, if regarded apart from all other work, might lead one unacquainted with the true state of affairs to imagine that the force of native American initiative was spent and the whole system tottering into senility.

Notwithstanding the sufficiency and vigorous vitality of our domestic heritage, and the

great body of admirable work based on its usages which American architects are putting forth, the Catholic-minded appreciation characteristic of America welcomes new impulses and precedents from which substantial enrichments may be derived. One aspect of this foreign impulse is especially deserving of close scrutiny—the principle of the *cortile* or courtyard and its accompanying loggia as exemplified in Italian domestic practice.

The principle has already been used on frequent occasions among us, but up to the present time chiefly in connection with houses of avowedly Italian or Spanish derivations, and one suspects that the features in question have now and again been included in these

schemes as engaging *motifs* of composition rather than from any settled conviction of their real physical appropriateness. It will not be amiss, therefore, to make a brief inquiry into the rationale of their employment. It will then be seen that they supply a solution to one difficulty that often arises in the designing of country houses.

The Italian arrangement of *cortile* and loggia is to be found at its best, perhaps, in Tuscany, for in this respect as in many others the Tuscans seem to be the direct heirs of that equally mysterious and clever people, the old Etruscans, the exponents of ancient culture from whom the Romans learned their most gracious arts. Able builders as the Etruscans were, the evidence of archaeology shows that they had fully developed the principle of *cortile* and loggia, and the aptitude they achieved in such matters has lingered on in Tuscany, for there we find an especial spontaneity and freedom of treatment in the domestic application of these two accessories of summer comfort.

An analysis of the Tuscan use of the *cortile* and loggia shows three well-established methods all of which occur in numerous instances, each of them, however, endowed with its own individuality of charm. There was the *cortile* enclosed on all four sides by the body of the house. The loggia might be carried about all four sides or might occur on one or two sides only. Another method enclosed the *cortile* entirely open on one side with loggias carried around the three enclosed sides. There was still a fourth method of using the loggia without the *cortile*.

At Il Trebbio, a mountain stronghold in the Mugello, near Florence, the boyhood



Cortile and loggias at Le Corti, near San Casciano. Here are fully developed architectural loggias on all four sides of the cortile, which is fully comprehended within the body of the house.

home of Cosimo de' Medici, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, we see a rather rude and primitive example of the first mentioned combination of *cortile* and loggia. There are loggias on two sides and one of them has been used to shelter one of the characteristic outside staircases. At Le Corti, near San Casciano, however, is seen a much more urbane and architecturally developed *cortile* of the first type, with loggias extending about all four sides. From the loggia a staircase ascends to the first floor, and there are also numerous doors giving access to the different ground floor rooms. To this same class also belongs the *cortile* of the Villetta near San Domenico. Here the loggia extends along one side of a very small courtyard with a well and outside staircase, but what is lacking in spaciousness on the ground floor is atoned for by large loggias on the first floor whence there is a view of the whole hillside with Fiesole at the top. It should not be forgotten that the first floor loggia—different in treatment from the *belvedere*—was an institution extensively employed.

One of the most delightful examples of the second class of *cortile* is that at Cigliano, near San Casciano above the Val di Pesa. Here the loggia extends across the south side of the stone-paved *cortile* and is separated from the garden beyond by a wall, while above the loggia is a range of first floor rooms whose windows look out into the garden. Over the whole *cortile* are stretched wires along which a light canvas awning can be drawn, in the old Roman manner, when it is desired to shut out the noonday sun from the space below. Another *cortile* of the same structural character is that at the Villa Palmieri, near Florence. Here also the loggia is backed by a wall and the first floor rooms are carried overhead.

The Villa dei Collazzi, near Florence, a house whose design is usually accredited to Michelangelo, supplies us with an example of the third type of *cortile* entirely open on one side. Here the enclosing loggias appear only at the back on the ground floor, but on the

first they compass all three sides. The whole *cortile* is raised on a terrace and bounded by a stone balustrade on the open side, whence a flight of steps descends to the garden.

At the Villa del Archivescovo, near Lucca, the *cortile* is omitted and there is a loggia giving directly upon the garden. This was a treatment sometimes employed where the body of the house was long rather than compact, and approximately square, or where there was a distant view which those using the loggia especially wished to have always spread before their eyes.

These, then, were the ways in which the *cortili* and loggias were customarily devised. Only those thoroughly familiar with Italian home life can understand what an important part *cortile* and loggia play in the scheme of domestic existence or how constantly they are used every day and all day. The Italian naturally loves to be in the open air, and here he can gratify his inclination with perfect privacy and, at the same time, leave his books, papers and other chattels lying about with as complete security from disturbance or weather as though they were in a room.

Climatic conditions in a great part of America render the Italian and Spanish types of country house appropriate, especially for summer places, and their charm of composition, adapted to local needs, commends itself to an ever-increasing public who may be trusted to discover and make full use of all the attendant advantages. At the same time, the *cortile* and loggia carry an important lesson that can most profitably be applied in a sphere of architectural activity far wider than that concerned with Italian adaptations.

The loggia was obviously devised to provide an open air space, sheltered overhead from the sun and from inclement weather, where the inmates of a house, when it pleased them, might "live, and move, and have their being." The enclosing *cortile* assured privacy and shelter from the wind, and when the loggia was carried about all four sides, there was



Cortile at the Villa Palmieri, near Florence

always, at all hours of the day, some portion where cool shade could be found in summer, or some portion where warm sunshine could be found in early spring or in the chill of autumn. Thus did the old Etruscans, with physical comfort and architectural grace, solve successfully a problem which the majority of Americans have not solved successfully—if we may judge from visible evidence—in respect of either architectural seamlessness or fully perennial satisfaction on the physical score.

The failure alluded to, is the average verandah or so-called "porch," as it is usually found throughout the length and breadth of the country. Against the verandah in theory there is no objection to be urged; against the verandah as it occurs in nine cases out of ten there is every objection. Ordinarily it does not form an essential part of the structural mass of the house to which it is attached. It is patently a subsidiary appendage and, as such, it weakens and detracts from the unity, simplicity and dignity of the composition. Furthermore, it frequently darkens the windows of the most important rooms. Apart from architectural objections, it does not give the completeness of shelter or diversity of exposure afforded by the loggia and *cortile*, and as to privacy, if the house be near the road there is practically none.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, save for an occasional small porch sheltering the house-door, the verandah was virtually non-existent in America. During the Greco-Roman phase of architecture, at the very end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the verandah was often employed in a manner architecturally consistent and satisfactory from a physical point of view. But its fullest development as a feature of domestic life was reserved for the dark and depressing period after 1835, about which time the light of architecture was extinguished, not to reappear again till our own age. So far as traditional American domestic architecture is concerned, the verandah was an afterthought, but an

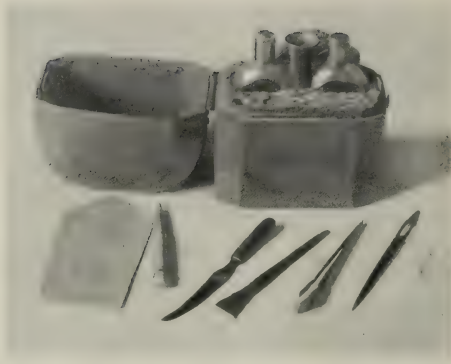


View from within the loggia at the Villa Palmieri

(Continued on page 82)



Monkey and Baby—a Chelsea porcelain perfume container, period of Louis XVI (1774-1792). The head of the monkey is the stopper, swung on a gold chain



A Louis XVI Galuchat vanity case. Galuchat is the name given to the skin of a fish treated by a process developed by a Frenchman of that name. It was widely used in place of leather for covering perfume sets and in other ways that leather is used



Woman With Basket—a Chelsea porcelain perfume bottle of the 18th century. The basket, borne on the shoulder of the figure, is the bottle's stopper

Sweet Odors Wafted Out of the Colorful Past

The Houbigant Collection of Rare Perfume Containers Has An Historic Significance

By PAUL F. STACY



HY does a collector collect? Wherein lies his joy?

As playmates of the boy who hoarded stamps and coins, we may have been among those who paid deference to him without ever having understood just why he did it. In maturer years, we may visit the home of a collector friend, courteously view the articles he has gathered from odd Nowheres, murmur our "How interesting!" and "Wonderful!" and leave, still unenlightened as to "why he can get so excited about it all, anyway."

"Satisfies his cravings for artistic expression," ventures one of the party. "Maybe,"

adds another, "but I rather think it's more his pride in possession." A third avers that interest in the progress of craftsmanship is the answer; and other guesses follow. It may be admitted that each of such motives plays some part in the passion for collecting. But even then, we have fallen far short of the real stimulus.

Did this illusive urge that animates a collector reveal itself at the New York exhibit of the Houbigant collection of 17th and 18th century perfume containers?

Hundreds viewed the priceless articles. And hundreds summed up their impressions in the remark: "If only they could speak!"

There were those, however, who appreci-

subly from them when courtier and noblewoman bantered in the presence of a Louis of France!

The riot of extravagance that flamed a revolution into being! Each separate bit of crystal, ivory, gold or silver was redolent with its message from an eventful past to tell all who would hear of those dramas in which actually it had a rôle. For had they not been carried by Comtesse This and Le Chevalier That, in a period whose love intrigues and liaisons history and literature never will let die? In fateful days when "Liberté"-shouting mobs sought the life of cringing beauty, adorned even in her terror by soothing scents from one of these very bottles? The shadow



A choice perfume bottle of Battersea enamel. The gold stopper is in the form of a flying bird attached to a gold chain. It is of the Louis XVI period



The darker portions of the cover and the hinged covers of the compartments, in which patches were carried, are tinted a bright green. The decorations are in red and gold, the box itself and the main cover being of natural straw color

ated the collection in the same spirit in which M. Fernand Javal had assembled it. And their reaction was in the exclamation: "How eloquent they are!"

One group saw inanimate articles, beautiful but lifeless. But others brought minds responsive to the legends that rose from these dainty objects of other centuries, even as the fragrance of many perfumes had breathed



A novel piece of Wedgwood with carved groups on each side. The gold cap swings on a gold chain. Ladies of the 18th century carried it as a perfume bottle

of the dread guillotine itself—darkening the glint of crystal—as stitches in stockings clicked the steady stream of sacrifice that nobility paid to its citizenry!

It is the voice of the things which one collects that lures and feeds one's zest. In this day of psychic phenomena, we accept more readily the claims of those who hear things when gazing at a piece of jade, a leather sword hilt, an Aztec bowl or a Galuchat case.

M. Fernand Javal states it simply and completely. He is the head of the house of Houbigant, French perfumers, and the collection that bears his firm's name has been gathered, for the most part, by him personally.



Leather case, with Vernis Martin finish, containing two bottles with silver caps and ivory memoranda tablets. There is a blending funnel of silver. These funnels are invariably found in sets of the 17th and 18th Century, indicating that men and women of the period mixed their own perfumes

Some of the pieces, however, come as heirlooms handed down from one generation to another from the days in 1777 when Houbigant first served the nobility of France with its exquisite odors.

"They talk to me," said M. Javal of the objects shown in New York.

After all, isn't that quite enough? They talk to him just as collectors everywhere love articles they glean for the stories they tell. William L. Bottomley, the New York architect, understands this faculty. Interviewed recently, on the subject of restoring old houses, he advised the reporter that the houses should be interviewed rather than he. When the newspaperman retorted that houses couldn't talk, Mr. Bottomley retaliated with: "Oh, yes, they can, if you understand their language."

It was with the hope that the stories that sought utterance in his Parisian home might interest New York that M. Javal shipped his collection to this country. Hundreds of New Yorkers are grateful for the generous gesture. For the exhibit brought its message to artists and craftsmen, to historians and lovers of literature, to cultural students and to those in the commercial field who sincerely aspire more closely to weld art and industry.

Universal admiration was expressed for the thorough workmanship with which artisans had shaped and built the vanity exquisites of three centuries and more ago. One can well picture the craftsman, proud of his art, receiving explicit instructions from his noble patron as to the purpose a bit of carved ivory was to serve, perhaps something of the personality of the fair lady to whose presence it was to travel, together with a perfumed note rich in the extravagant sentiment of seventeenth century France.

Each piece was an individual effort. Into it, the worker put his best, however long it took. To have produced the finished treasures shown in the Houbigant collection, was to have loved one's work. Their thoroughness



This piece is an elaborate vanity case, the walls of which are of agate and the decorations of gold. It holds two cut-glass bottles with gold caps, a mirror with an agate slab for protecting the glass, an ivory tablet for memoranda, a gold-tipped pencil and a gold toothpick

is indicated by the fact that most of them have stood the encroachment of time so well that they could serve the beauty of today as eff-



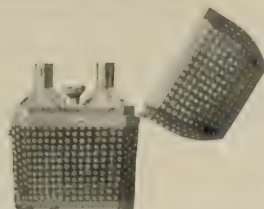
This set shows how one's correspondence was associated closely with perfume, it having been a common practice in the 18th century to perfume one's letters. One end of this case contains four bottles and a blending funnel. The other end contains an inkwell with a novel screw-cap and a sectional pen, all in silver



The bud at the top of the bottle is the stopper. It is shown in its original case as carried by ladies of the period of Louis XVI

ciently as they filled the needs of the favorites of a Louis' court, centuries before us.

With our need for quantity production, containers of such beauty and costliness are, on the whole, beyond the range of the possible. But we have one compensation. For where one individual possessed an object of rich beauty in 1775, today thousands own adaptations of that object, insofar as it is possible to modify its lines or design in flask or box that permits of large production. With every land on the globe demanding the products blended from the flower fields of Houbigant at Grasse and elsewhere, it can be imagined how widely



Another charming perfume set of light tortoise shell with an intricate gold inlay. Here, too, is the inevitable blending funnel with which the possessor was wont to achieve his or her personal perfume odors. This set is in a remarkably fine state of preservation. It is about three inches high

the craftsmanship of some lone devotee of art, pouring his heart's blood into his work back in 1770, is reaching and carrying its rhythm of line in our day.

To examine some of the Houbigant collection exhibits more closely: Here is an urn, only an inch high, carved from ivory and inlaid with gold. Its diminutive cap unscrews to reveal a tiny bottle shaped from rock-crystal into which a glass stopper almost as small as the head of a pin is fitted. One can imagine the deadly drops of a poison lurking seductively in this delightful fancy, but its limited space was used for the happier sequestering of the hearts of France's flowers.

Patch-boxes of lacquer, of rosewood, of ivory and tortoise-shell bear various decorations, some with medallions and others with cameo marvelously executed. One such box is shaped from powdered tortoise shell, resembling lacquer so closely as almost to deceive the most careful connoisseur. All of them are provided with hinged compartments for the beauty patches that were so light as to require the smallest of delicate brushes for depositing them on the precise spot where they most heightened the charm of fair cheek or shoulder. Several patch-boxes of intricate inlaid straw are here. One of these bears the royal crest of the house of Bourbon and there is no end to the conjectures raised as to its fortunate environment.

Here are several toothpick boxes, it having been within the realm of propriety apparently in the days of Louis XVI to have made public use of this utility. In fact, several cases contain such implements beautifully worked in gold. Examining the daintily-carved ivory decoration of one of these boxes, a connoisseur remarked that it is doubtful if there is in the world today a hand that is trained to the deftness required to produce such microscopic imagery. Another is of simple grace, shaped in ivory with gold inlay, capped with pearls.

(Continued on page 66)



The horizontal lines of the early American type of wallpaper are repeated in the proportions of the fireplace, the mirror and the rugs, making a most inviting hall.

The Part Line Plays in Decoration

A Room's Spirit and Character are Defined by the Quality of the Lines Employed

By PHILLIS ACKERMAN, Ph. D.



THE room gave an impression of comfort but it was soporific. Conversation murmured on without sparkle. The environment was too utterly relaxing to induce mental activity. And once out of the room it was impossible to recall any specific feature in it of any definite character.

Such an effect of engulfing formlessness comes from the absence of line definition. Fusing colors and substantial masses without linear control or emphasis make a vague continuity lacking beginning, middle and end. This produces the effect of a haze and by suggestion instills the mood of a mental fog with its accompanying lassitude. It is restful, but restful to the point of somnolence, suffocating to initiative and energy.

Lines break the lethargy of unbounded masses of color and shake a narcotic room into normal alertness, first because they isolate specific objects, and second because the lines themselves have a stimulating effect. The isolation of specific objects creates activity because it provides a focus for the attention and this is the first requisite of mental functioning. Also, a specific object always excites some reaction, prompts us to at least the rudimentary attitudes of use and interest. When every individual thing is dissolved in a general blur the mind floats without anchorage and, selecting or recognizing nothing, it is not moved to any response.

Lines are in themselves stimulating because

every line beckons us to follow it, leads us on to investigate its direction and so to move with it. The tendency to imitation is so strong that sometimes a sharply marked line will impel a responsive observer to overt muscular movements that follow it. A gesture, even the poise of the whole body will respond to the line's direction. Very often when the movements are not visible they are present in small adjustments, little twitches and strains that we are not directly aware of but that do enter into consciousness and influence our general mental tone. Even, however, when these concealed movements are absent, and they are seldom altogether lacking, an emphatic line prompts us to retrace it in imagination, and rapidly we revive from memory-old muscular experiences of drawing just such a line or of following just such a course as it defines. Thus every line awakens some kind of movement and so clear lines introduced into decoration prod it out of its inertness.

To break the spell of a stultifying room, therefore, one needs only to introduce some emphasis of line, and the spot where the lines are focused and concentrated will become one of the centers of the design of the room. Moreover, the spirit and character of the room will be defined by the quality of the lines employed. For every class of lines has its own feeling and its own effect because each stimulates a different kind of movement.

The vertical line is striving, unsatisfied. It reaches up and drags you up after it permitting no relapse. It is, therefore, a fine line to

urge emotional exaltation, the line for lofty church interiors or vastly towering ceremonial buildings. But it is, by that very token, scarcely the line for comfortable, commonplace daily life. While a predominantly vertical decoration might emanate the emotional quality fit for a music room, in a library an often repeated vertical would be quite intolerable, and even in the music room it would be safe only if the family harbored a musical genius whose performance could equal the expectation created by the tenseness of the room.

Horizontal lines are the most generally practical. Resting easily in a static equilibrium, they set an example to the body of its own most natural poise. So they insist upon repose, expressing it decisively. The calm levels of the plain, the contained dignity of the Greek temple, the gentle peace of the low-stretched Italian villa—all are derived in large part from their horizontality. That same calm and peace, the restfulness for which the bruised nerves of a driven generation clamor, can be brought into a room with long horizontal lines. Nor will they give the somnolence of the room without lines, but a controlled and balanced repose.

BUT only rarely can a decoration be carried out in all one range of line qualities. The Gothic builders, to be sure, when their art was at its height introduced in many of their interiors almost no relief from the upshooting verticals. But they were in search of a very intense effect. Ordinarily design

needs compensation. Endlessly paralleled horizontals become dull to the point of flatness, and are in danger, too, of slicing the rooms into strips so that its collapse seems imminent; the walls seem about to close up like an accordion. The quality of a room is jerked up by the use of a few angular lines. They always have positive movement and so alert vitality. Tipped this way and that, they obviously cannot stay in their tilted planes because they are of equilibrium, and so they imply motion and change which are the marks of life and trick us into the imitation of their motion and so into a sympathetic verve. Diagonals and angles, these will return to life a room deadened by too many horizontals.

CONVERSELY, too many lines at angles will drive a room to frantic agitation. Lines darting in all directions start us running all ways at once, as it were, and so leave us in the middle of the room, distracted. Furniture "kitty corner," rugs "artistically" disposed so that no two are parallel or parallel with any other object, decorative ornaments crooked and curtains looped into scallops and diagonals create an instant bedlam.

Too many lines of any kind, in fact, no matter how consistent and organized their scheme may be make a room brittle and restless, create the extreme opposite evil from the engulfing vagueness of the lineless room. Spaces of little definition must serve as background for the spots of emphasis where a concentration of clean lines makes a focus and a positive interest. This is one of the merits of the overstuffed furniture, that it has an unmarked contour so that it serves as a mass against which the harder definitions of the wooden furniture can stand in relief, and the designer who, with braids or other lines of decoration strives to overcome this easy amorphousness, usually makes an unfortunate contribution.

Even much wooden furniture, however, leaves specificity of line subordinate. Sometimes this is the accident of poor design, of structure so characterless that it has no clarity. But of some types it is an essential quality. Much of the Spanish furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries presents itself as broad surfaces and strong supports rather than as line patterns and this is almost, though not quite, as true of the contemporary Italian. Louis XIV is ornamentation and mass with line incidental. The Eighteenth Century English, on the other hand, is preeminently linear in design and even when richly embellished with painted ornament the sharp form and exact articulation is not overlaid.

IT is not, however, in the furniture alone that line is introduced into a room. The architecture itself has, or should have, some linear character. Windows should be line patterns, hence the fancy multiple drapes dear to decorators have an excuse only when the architecture is at this point wholly bad. The fireplace, also, is a line as well as a space design and each style of fireplace has its characteristic line quality. The high unbroken chimney of the Gothic has the verticality typical of that school and the broad low shelf of the Craftsman has the substantial if somewhat stodgy horizontality. The decoration of the fireplace, both in the chimney irons and the shelf ornaments, and in their disposal, should be consistent with this line character. One of the major functions of all mouldings, also, is to give line definition, and the necessity of such definition is painfully apparent in the modern styleless houses with coved ceilings minus all mouldings and flat undecorated

wood trim. At least part of the significance of most interior architectural detail is in its line quality.

Decorative accessories are often especially important in their line contributions. Line is a major element of almost all textile pattern. True, it has been sadly obliterated in many of the commercial patterns fabricated recently to flatter the current fear of all definiteness and character, but these blurred and mushy adaptations to weak taste and temper should not be counted representative. All of the fine historical textiles, whether of East or West, have energetic distinctness of line. Many of these use, moreover, the movement qualities of lines, and the wise decorator will have care in adjusting the speed and character of these lines movements in the textile designs to the other line directions in the room and to the range of weight and scale as well. For forceful movement on walls, curtains or floor will crash through a delicately furnished room, wrecking it; while, on the other hand, a gentle and sensitive tremolo in design may seem ridiculous alongside massive oak.

Movement of line is especially important in the design of Oriental rugs. Again this excepts the modern commercial weaves. Their meaningless scrolls and vaguely meandering arabesques, all smeared over with the hazy gloss of chemicals, have no character of any kind. But the genuine rugs, whether the great works of art or the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries or the more recent and less pretentious products of the people's looms, are alert and purposive in every line, and the direction, rate and quality of movement is sensitively differentiated and consistently maintained throughout a design, often throughout the products of an entire district. Thus the old so-called Armenian rugs drive with relentless force of a mechanical power diagonally from end to end of the design, while the Turkomans cut rapidly and incisively in and out in quick, but very strong, short movements. To put either of these embodiments of direct and masculine energy with the hypersophisticated furniture of the Eighteenth Century would be destructive.

EVEN most pictures that are not mere formless blanks have a line character, and this should be taken into account if the picture is to be part of the decorative whole of the room, instead, as too often is the case, an isolated incident existing presumably for its own sake. Indeed, pictures are an excellent opportunity for introducing into a flat and sprawling room just those points of emphatic definition and concentrated interest that are needed to give it sharp stimulation and heightened quality. Feeling this, even though, perhaps, vague as to the underlying theory, many people of taste have found Japanese prints especially valuable decorations. They have a control of line pattern that makes them compelling centers of interest.

Books on shelves make a line design. Furniture that in itself has little line distinction can often be endowed with more definite character by the grouping. Hence the popularity of the now somewhat hackneyed setting of the small table with its lamp and its chair alongside silhouetted against a window. The sharp relief of the dark group against the light emphasizes the outlines and gives a little added force of individuality. Lines, in short, are present as possibilities and as dangers in almost every element of decorating, as possibilities because when used judiciously they give vitality and a tang of personality, as dangers because when disregarded and used at random they can create a baffling sense of confusion.

To use them successfully the first step is to become aware of them as lines, to analyze them out of the furniture and ornaments, come to understand chairs and buffets as outlines, architectural details as line patterns, and the textile designs as line movements and compositions. Once perceived the next step is to get the full flavor of their quality, and only sympathetic observation aided, when possible by actual sketching, can sharpen this response. When seen and understood experiment will show the way to their most effective use.



The vertical lines of the high ceiling are deliberately emphasized by the tall, narrow tapestries and the long velvet vestments, but the room is stabilized by the solid furniture of horizontal lines. Only the rug is out of keeping both in quality and in the broken lines of its floral pattern.



The four graces of dramatic criticism in New York—Alexander Woolcott, Alan Dale, S. Jay Kaufman and Heywood Brown.

Frozen Jazz and the Soul of Man

About a New Caricaturist and the Art of Making People Squirm

By PERRITON MAXWELL



OUR true caricaturist must possess the gift of soul portrayal in the least possible number of brush or pen strokes. When he strives for portraiture, with an intent to delineate all that his physical eye encompasses, he ceases to be a caricaturist and becomes a human pantograph.

The best caricatures are those which present the exaggerated essentials of character in linear shorthand. And this studied economy of drawing must go hand in hand with an acid humor, a purposeful irony and a modicum of downright cruelty.

There is no such thing as a kindly caricature, any more than there is such a thing as a humorous portrait. To be of value in its own domain every caricature must bite and sting, leave an impression of irritation on the part of the subject and an unholy joy in the bosom of the spectator. To the degree with which this end is achieved is the caricature successful.

Because he has endeavored to handle his subjects in a spirit of Pollyanna portrayal, I think John Decker has fallen short of the highest attainment in his caricatures here reproduced. In his impressions of King George and G. K. Chesterton he has approached the goal of successful caricature; with his other themes he has leaned toward geniality and conventional portraiture. The milk of human kindness is not sufficiently soured to make all his work memorable, as are the terrific caricatures of the outstanding Frenchmen.

Decker, for the most part, has been concerned with distorted portraiture rather than with the styptic qualities of the art-illuminated and bulging ego. He has humor in abundance, but he lacks the vitriolic touch that makes a first-rate caricature a thing apart, a condensation of the weaknesses of the great and near-great.

Perhaps it is because caricature is merely his avocation and not his life-work that John Decker does not rank among the best of the men who have won fame as snapshotters of the soul. It is greatly to his credit that this

artist, who is a successful designer of big scenic effects on the stage, has struck so resonant a note in his caricatures.

His has been a full and adventurous life. Born in San Francisco, he was taken to Japan at the age of thirteen. The years of his nonage were spent in London where, as a student under that master scenic artist W. T. Hemsley, he learned the craft of beautiful illusions in the theatre. He had a hand in the production of "The Darling of the Gods," presented at His Majesty's Theatre and "The Marriage Market," spectacularly rendered by George Edwards at Daly's.

If the rolling stone gathers no moss, the itinerant artist at least gathers a vast amount of useful experience. John Decker has been a rolling stone with a purpose, and with no intent of being a collector of moss he has accumulated artistic assets which he is now able to convert into spendable cash. In Germany, Austria, France, Italy, even in Africa, he painted decorative scenery, filled his sketch-

books and learned to know the ways and wiles of men. Two years ago he gave an exhibition of symbolistic paintings at the Braglia Galleries in Rome. It created a furore; he received critical praise and blame in equal proportion—but he is still remembered on the Via Condatti.

"I simply dealt with life as I saw it," says the artist, referring to his Roman escapade of paint and canvas. "I was true to my subjects, which were not always pretty. I had my own philosophy of existence and expressed it in pigment. They called me a monstrous pessimist. They said I gloomed in the shadow of Schopenhauer. They admitted that I could paint but adjured me to seek the sunshine and stop depicting the uncomfortable. These same critics have outgrown much of their provincialism since then. They are raving today over the inhumanities of the revoltes, the modernists who can see nothing but fourth dimensional incongruities."

Perhaps it was his search for "sweetness and light" as advised by his Italian censors that Decker hied him to Venice. There he had his fill of light if not of sweetness. The canals are not exactly perfumed streams in mid-summer. The opal lure of the Bride of the Adriatic held him for a year. It is the painter's paradise and Decker reluctantly left it to sing its praise as "the most beautiful spot on earth." After a walking tour through Austria he is again back in his own land to juggle color-pots and big brushes. He did the scenery for that recent riot of colorful nonsense and acting art at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

So much by way of biography. As a designer for the stage John Decker is among the most fertile in invention, the most aggressive in his reach for harmonious novelty. As a caricaturist he has yet to prove himself an individual. His study of the best masters of caricature has left him in a reminiscent mood. He is entertaining but he has no new message of vitality. He is capable of interpreting character but he has not acquired the gift of virulence in black and white. He deals only with surface impressions and has not probed to the seat of human vanity, of



The essentials of Ben Ami, an actor with a sense of dramatic values

self-love, those attributes which so largely distinguish the distinguished. With the addition of a more astringent ingredient in his ink and a greater desire to disclose the soul essences of his subjects, he may yet attain to the heights where the Olympians grin from behind their drawing-boards and unmask the familiar puppets who bask in the "strong, white light of publicity."

Some of the most striking caricatures extant are from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci. They are satirical portraits of his contemporaries and distorted impressions of characters encountered during a busy day by the many-sided Italian genius; they might have been made for a modern magazine, so vimful are they, so cruelly drawn, so vitally interesting.

But it was long before da Vinci's day that the caricature came into being. It goes back to the cave men who had their rugged abodes



G. K. Chesterton, the fat boy of modern literary criticism

IN our own country caricature has become an integral part of the daily press; not cartooning, which is a branch of drawing as distinct from caricature as pastel painting is distinct from etching, but the simon-pure depiction of well-known figures in the news; humorously stressed and keenly accentuating their facial and bodily characteristics. If we are to have a national school of the caricature we must reckon with those native pioneers of the craft, Carlo de Fornaro, Alfred

Freuh, Ernest Haskell and Oliver Hereford. With these men should, in time, stand the artist whose work is here reproduced. For he has the mental qualities which go to the making of a genuine caricaturist.

Some day it may occur to some wealthy patron of the finer arts to establish a foundation for the instruction of would-be caricaturists. The man who has the temerity to do this will, of course, be taking his life in his hands, for the ideal caricaturist must remain untrammelled in his art; you cannot padlock Pegasus and expect him to fly. If I were a millionaire I would secretly endow a school of caricature and watch my wards lampoon my friends.

More evils have been abated, more polite crimes have been exposed by the best of the caricaturists than all the sermons preached in Christendom. While Thomas Nast was chiefly a cartoonist, his



The greatest intellectual scold of our day—George Bernard Shaw

in the caverns of France and Spain, about which M. Elie Faure has written so fascinatingly. It has remained, however, for the modern mind to evolve a style in caricature that makes of it a distinct and engaging art.

Goya and Daumier were of the cult in its finest manifestations. Gustave Doré, who never really learned to draw with precision,



George Arliss as D'Israeli, an English player very much at home in the U. S. A.

has bequeathed to us some gorgeous caricatures and (among the notable non-professional artists) (Victor Hugo has shown himself possessed of a spirited gift for the delineation of grimly humorous portraits drawn with a sureness of touch worthy of Garvanni.



An unconventional impression of His Majesty King George V.



"The Tiger of France"—A close-up of Georges Clemenceau

single figure of the late Bill Tweed, with roving eye and a costume of prison plaid, and with dollar marks cunningly inserted in the interstices, was the instrument through which Public Opinion finally functioned in a way that sent the arch-robber of New York politics to the safe if uneasy haven of a penitentiary career.



John Hazzard, as a singer of early sob songs, in the Greenwich Village Follies

Given a caricature with the punch of an idea behind it and you can work wonders of righteousness. But anyone can draw a distorted face; the real art of caricature is that in which there is purpose and a discernment of such frailties as prominent flesh is heir to.

Subconscious Emotionalism on Canvas



AN exhibition of what is termed "fourth dimensional interpretations," painted by Miss Henrietta Shore and shown at the Ehrich Galleries in New York, is one of the sensational art shows of the season. Writing at length of this artist's work Mr. Raymond Henniker-Heaton says:

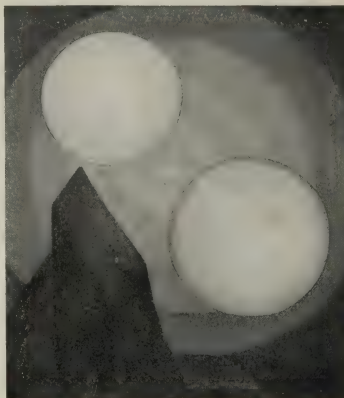
Henrietta Shore has painted many pictures, landscapes, flowers, nudes and portraits—all possessing an unusual intensity of feeling. In these early works the color is rich and high in key, applied with a broad and vigorous brush. They are painted suggestively according to the understanding of the middle of the XIXth century,—objectively in the light of present-day thought. Her attitude toward the objects she portrayed was traditional, but her art has distinguishing characteristics. However, Miss Shore believed that she had come to a standstill—faith in her academic training as the source of her art was waning. She had attained the limits of her present trend, based on education and association,



"The Trail of Life," presenting the elements of a subconscious emotionalism

which allowed but little advance over the prevailing studio realism which adorns the walls of our official sanctuaries. In discussing the essential principles of art, I am forced to generalize in a measure, since it is always difficult to describe analytically certain terms which are names of conditions we feel rather than see.

Permanent qualities in art are not obtained by repeating or rehearsing time-honored formulas. They are achieved through sensibility to the dominating spirit of the time, and the creative mind will recast Nature in this mold. The constructive spirit of today is reflected in a protest against externals, whether they take the form of blatant realism, the Greek ideal types or the sentimentalities of early English portraiture. Speaking generally, the attitude toward subject-matter should be more or less abstract according to the period under discussion, not involving necessarily a repudiation of naturalistic form, but rather a reflection of an abstract attitude. All vital art should have unity in design and construction. Art must be fluid—with a fluidity not lacking definition, but suggesting volume: the combination of a variety of elements, having the power to disintegrate into a mass of universal energy. This is a fundamental law, as evident in Ancient Kingdom Egyptian sculpture as in the art of Giotto and Cezanne.



"Two Worlds," an abstraction with an astronomical basis



"Maternity," painted by the artist in her more conventional manner



"Life," an effort to visualize the eternal question of human existence

Attributes of minor importance in periods and schools and individual artists are subject to contemporary spirit and thought. Each period has an unreproducible intellectual and emotional condition, giving distinctive character to the surface attributes and indeed to the objective aspect of the main principle, thereby distinguishing the art of each from all other periods. The art of painting or sculpture should express contemporary aspirations, with an added quality dependant upon the individual imagination of the artist.

Henrietta Shore's paintings are no longer objectively representative, but their great departure is a logical development of her previous work. To a considerable extent, the new qualities we observe are the outcome of a subconscious emotionalism. In the first pictures there is evidence of psychic confusion; the color is feverish and involved. In later ones we observe a greater clarity in conception and a simplification of design and color. We feel a growing power of construction, and although there is more or less adherence to naturalistic form in its three dimensions,



"Life Emerges," a pictorial appeal to a purely emotional reaction

it is really abstract—the entire character coming much more from within than without.

Many may wonder what these paintings intend to portray. The sophistry which confuses the nature of our motives, obscures the basic principles of art, indeed, life. It is so deeply embodied in us that we have, with the agility of the human mind, sentimentalized our materialism until we believe it to be a God-given virtue. And so in Art we are often misled by a fiction and by qualities of minor importance as to what are essentials. You ask what the pictures represent. This question implies that they are unlike anything you are familiar with. Therefore if you are told that the subject of one picture is a cauliflower and another a soul in flight, you will be indignant at the representation of the cauliflower; as for the soul in flight, you probably know no more about it than does the artist. The question is whether you feel the art quality in the painting. Names or descriptions, however mysterious, have nothing whatever to do with this. You can enjoy a vital picture without knowing or thinking about its constituent elements. Indeed it is better not to, as intellectual preoccupations tend to interfere with emotional concentration, unless you are finely balanced. If you do not derive stimulation from a painting or other art object through your sensibility, it has nothing to say to you as a work of art.



Such scores as "Babes in Toyland," "The Red Mill," "Algeria" and "The Madcap Duchess" have left the mood of Victor Herbert indelibly written upon musical comedy

Plagiarism and Original Sin

The Musical Samson Shorn of His Locks and Laurels Still "Brings Down the House"

By CHITTENDEN TURNER

THU must have been that unpardonable sin of originality which caused some envious layman to say "Genius is akin to madness." However, this particular layman's own originality seems distraught, at least in view of the blighting effect of his sentiments. In the United States, where the pride of normality is still the companion of youth, and sentimental ennui is isolated, the inspired melody writers and hard-riding young virtuosi are opposed to being declared mad. Only a few, in fact, are willing to appear as eccentrics, and these are usually so engaged in order to cover up weaknesses less pitiable.

Obviously, it is this madness theory and the frightful consequences of a composer becoming too devoted to his muse that causes a certain percentage of music writers to flirt with muses presumably and properly identified with other writers. The gleeful gonoph, from the domain of Händel to the dumps of Tin Pan Alley, has laid his sandpapered fingers on many a sacred vessel. History abounds with celebrated cases. Imitated, borrowed and stolen, the gems of music have been held over and over again before our dazzled eyes, adding fresh fame to the ancients, while easy rest the halos on the borrowers' brows. If the improvising Levites of Solomon's temple could have copyrighted their hymns, modern liturgy might seem vacuous indeed. And, while we think of it, was it not the harping of David that stilled the madness of that layman Saul? It is regrettable that no record of the composition was taken at the time, even though David's reputed descendants are now receiving more than their share of royalties.

It is not so much that there is less originality today than when Thomas of Celano, Gregory the Great, Frangipani, or Umberto, whichever gentleman it was, invented the still serviceable *Dies Irae*. In fact, the sources of inspiration should have increased in the last 1,300 years, if matter, complexes and oppor-

tunities ever favorably react upon the soul. But perhaps originality today is merely more relative, since music has come to accompany all else but sleep. The dwindling auditory public is too preoccupied to hunt for resemblances, and takes a great deal for granted. The archeological composer, however, with a significant "After you, Beethoven," reveals a new and striking chivalry, being averse to competing with the classicists in any way. To deprive them of a solitary laurel would be an affront to immortality. Creative rivalry thus being repugnant to finer sensibilities, in bowed humility he simply steals from them. "Am I not carrying forward the insignia of the conquerors?" he inquires frankly. "What is nobler than the chaste lines of the Greek temple, still adopted to the preservation of

civic beauty? Dare you call our architects plagiarists? Since quotation is acceptable in the other arts, why not in music? Besides, any publisher will tell you that my reminiscent melodies are more readily popularized."

The ethics of quotation in music are strictly observed by many prominent composers of the present time, while as many more have as little compunction as their forerunners had in borrowing a theme now and then. A few writers of avowedly serious music continue to steal boldly. Often the melody is camouflaged with intricate harmonies, or its rhythm altered to avoid suspicion, or the theme inverted. There are devious ways for a skilled technician to disguise a purloined air. Choice harmonic progressions and ingenious climactic effects tempt both the inspired and uninspired, and unconscious imitation widens many of the deadly parallels. The difficulties of the last two bars of a composition, and the small chance of hitting upon original answering phrases without destroying the melodic flow, must be taken into consideration. Charges of plagiarism are here based for a great part, but in these cases as well as where one falls into characteristic, idiomatic expressions, criticism should be sparing.

The clear waters of great melody have been well sailed, and the freshening rhythmic breezes are not always sufficient to take the composer off the rocks of imitation. So infinite, however, are the combinations of tones even in the compass of our scale, that, with constantly changing styles in music, new possibilities are always being opened, straits that lead to a tempting sea of exploration. Never has the dearth of novel, inviting melody been such as to justify abandoning the heavenly muse to dive into a bog of discord.

The attitude of the musical world toward the plagiarist is not inflexible, even in the most academic circles. Irrespective of the popular song field, where originality has become a joke and ethics are invoked only at the

(Continued on page 70)



By aria, phrase and measure, "Madame Butterfly" and "Tosca" have tempted light-fingered writers, envious of the revolutionary muse of Giacomo Puccini



A corner of the living-room in the home of Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, New York. The windows show an interesting use of Filet Grandee curtains

The Window and Its Place in Human Progress

An Historical Sketch With a Note on Lace Curtains

By CAROLYN MANLEY

Photographs from Quaker Lace Company



WHEN you furnish your home you find precedent for everything except the window drapes. For example: Floor covering goes back a few thousand years, to the time when A. Strongarm Flintax got sufficiently ahead of his demand for clothing to lay an animal rug on the floor of his cave to keep his young bride's feet off the cold dirt floor. Floors have changed since then but we still use the animal rug.

Or, if you don't care to go back to Flintax as your precedent, you can look a mere two or three thousand years ago to the time when the Persian tribesmen wove their very souls

into the prayer rugs for their temples. We have never surpassed the beauty of construction and design in these rugs.

started out to be a slit in the wall, a sort of peep-hole through which to watch for trouble, and judging by the derivation of the word—vindr, wind-auga—eye—the window, the eye of the house was a rather draughty and unpleasant one.

All through the Middle Ages it continued to be a breezy slit in the wall, needing heavy wooden shutters for safety by night, and heavy hangings to keep out the cold by day.

Even the rediscovery of glass and its use in filling the window, hardly helped the situation so long as the houses were heated in winter with an open fireplace, which successfully roasted your face while the little chills ran playfully up and down your spine. Coming
(Continued on page 68)



Corner of living-room in the home of Mr. Will Irwin, showing a nice arrangement of net curtains

When you turn to furniture, again the precedent goes back almost as far as does Mr. H. C. Wells, while the historic periods, so frequently quoted in its study, date back as much as three to four hundred years.

It is when you come to windows that you find yourself confronted by a distinctly modern problem. The window, you know,



The duty of curtaining is to give character to a room without destroying the view from the windows



There is dignity with a dainty transparency in the inviting French door hung with Filet Grandee curtains

*"New York's Imposing Skyline"*

From Microscope to Camera Lens

An Individualist Who Registers the New York Scene In Photography

By AMOS BARTON

STARTING his career as a student of chemistry, Arthur Ralph Steiner, who now holds a place of his own among American camera artists, discovered early in the game that fussing over retorts and bisecting molecules did not offer much in the way of self-expression. He decided it was better to be an artist with some individuality than one of the army of third-rate chemists—a decision that benefitted both science and art.

Like so many others who have employed the camera to express ideas and fix permanently some composition of worth and beauty, Mr. Steiner laid the groundwork of his artis-

*"Manhattan from a New Jersey Ferry-slip"*

by those who see them visualized. Thus a plate of biscuits, a felt hat, a box of collars becomes a work of art with "a selling punch." It is in the spirit of the times; it is Art wedded to business but none-the-less Art.

In his New York scenes Mr. Steiner is particularly happy. His point of view is novel, refreshing. He sees things with the painter's eye, he "composes" with a fine sense of the decorative. A section of girder on the elevated railroad becomes a study of planes intriguingly lovely. A group of stark ash-carts in the shadow of a giant bridge takes on a Whistlerian aspect. The skyline of New York glimpsed from the harbor is reduced to a grey pastel silhouette—poetic, painter-

like, charmingly decorative and atmospheric.

Meanwhile, Mr. Steiner goes his way seeking out the unusual, making his camera serve him as the painter's brush and palette serves the colorist. The analogy is not a new one, but I think it fits this man exceptionally well, since he has the gift of infusing color-values in his black and white transcriptions of nature. It is interesting to discover an artist who bends his blunt materials to his emotional desires and practices a profession that is both a hobby and a source of income. For in Mr. Steiner we have one whose photography is equally his profession and an avocation.

*"Through the 'L' Girders—A Wintry Phantasy"*

try under the tuition of Clarence H. White—the man who has done more through his instruction in spreading the gospel of pictorial photography than any other individual in this country. "In common with all of his other students," says Steiner, "I owe all I know of photography to Mr. White." It is a great master who can win the undying loyalty of his pupils.

That this young man who has the inner vision for discovering beauty in the commonplace is no dawdling dreamer is evidenced in the fact that most of his present work is devoted to the exploitation of commodities—in other words he is a commercial artist who translates, through the medium of the camera, the most mundane objects, glorifying them in composition and lighting, making them wanted

*"In the Manner of the Early Florentine Painters—A Portrait of Lotus Lucile Mitchell"**"Carts Under the Queensborough Bridge"*

The craft of the camera is a crowded calling today. Those who have achieved great things in this none too easy medium of expression are legion, as any exhibition of artistic photography will prove. And yet the view-point of the majority of those who essay either the purely pictorial or the sheer reproduction on a sensitized plate of ordinary man-made objects, varies but little. How many negatives have been made of the New York skyline seen from the river? It would seem that everyone with the strength to hold a Kodak has made a try for this always alluring theme. But in the mass of presentments of this subject I doubt if anyone has caught the spirit of the city in the same full measure of beauty as has the man about whom these casual lines are penned.



Tapestry hanging in the great hall of the country house of Mrs. and Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, at Roslyn, L. I.

A Brilliant Gothic Allegorical Tapestry

It Pictures Temptation in Several Scenes From the Biblical Story of the Prodigal Son

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THERE are Gothic tapestries and Gothic tapestries. I love even the poorest of them, made on provincial looms from crude cartoons by ignorant weavers, roughly interpreted; or from a once high estate, by dust and moisture and bruises and ignorant repairers, degraded. But the masterpieces I worship.

The tapestry illustrated on this page is a masterpiece. It excels the qualities that make a tapestry great. The story is interesting, the texture is splendid, the picture brilliant.

It was woven at Brussels about 1510. It is late Gothic in style, and horizontal lines are numerous in hats, draperies, shoes, and architecture, marking the influence of the approaching Renaissance. But the composition as a whole, while showing some of the lucidity and clarity of the Classic, retains largely the virtues of earlier Gothic, i.e., dominance of vertical lines secured by tipping the background up and forward, so that the figures above continues the upward column effect of the figures below; strong contrast of long vertical hatchings in color against vertical ribs in relief, so that heavy shadows to emphasize form are unnecessary, and every inch of the space can be utilized for design vibrant with color.

Unlike a painting kodaked with geometrical perspective, this tapestry does not railroad the vista to forced convergence. Instead of compelling the spectator to instant comprehension,

it tells its story gradually, starting in the left upper corner, and ending in the right lower corner. It is a magnificent assemblage of groups for a magnificent room. Its size is thirteen feet by twenty-one feet four inches.

It is a cheerful tapestry. The actors in the various scenes are smartly dressed, and their faces show that they are enjoying themselves. Music and money and jewels and food and lovmaking are attractively there.

It is a country life tapestry. The rich mille-fleur verdure of the ground and border, and the trees and distant landscape and castles of the background, set the various scenes out into the open. All the gentlemen and ladies look as if they were accustomed to riding and hunting.

At the same time, this is preeminently a tapestry for the home. There are none of the brutalities which spoil some of the Gothic war tapestries, none of the nudities ushered in by the Renaissance, none of the pretty but suggestive naughtinesses of Boucher. This tapestry preaches a sermon on Temptation, and preaches it all the more persuasively because of the charm that envelopes the action.

Earlier Gothic tapestries, and Renaissance tapestries later, told the story of the Prodigal Son with unpleasant details, often disagreeably accentuated. Here we have a tapestry that deliberately avoids filth and immorality, and appeals in a sane and normal way to sane and normal people.

The story begins in the upper left corner

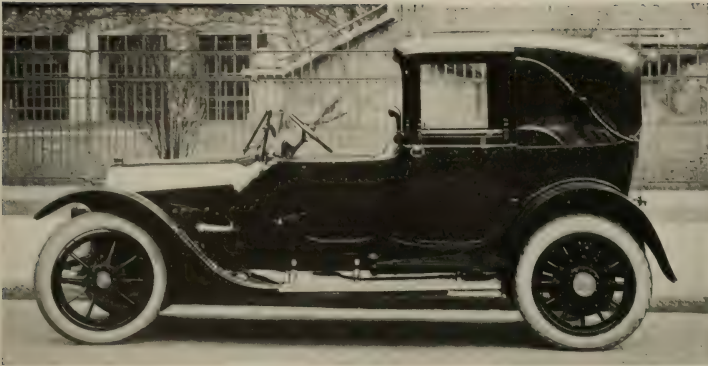
of the tapestry, where the youth, distinguished by massive, twisted golden necklace, receives in iron-bound treasure-chests his inheritance from his aged father, and sets forth upon an adventuresome career.

In the lower left corner, Luxury, Dissipation and Wordliness are seen tempting the youth to enjoy with them pleasures forbidden at home.

In the middle foreground, the youth is seated beside Dissipation, handing her a purseful of money, while a page with wonderful plumed hat ransacks the chest for other gifts. Below on the left, Luxury holds the youth's attention. Below on the right, Gluttony brings him a dish of cherries, pears, and plums, while round cakes and a goblet of wine stand on the damask-spread table before him.

In the middle of the tapestry, at the top, the three virtues, who are ultimately to come to his rescue, Repentance, Humility and Mercy read a Book of Knowledge. On the left, Luxury and her gay sisters beguile the youth and his companions. On the right Music is employed to help lead him astray. Two of his companions play the flute, one of the ladies unrolls the score, another of the ladies holds a cymbal on her lap and the hammers in each hand ready to strike.

In the lower right corner of the tapestry, Luxury, Dissipation and Wordliness, having impoverished the young man and having no further use for him, have turned him out to shift for himself. The story ends here.



This Brewster round corner landaulet, with collapsible top, well illustrates the tendency toward extreme formality in the architecture of town car bodies

The Patrician Among Coaches

Some Reasons for the Slow Development of the Popular Town Car

By CHARLES BONNER, Jr.

THE increasing popularity of that type of motor variously known as landau, landau-brougham, landaulet, town car, cabriolet and a large number of modifications and combinations of these designations, is one of the interesting movements in the motor world. Always a car of distinction and possessing virtues of appearance and comfort not possessed by other models, the open drive closed car has been slow to "catch on" in America. In fact, until this season the numbers of this type of motor were so few in New York City that the appearance of one never failed to be a source of surprise to onlookers—a very pleasurable surprise, to be sure.

This winter, however, we are assured by many manufacturers that the design of closed body which may be generally termed the brougham model is a "best seller," spelling the definite discard of the old cumbersome limousine. In all considerations of beautiful and "living" appearance, this seems proper and it should therefore prove interesting to examine the reasons for the delay in achieving popularity which has been the case of the brougham. The principal reason may probably be summed up in the sobriquet which has frequently been attached to it. Some people, meaning full well, no doubt, have called it the "To-Hell-with-the-Chauffeur-car." And their argument against the brougham has been that its structure necessitates the undemocratic exposure of the operator. It is entirely possible to waive this protest as another of the mawkish sentimentalisms which so often obscure a clear view of social, political, commercial and aesthetic questions in this country. But an objection which could so seriously interfere with such an important development in motor carriage design was interesting enough to warrant the making of inquiries in order to determine the exact truth.

The question was therefore put up to a number of automobile

people. Their reply was nearly unanimous. That, contrary to the opinion of the dear, concerned public, the chauffeurs of open front cars like them. They like their smartness, their dash. They prefer them, indeed, to the warm, lumbering limousines! Moreover, as a final silencer to the *vox populi*, it is pertinent to explain that all brougham models are equipped with roll canopies and side-curtains for the front seat which may be adjusted for the complete comfort of the chauffeur in inclement weather.

The brougham model, however, is not yet popular the country over. It is little seen, indeed, except in New York City where it has been definitely decreed for the world of the smart. All efforts to market it extensively in Detroit or Boston or other cities have proved unsuccessful. Manufacturers are frank in saying that in most parts of the country where the climate is such that the brougham would prove a thoroughly worthy addition to the motor array, even smart people will not hear of separating their chauffeurs from the main covered structure. In severe climates, moreover, the type of carriage under discussion is patently unsuited for use as a winter vehicle. But in New York City, where we enjoy an equable climate most of the year, the brougham is in its proper setting, the proper setting for the most distinguished,

the most beautiful development in the history of coach making.

The tendency among coach-makers is to make the brougham a thing distinctly of the town, a formal, dignified, smart carriage, in keeping with the spirit of winter society and town functions. In doing this, American bodymakers have taken a leaf from the book of foreign builders of carriages. The great carriage builders of the continent, with their generations of experience and courtly tradition, have always insisted upon the making of formal vehicles for formal use. They have had little to do with long, sweeping curves or with streamlines. The compartment for the owner and his guests has been strictly that, a compartment, a box—though a very distinguished-looking box. The driver and footman have sat outside, in front, very trimly. This feeling for formality has come down in straight inheritance from the days of the horse-drawn brougham, in the days when there was but a dash where there is now an engine, enclosed by a hood. But the Europeans have insisted still upon subordinating (in appearance, at least) the prominence of the hood. They have not made it a great, nosing, elongated thing.

Now, to some extent, the American body designers have followed this continental lead, in the origination of brougham designs. The

latest products of Brewster exemplify it well. In the Brewster Collapsible Landaulet and the Brewster Brougham there is ample evidence of the move toward formality. The lines of the fenders and of the welts of the doors are determinedly stiff. The chauffeur's seat is set fairly high so that he sits in an erect position and does not lounge sloppily as in so many so-called "luxurious" cars. Brewster makes both a glass quarter brougham and a pannelled brougham. The latter model is in favor with many people who prefer the greater sense of retirement they secure in the pannelled carriage than is possible

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The dignity and distinction possessed by this Renault coupé brougham are derived from the excellent coachwork of Binder of Paris, and from the unusual and extremely formal appearance of the bonnet



House of 1805 situated close by the roadside. Only a proper proportioning of the individual members can give such dignity in a comparatively small structure.



House in the village of Granville, many miles from a railroad, in the hills of Western Massachusetts. One marvels at the exquisite details executed by hand.

Architectural Sermons in Early American Homes

What the Old Roadside Houses Reveal in Simple Refinements and Honest Workmanship

By RALPH C. ERSKINE

Illustrated with photographs by the Author



PPRECIATION of small details in architecture is fostered by observation, and it is by a study of these details that intimate ideals of any given civilization can be revealed.

As one motors through the small villages of the interior of Connecticut and Massachusetts, he is constantly astonished at the classic beauty of many a roadside house or church. Enfield, the Brookfields, Grafton, and countless such little communities contain buildings where, if one were to stop and display an intelligent interest in the details of design, he would be repaid by delightful bits of local history, and a first-hand knowledge of fine mouldings, panelling, and the correct forms for making those architectural refinements that mean so much to the serious house builder today.

But we are far too apt to have our minds centered on making our objective at a given hour. We whiz past, and the quaint house that challenges our attention has been left behind ere we say to ourselves, "I wish I could stop and see that old doorway." Or we turn to our companion with "Did you know that

bewildered by the multiplicity of articles on the subject, and the exhaustive lengths to which they go in technicalities that do not interest or help him. But there is a rich mine of pleasure and accurate information open to him if, armed with a camera of some sort, he will motor through New England, or the valley of the Potomac, and stop before the houses that appeal to him. A small picture of the doorway, and an entry in a note-book of the best detail of the mouldings that he can draw, will serve to crystallize impressions. A close observation of the panelling of the doors, the old H and L hinges, the latches! To count the panes in the window-sash, and examine the mantels and cupboards in old kitchens, and then inquire as to the date when these things were made! By this means one soon acquires a sense of proportion and an instinctive judgment that is of tremendous value when it comes to the study of the architect's blueprints. Added to this is a still greater reward, for when your architect and your builder learn of your interest and information in these things, they will give of their very best to you. This is so because there is great pleasure in working for those who

understand the meaning of good workmanship, and those who are ignorant and uninformed can never inspire this pleasure in performance or secure the benefits of it.

One's own home should embody a visualization of things that have real meaning to the owner. Often it is but a superficial expression of his means, or a mere utilitarian abode. Often, too, the only creative enjoyment in the building of a home is that which is experienced by the architect and his draughtsmen as they take a quiet pleasure in doing something well for its own sake.

A well-known jeweler once said: "You can rely on the inherent good taste of people if you give it a free opportunity of expression." He cited as an example the fact that if he placed a pearl of lesser quality beside one of greater value, the average person, though not at all versed in the subject, would invariably select the better. In the same way it is probably safe to say that if you have a choice between a moulding of good design and one of common stock variety, you would prefer the good design even though you had not formerly given consideration to the subject. The



A roadside house of brick, pine and slate at Claverack, N. Y. Built by a predecessor of Robert Fulton. It is still occupied by a member of the family, Robert Fulton Ludlow, Esq.



A house in the classic style built over a hundred years ago at Grafton, Mass.



Another view of the Claverack house. Particular attention to the size of the slates in the roof will give the key to one of the most interesting effects in proportion.

there was a hand-carved egg-and-dart cornice on that house?"

If one is planning to build a home he is

great difficulty is in finding an opportunity for such a choice, and the common lack of such opportunity is the reason for this plea

for study of the "documents" available in the houses of an earlier day.

The desirability of beauty and good tradition in small things, such as the design of a turning in the banister, or the proportion of the panels in doors and shutters, needs no justification. But there are surprisingly few men or women who know anything about these things, although they would gladly go far to become well informed. They regard the subject with a certain awe and believe that they must possess some sort of artistic genius in order to have judgment in these matters. Yet almost any village house or tavern of antiquity testifies to a wellnigh universal knowledge on the part of the people of a few generations ago of the canons of good taste in the design and proportion of these smaller details.

For example, high in the hills of the southern Berkshires, in the Jacob's Ladder district, and twenty miles from any railroad, is the little village of Granville. There, close by the roadside on a village green that seems perched on the top of the world, is one of the houses here illustrated. The refinement of detail in the classic members of the ornamentation of cornice and window frames bears eloquent testimony to the appreciation of these things on the part of the builder. One marvels at the painstaking industry when it is remembered that each moulding was cut with hand planes, and that there was no skimping or compromising to save at the expense of design. They were not exceptional people who did this building. They had none of the advantages of labor-saving machinery that we enjoy, and yet their work is worthy of measured drawings for the study of architects today.

As you go farther into the hills you pass many abandoned houses, some of which have that projection of second story in a slight overhang beyond the walls of the first story that speaks of Revolutionary times, and perhaps of the English tradition of the Elizabethan houses of old Chester or Stratford. In a back room of one such house an old man who had come up into the hills for the blueberry picking had taken up an uninvited residence. He was a descendant, however, of people who had lived in the district, and could give a few meager details of the history of the house. The great hand-hewn timbers had been hauled

from Maine by ox team in 1793. The down stairs rooms were paneled in wide white pine with finely cut beveled edges and raised centers, framed about with excellent artistry. Such paneling would be a joy in any library, and the cost today, if done with as good an eye for proportion, would not be at all out of the way considering the results achieved.

Here was a house built by the people of the soil. What was the compelling force that caused the shaping of these panels with such fine consideration? Surely it was a knowledge of and respect for good workmanship on the part of the ones who



House at Grafton, Mass. The small details of ornament and the general effect are very interesting.



Roadside house at Brookfield, Mass. Appreciation of classic ornamentation is evident in the hand-carved egg-and-dart moulding in bold relief running around the entire house. The doorway has exquisitely carved Corinthian capitals.

were to live in it. These were the people who reared the miles of stone walls that today astonish the hunter as he comes upon them in the forests that have grown above them. If they, in their isolation and amidst such hardships, cared enough to build beauty into the common details of their homes, how much more we, with every facility at our command,

should dip into that well of infinite pleasure and find refreshment in the building of homes that are to be an expression of our day and time.

The illustrations of this article were purposely taken from common roadside houses. They are not well known, and they are not offered as conspicuous examples of fine architecture. They rather serve to show that an appreciation of beauty in little things can be a common possession.

The rapidity with which people can forget and lose perspective when their attention is centered on other things is well illustrated by the completeness with which the tremendous growth of industrialism from 1840 on to the present has blotted out the common knowledge of the origin of classic columns and Greek ornament in our so-called "Colonial" houses. The fact is that the old southern "Colonial" or New England "Colonial" as commonly pictured in our minds, has little to do with the Colonies.

It was only a few years before the Revolution, in 1751 and 1754, that the English architects, Stuart and Revett, made the first measured drawings of these classic details that were ever brought to England; and it was as late as 1800 to 1804 that Lord Elgin brought the famous Elgin marbles to the British Museum, which gave the greatest impetus to this style of architecture. So we see with what rapidity the influence spread in our land, that we should so soon have assimilated these exquisite details and brought them into being in carved pine doorways, mantels and mouldings—an architecture completely our own, in wood.

Now that our great factories and mighty railroad systems are an accepted fact among us, we have achieved a new leisure in which to give attention to beauty of design. A large woodworking establishment in the Middle West has found it tremendously profitable to bring out doors and windows and mantels that have been designed for them by the most famous architects of our day; and these are used for the most part by the people who build without an architect, and incorporate these fine details in very simple homes. This is a great step forward. And when you find, as is the case today, young men who are graduates of our universities and at the head of great business enterprises, engrossed in their leisure hours in collecting rare examples of early craftsmanship in furniture and panelling, it augurs well for the future of American homes and the furnishing of them with good taste.



House close to the roadside in the small village of North Grafton, Mass.

Art in Canada's New House of Parliament



Arthur Crisp's symbolization of the commercial activity of East Canada



"The Spirit of the Printed Word," from the mural by Arthur Crisp



The agricultural activity of South Canada as interpreted by Mr. Crisp

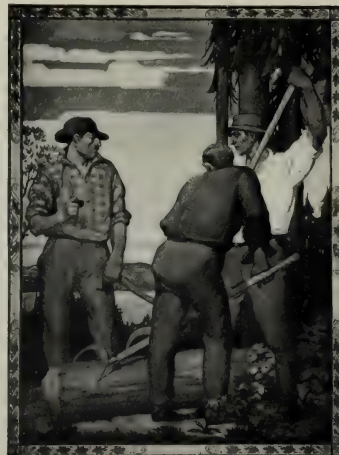
Mr. Arthur Crisp, famous mural painter, was himself born in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario, so it is not surprising that he has admirably caught the spirit of Canada in his murals for the new Canadian Parliament building. The magnificent structure, built at a cost of more than twelve million dollars, replaces one that was demolished by an incendiary explosion during the war. The cornerstone of the new building was laid by the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada



"The Printed Word," typifying the printing industry of Canada and the dissemination of information concerning the affairs of the Dominion

Mr. Crisp's great panels were executed for the reading-room of the Parliament Building. The murals depict allegorically, six subjects—, the printed word, the spirit of the printed word, and the North, South, East and West of Canada. The panels are notable for their brilliancy of color—a characteristic of Crisp's work and for the virility of the designs. They are nine by twelve feet and adorn the North, South, East and West walls of the vast reading-room

The pioneering and hunting activities of the North of Canada interpreted in the mural by Mr. Crisp which adorns the Canadian House of Parliament



Canada's great lumbering industry is picturesquely presented in this panel entitled "The West of Canada," one of the six notable murals by Mr. Crisp



Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, is one of the most famous examples of Early American brick-building. It is in the Georgian Colonial style, and it was begun in 1731

Building in Brick

Its Evolution in America, and the Development of a Great Co-operative Service

TO speak of the antiquity of brick as a building material is to travel back to the ancient civilization of Egypt, and thence to the great cities of Nineveh and Babylon, for the Assyrians were the greatest of the early brick builders. Thence through Persia, the Near East and the Far East, study and research reveal a wealth of fascinating discoveries of the interaction of brick on architectural styles, and architectural styles on the evolution of brick.

Gradually, through the great Italian Renaissance, the making and use of brick became even more standardized, and, for the purpose of this story, we will take as a real starting point the building problems that confronted the first Colonists who came to our country to settle the wilderness of New England and Virginia.

There is a general but mistaken supposition extant that practically all the brick used by the early Colonial builders was brought over from England or Holland. There is, however, but little in the way of actual record to show anything like extensive importation, with much more evidence to the effect that the colonists made most of their own brick. In the matter of quantity alone it would not have been possible to have imported, in the ships of that time, enough brick to have built even a small fraction of the total number of our earliest brick buildings, supposing that every ship from England or Holland carried brick in its cargo, or as ballast.

Furthermore it is known that among the earliest artisans brought over were brick-makers and brick-layers, and the colonists were aware at once of the abundance of good brick clays in various parts of their newly discovered land. Every encouragement was given to the industry, so that not only were local needs supplied, but, at a very early date, brick figured as an export to Bermuda.

The difficulty, for many years, lay not in brickmaking materials or labor, but in transportation. It was difficult for the builder to get brick in any quantity from the kiln to his building site, which accounts for the sparing use of the material in many localities. Brick-making flourished especially in the South, and its use increased constantly from the earliest days of the Southern Colonies until 1700, when increased transportation facilities made its use even more extensive.

The first American house to be built entirely of brick is generally supposed to be one built at Jamestown in 1638, and even as early at 1637 an edict from England directed Governor Wyatt "to require every land owner whose plantation was a hundred acres in extent to erect a dwelling house of brick, to be twenty-four feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth."

On the score of cost, not to speak of long delays, the colonists would have shown little of their traditional thriftiness and resourcefulness if they had bought brick in London at eighteen shillings per thousand, not counting shipping charges, when, between the years 1650 to 1700,

the quotation in Virginia was eight to fifteen shillings per thousand.

The term "English brick" was not used, primarily, to denote brick imported from England, but was rather a reference to dimensions, used to distinguish the larger size of locally made brick from the smaller dimensioned "Holland brick" which, again, was not necessarily imported from Holland, but made here in ever-increasing quantities. Brick, to be sure, was brought over, usually as ballast, and there are records of importations to the New Haven Colony, and of one, for example, of ten thousand brick to Massachusetts Bay in 1628. There were, too, importations from Holland, but great quantities, by far the greater proportion of brick used, were made to the Holland dimensions, and consequently called "Holland brick."

As early as 1625 there is record of a kiln in Connecticut, and it is by no means improbable that there were even kilns in operation, especially in the South at earlier dates.

Certainly the best traditions in American brick building were established in the South and in the Middle States. The clay soil of New Jersey is very adaptable to brick-making, and the shale deposits of Pennsylvania, and Trenton is today the greatest city in America for clay products. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania are distinctly to be noted for the prevalence of the use of brick, and for the earliest practice of brick-building as an art. Many simple but effective patterns are found in much of the early work of these localities—panels of "herringbone," and a variety of effective utilizations of the burnt ends of bricks.

These deep purple, dark blue, sometimes almost black ends were the arch-bricks, or inside bricks as stacked for baking, and consequently burned by the fires. The introduction of these discolored ends (or "headers," as they are called in distinction from the "stretchers," or long sides of bricks) was one of the most conspicuous characteristics of early American brick-work, lending a charm which, for a considerable subsequent period, was lost sight of.

The most notable of the earliest New England building of brick are seen in the first buildings of Harvard University, in Cambridge, a type of brick building now studiously followed in the newer additions to the University.

Four types of "bonding," or methods of laying brick were commonly used in early American work: English Bond, Flemish Bond, Dutch Cross Bond and Running Bond. The first consisted of alternating courses of "stretchers" (or the long side of the brick) and "headers" (or ends of brick); the second was made up of courses in each of which stretchers and headers were alternated. The Dutch Cross Bond was similar to the English Bond, and in Running Bond only the stretchers were apparent.

The introduction of discolored headers to form a pattern in Flem-



The du Pont house, a striking example of the Georgian type of architecture, is an exceptionally fine instance of the use of Fish brick with cut-stone trim. Carrere & Hastings, Architects

Fish Brick is the predominant architectural element in the design of this excellently typical modern American house. Slee & Bryson, Architects

ish Bond was frequently utilized, and fell into disuse only when brick-building fell into an artistic decline, and became a mechanical and utterly unimaginative process.

Early Eighteenth Century brick building in this country was still an art, and began to decline as an art only when manufacture became ever more perfected. In the making of brick of absolutely uniform texture and color the effects obtainable with old, hand-made bricks became impossible to duplicate, so that by the time of the Civil War the beauty and charm of early American brick-work was a thing of the past.

At the time of the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876, architectural taste in this country had reached a very low ebb, and the period from 1876 to 1890 might well be called the "Era of Bad Taste." It was a period of poor design and of perverted use of materials. Iron and wood were carefully "sanded" to resemble stone; wood was painted to resemble figured marble, or "grained," often with great skill, to imitate different expensive woods. And, perhaps worst of all, brick was painted. Not content with laying up, in monotonously even courses, hard-pressed brick of absolute uniformity in texture and color, the builders painted their brick-work an even ground color, and picked out the courses on it with painted joints. Some of the favored color schemes were violently bright red with pure white joints; bright viridian green, with black or white joints, and a dull, sallow kind of yellow, usually with red or brown joints—and nothing could well have been more utterly unartistic or unintelligent. In the Eastern cities, dismal and depressing "brownstone" displaced the earlier vogue of cheerful red brick.

Brick as a sound, honest building material, of intrinsic natural beauty, was quite lost sight of under the ridiculous camouflage of the period, and it was not until the year 1891 had closed the preceding decade that our architecture began to show signs of improvement, and shams and fakes in building show stirrings of renaissance. Architectural design began to improve, and the misuse of materials began to disappear.

About this time a very popular brick for the finest residences and buildings of all kinds was a hard-pressed yellow, slightly speckled, and often made in a long, flat shape which was a departure from the prevailing standard dimensions. Brick of this kind appears in much of the early work of McKim, Mead and White, the leading firm of architects in the new architectural revival.

The real return of good brick building, however, is generally attributed to Stanford White, of this firm, who was engaged in designing some gates for Harvard University. He at once perceived that the beauty and character of the old buildings there came from an honest brick—good, plain red brick, with enough discolored headers scattered through it to give it interest and variety. He therefore selected, at a kiln, a fair proportion of discolored brick, to build in with the others—and a new era of old ideas in brick-building began.

For some time previously to this, the bricks that were discolored in the kilns had been set aside for use on foundations below grade, inside chimney flues and filling for heavy walls, while brick that were to be used for exposed work were carefully selected for absolute uniformity of color. It is said that architects inspecting brick-work often went up on the bricklayers' scaffolding and made chalk marks on bricks here and there that were slightly "off color."

Stanford White's revival of the old Colonial tradition, however, had an immediate effect, and at once, in place of blank, undiversified walls of uniform brick, patterns began to appear, and burned headers came so greatly into favor that it became necessary to manufacture more of them than occurred naturally in the kilns.

In other words, the individual brick came again to be recognized and utilized as a unit of design, instead of an unseen part of a whole wall. Because a brick is a building unit, it is also a unit of design, and consequently any brick-building that ignores this fundamental fact is not good design or good architecture.

The recognition of the individual brick as a unit at once led to emphasis of the joints, and instead of the narrow, almost invisible joint which had long been the bricklayer's ideal, there appeared the wide joint, with mortar of contrasting color, and the "raked joint," in which the mortar was scraped out to a depth of a quarter of an



No material more pleasing or more practical than Fish brick has been found for the modern school building, whether large or small. W. J. Bogart, Architect

inch or so, leaving the projecting bricks to cast interesting shadows, and assert themselves effectively, as units.

Brick walls, especially those which were laid up with raked joints, at once assumed a certain effect of *texture*—and from this it was a short step on the part of the manufacturers to develop varied and interesting textures in the individual brick. Gone forever were the "slick," smooth bricks of the era of stupid brick-building—and when a wide range of beautiful, natural colors, baked in the brick, began to appear, architects found that brick was one of the most artistically satisfying of all building materials in which they could design.

If, from this point, the popularity of brick as a building material could be plotted on a curve, it would show a steady upward trend. Always recognized as a permanent and impervious building material, brick had now become also one of the most beautiful and most thoroughly artistic of all building materials.

The constantly increasing popularity of brick, and its widespread use in virtually every type of building has automatically created its own conditions of supply and demand. A few years ago it was very difficult, and often impossible for an architect to get a certain brick which he wished to use on a certain building delivered "on the job" with any possible relationship to the time he wanted it. Special brick was all very well 'if' you could get it, and its use was more or less restricted because of poor facilities for service and delivery.

A man with the perception to grasp this condition, and wisdom to see and compass its remedy, was Mr. John J. Fish, who organized the Fish Brick Sales Company of New York City, and who is now its active Vice-President. Mr. Fish recognized the wide demand for brick in all parts of the country, and recognized, too, that the weak spot in the brick industry was service and distribution—exactly as it was in the earliest Colonial days in Virginia.

In order to develop a service which could be made really efficient, he therefore acquired control of the output of a number of the largest kilns in the country, situated at strategic points for distribution. The number and magnitude of the kilns assuring a variety in size and texture of bricks to meet any and all requirements, and the output controlled, Mr. Fish thus organized the distribution situation so that he can issue a quotation, from his desk, on any kind of brick, per thousand, delivered "on the job,"

at a *given time*, thus solving the greatest problem of brick-building.

The importance of this service, its essential bearing, in fact, upon efficient and economical building projects may not, perhaps, be grasped at once by the layman; to the architect it is of immediate and practical significance.

The dignity of brick, combined with its remarkable adaptability and versatility, make it a generally favored choice for practically all types of building.

For the country house, its lineage in this country dates back to 1638 in Virginia, and houses built of brick today will be unimpaired two hundred and eighty-five years—and more—from 1923. Any of the "Colonial" types of house are rendered with the greatest felicity in brick, with white trim, and brick is also an ideal material for the cottage type of English country house architecture, no less than for the great manor house type of Tudor England. Those great brick houses, with mullioned leaded windows and spreading wings combined the expression of domesticity with the spirit of dignity in a way equalled by few other types.

The town house finds many a pleasing and effective solution in brick, whether the style be after the Georgian manner, carefully scaled to a narrow city frontage, whether it be a Holland Dutch type, or a large Tudor house such as the great brick house recently built for Mr. Thomas W. Lamont in New York City.

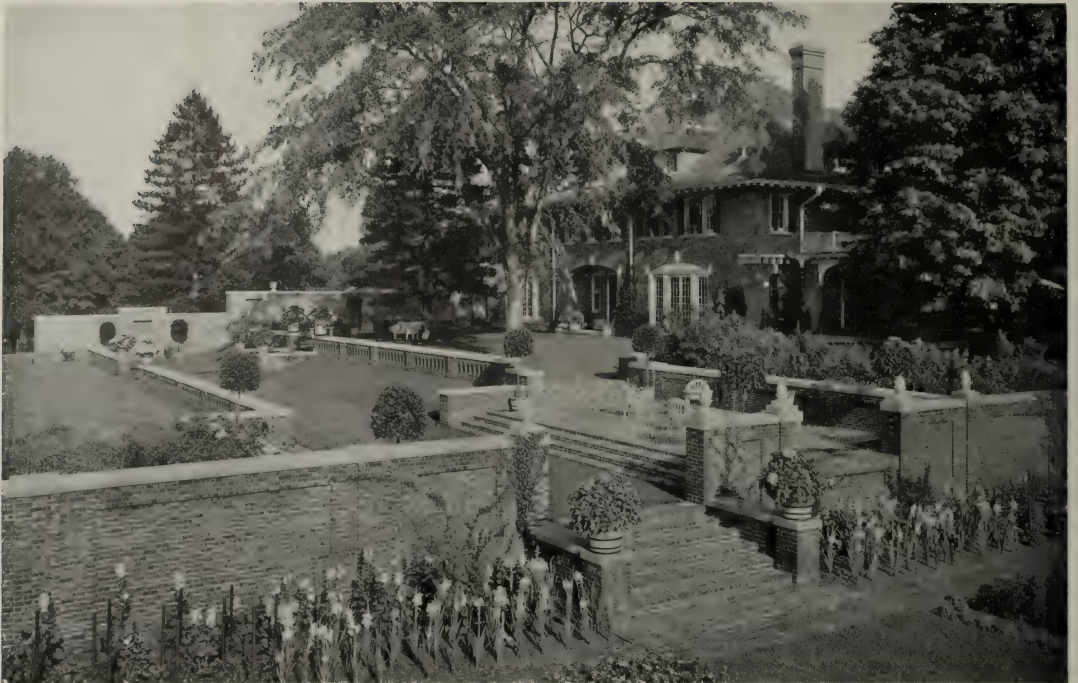
Another solution of the city housing problem is the modern apartment house, of the type that makes Park Avenue, in New York, a unique street out of all the world. Northward from the Grand Central group stretches a broad avenue of great de luxe apartment buildings which have never been equalled in any land or any age for the completeness or perfection of their appointments and accommodations—and the greater part of them is built of brick, as also are all the large modern hotels.

Brick is the material inseparably associated with institutional buildings, such as hospitals—and it is used far more than any other material for school and college buildings. In style these buildings may be of Italian derivation, Georgian or Tudor, but in every case the adaptability of brick aids their design and gives it its proper stylistic character.

For churches of Romanesque or Byzantine type brick is the only material which



Hospital buildings of every type find effective and suitable expression in Fish brick, as in this Nurses' Home of the Knickerbocker Hospital. John Oakman, Architect



Of all materials for garden architecture—for walks, terraces, steps and walls—Fish brick is the most charming, affording as it does a warm contrast for the green of turf and trees, and adapting itself to the most formal or informal type of garden



The charm of the brick walled garden is beautifully realized in this lovely garden among the hills of Massachusetts

is thoroughly expressive of the style of their ancient prototypes, while our own American type, the Georgian Colonial, is often happily rendered in brick.

In our cities, towering office buildings, rearing ambitious profiles against the sky, dominate the thoughts of visitors from Europe, who call them the most conspicuous of our architectural achievements. Into their walls have gone hundreds of thousands of brick—and for stability and permanence, as well as for architectural expression brick has been the most successful solution of this type of building that is at once the pride and the problem of our architects.

The essential uses of brick in architectural projects of the first magnitude has tended, perhaps, to distract the attention of the prospective builder of a home from the more intimate uses of brick, in which its charm may assert itself in terms of design and color and texture. What, for instance, is more intimate than the fire-place, which has been called "the heart of the home"? And what material is more suggestive of fireside warmth, in mantel and hearth, than pleasantly warm-toned brick?

Another domestic use for brick, and one in which brick can create an environment of abiding charm, is the garden. Walls, terraces, walks, steps, the coping of pools and the supports of pergolas and garden-houses lend themselves very agreeably to brick design and brick construction, the deep reds or mellow browns of the brick contrasting with the surrounding green in a picture of complete color harmony.

In the interest of completeness, this article may possess a more informative quality if, before bringing it to a close, a little matter of a more or less technical nature be introduced. For this material the writer is indebted to a most interesting manual on the practice of brick-laying, by Mr. Stewart Scrimshaw.

The standard brick of commerce is made of clay, lime and sand, mixed by formula; technically the several substances are silica, manganese, lime, soluble salts, iron, alumina, magnesia and sulphur—a variety of substances, certainly, which the average individual is quite unaware of when he looks at a brick wall.

The brick mixture, molded or cut to shape, is placed in a kiln and baked at a very high temperature, with resultant chemical changes and liaisons in the constituent materials which produce a material capable of withstanding extremes of cold and heat, and the disintegrating ravages of the elements. Some grades of brick are burned harder than others, as, for example, face brick. The less burned, or softer brick being used for inside work and "backing up."

The variety in kinds of brick, aside from the many new kinds made for the effecting of artistic results, is a natural development from the needs of modern building, some being made for strength, some for low cost, some for special uses, and some for appearance.

The comparatively recent evolution of design and texture in brick-building has resulted in a great variety of shapes, sizes, colors and finishes for face-brick, so that the old standard size is not so great a factor in designing brick-work as it was at one time.

Even the casual observer of architecture in this country in recent years must have concluded that brick-making has become something of an art as well as a business, and that America is excelled by no country today in the production of bricks which possess, in the highest degree, weathering quality, structural strength and beauty. American makers, indeed, have fully met the architectural demand with their present product, and have contributed incalculably to the progress of the whole art and practice of brick-building.

The classification of bricks commonly used, as given in Mr. Scrimshaw's treatise, comprise: Common Bricks, Face Bricks, Pressed Bricks, Glazed Bricks, "Purpose-made" Bricks, Fire Bricks and Paving Bricks. He further defines them as follows.

Common Bricks are those made out of ordinary clay and burned in the usual manner in a kiln. They are used in ordinary walls and buildings where there is no particular need for special effects in appearance. It should be remembered, however, that even common bricks may be laid so as to make a very neat and attractive wall.



One of the most striking buildings on Fifth Avenue is the towering Hecksher Building, at 57th Street, built, except for its trim, all of a specially textured Fish brick. Warren & Wetmore, Architects

Face Bricks are used for the outside of the wall, and where accurate measurements are necessary in bonding or fitting, because there is more uniformity in the size of facing bricks than in common bricks. The term 'face brick' may be applied to any good brick used for the outside of a wall which is designed to be beautiful in workmanship and appearance.

Pressed Bricks are made by placing the clay, suitably prepared, in a mold and squeezing it under great pressure. They are usually smooth on all faces, and have sharp and regular edges, sometimes with a frog on one or both sides. They are very dense.

Glazed Bricks are uniform in size. They are made in a mould, but later treated so as to have a glazed surface. They are made in a variety of colors, but probably the most popular glazed bricks are white. They are used in places where sanitation and cleanliness are of the first importance.

Purpose-made Bricks, as the name suggests, are those made for special uses. Some purpose-made bricks are rough-faced bricks used in the formation of certain artistic patterns and designed expressly for such work as panels and fire-places and other interior decorations. Still other varieties may be those made for corners, arches, chimney stacks, mouldings, copings, and the like. With such specially-designed

and made bricks, it is possible to interpret the most subtle style of architectural schemes.

Fire Bricks are made from fire clay, a material which will stand a tremendous amount of heat. They are used for lining fireplaces.



Fish brick has proved itself to architects to be the most direct solution of the problem of the tall city building, as in the new Gilbert Building, in New York City. George & Edward Blum, Architects



Park Avenue, in New York City, presents a succession of great apartment houses unequaled the world over for their magnitude and luxury—and representing some of the best Fish brick architecture in America. Warren & Wetmore, Architects

Paving Bricks, or "rough hards," are those bricks used for paving streets and walks. For special effects they may be used in walls. They are very hard burned, somewhat thicker than the wall bricks, but not usually any longer."

The appearance of a piece of brickwork, aside from the character resulting from the kind of brick used, depends upon the kind of bond used, and the kind of mortar-joint. Examination of the accompanying diagram sketches will enable the prospective builder to identify the technical name of a piece of brick-work he may admire, and later be able to suggest it to his architect and discuss it with him.

The matter of mortar-joints is a very important one, as it determines much of the character of any piece of brick-building. The raked-joint, as mentioned earlier in this article, is largely utilized to emphasize the unit effect of brick, and to furnish an interesting pattern of shadows. It has become very popular in the technique of modern brick-building, and is a part of the idea of emphasizing texture in brick-wall surfaces.

The diagram sketches showing several kinds of brick bonds include those which are most frequently seen, and of these the Flemish bond is probably the most popular, and is very effective when burned headers are used.

It is not a difficult matter for the prospective builder to quickly develop a keen appreciation of good brick-work, and to notice many things about the examples he sees every day which will be of great help when the time comes for him to decide on the kind of brick and the kind of brick-work he will wish for the building he has in mind.

While "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," a well-informed familiarity with the principal points involved in building with bricks can only prove of the greatest help to him in discussing his preferences with his architect.

A generation ago all the brick-work looked nearly the same, and there was little choice to be made except in the quality of brick chosen for a given piece of work. Today there is a great variety in brick-work, not only in the many kinds of brick which may be had, but in

the manner in which it is to be laid. It is now quite customary for the architect to direct the laying-up of a small bit of sample wall, so that he may himself be satisfied that the foreman bricklayer has exactly the intended idea in the matter of the mortar joints, and so that he may also make sure that the prospective builder knows exactly what the effect of the finished brick-work will be.

The prospective builder, of whatever type of building, will find much to stimulate his interest if he becomes observant of the buildings he sees, and especially observant of brick buildings. Other materials are often used in conjunction with brick—such as stone, terra-cotta, wood and iron.

The stone most generally used for the trim of brick buildings is Indiana limestone, though marble is by no means uncommon. Terra-cotta is very frequently used in place of stone for the trim of brick buildings, and is made in a great variety of colors and textures. Because of the natural and pleasingly rough texture of brick. The dull, or "matt glaze" varieties of terra-cotta are the best choice, and in the interest of harmony it is well not to use the pure white high-glaze terra-cotta as trim. Wood does not come into use with brick so often as the more imperishable materials, though it is frequently seen in the colonial and early American buildings which were built before terra-cotta was available in this country and before it was practical to get cut stone in any locality far from its source. In many modern homes of the colonial type wood used with brick is generally in the form of porch columns, doorways, shutters and cornice. The most interesting use of wood with brick, however, is seen in the half-timber house of genuine construction, where the timbers are the actual frame of the house, and the spaces between the timbers are filled in (or "nogged," as the old English builders called it) with brick. The spaces between the timbers gave panel-shaped areas of brick which were usually the opportunity for interesting and effective brick patterns.

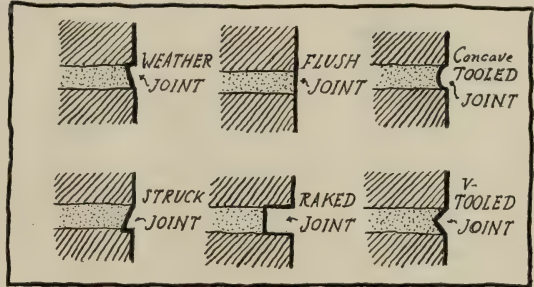
To overstate the universality of brick uses would be difficult—or to exaggerate its charm of appearance and adaptability of usage—and the purpose of this article has not been, primarily, to attempt even a qualified appreciation of brick as a building material. "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice," as an ancient Roman said: "If you would have evidence look about you"—brick is everywhere, telling its own story more effectively than could be accomplished by words.



The Dodge Building, in New York City, is a typical American commercial building effectively carried out in Fish brick. Shape, Bready & Peterkin, Architects

It is incontestably true that no permanent building material is so adaptable to so great a variety of architectural styles, types of building or structural problems as brick, or so capable of fulfilling its architectural uses with such a range of artistic effects. Although building in brick is one of the most ancient of all types of building, the manufacture and use of brick has steadily progressed. It has not rested upon the historic background of its antiquity.

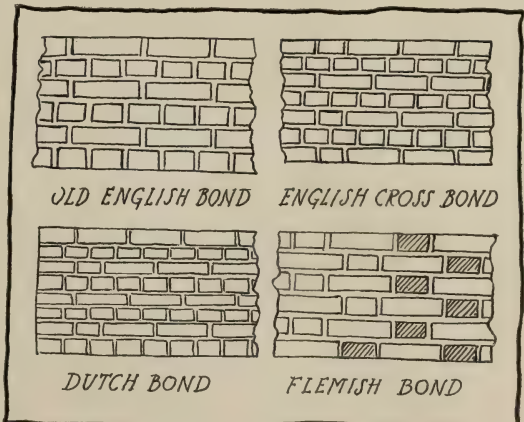
But the story of the Fish Brick Sales idea, and its remarkable demonstration as an indispensable aid in any brick-building project, large or small, is a story no less important from a practical point of view. You may admire a beautiful piece of brick-work, but if you wish to duplicate it in some distant locality, mere admiration will not magically transport the brick you want to the site where it is to be used, when you need it. It is at this point that you appreciate the full meaning of the idea back of the Fish Brick Sales Company, and learn to share, perhaps, some of the enthusiasm for it which inspired Mr. John J. Fish to develop it. The idea, and the operative principle in the functioning of the Fish Brick Sales Company is to serve both architect and client by providing exactly the kind of brick required for a given building, in the quantity required, and by delivering this brick where it is to be used, when it is to be used.



Six types of mortar joints commonly used in American brick-work. The raked joint has become very popular as a means of effecting texture in brick-work. Much of the artistic effect of modern brickwork results from the mixing of mortars with tints which either contrast or harmonize, according to the architect's intention



The cheerful warmth of brick makes it a favorite material for the design and construction of mantels and fireplaces of every kind



Four types of brick "bonds" commonly used in American brick-work. The Flemish Bond is very often laid with burned headers in a pattern effect, and is one of the most used of all the special bonds

Architects who Specify Fish Brick

Ajello, G., New York City
Beardsley, L. S., New York City
Beardsley, W. L., Poughkeepsie, New York
Beresford, R. F., Washington, D. C.
Bernard, Lawrence L., New Rochelle, New York
Birge, Chas. E., New York City
Blum, George & Edward, New York City
Bogart, W. J., Inwood, New York
Buchman & Kahn, New York City
Carrere & Hastings, New York City
Chamberlin, G. H.,
Yonkers, New York

Chapman, H. D., New York City
Clark, Charles S., New York City
Coffin & Coffin, New York City
Cornell, Joseph H.,
Far Rockaway, New York

Courland, Maurice, New York City
Cross & Cross, New York City
Davis & Dane, Bridgeport, Conn.
Del Guardio, M. W., New York City
Dennison & Hiron, New York City
Eaton, John E., New York City
Eisenrath & Horowitz,
New York City

Emery, M. L., New York City
Ewing & Allen, New York City
Eyre, Wilson & McIlvaine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Felson, J. M., New York City
Fisher, Jacob, New York City
Foote, R. W., New Haven, Conn.
Ford, Butler & Oliver, New York City
Gilbert, A. F., New York City
Goldner & Goldner, New York City
Gregory, Wm. S., New York City
Griffin & Wynkoop, New York City
Harmon, Arthur L., New York City
Higginson, William, New York City
Hohaus, W. I., New York City
Holden, L. C., New York City
Hunter, P. C., New York City
Jackson, J., New York City
Kennedy, J. Sarsfield, Brooklyn, New York
Kennedy, W. T. Co.,
Rockaway Beach, New York

Koch & Wagner, Brooklyn, New York
Koppe, William, New York City
Kramer, J. P., Elizabeth City, N. C.



*Mr. John J. Fish, Vice-President and
originator of the plan back of the
Fish Brick Sales Company of New
York*

Krapp, H. J., New York City
Kreymberg, Charles, New York City
Lamb, Thomas W., Bayside, New York
Lehman, W. E., Newark, New Jersey
Lockwood, Greene & Co., Boston, Mass.
Lockwood, Green Co., New York City
Lowell, Guy, New York City
McCarthy & Kelly, Brooklyn, New York
Maginnis & Walsh, Boston, Mass.
Maher, J. S., New York City

Margon, I., New York City
Meyers, C. B., New York City
Millman, Jos. J., Brooklyn, New York
Moore & Landsiedel, New York City
Nordheim, H., New York City
Pelham, Geo. F., New York City
Pelton, H. C., New York City
Pember & Campaigne, Albany, New York
Pember & Campaigne,
Troy, New York

Poole, P. I., Raleigh, N. C.
Pope, J. R., New York City
Rasmussen & Wayland,
New York City

Reilly & Hall, New York City
Renwick, Aspinwall & Tucker,
New York City

Rossiter & Muller, New York City
Rourke, Henry L., Lowell, Mass.
Rouse & Goldstone, New York City
Ruhe & Lange, Allentown, Pa.
Schwartz & Gross, New York City
Schaeffer, J. V. & Co.,
New York City

Segal, Ralph H., New York City
Severance & Van Alen, New York City
Shampan & Shampan, Brooklyn, New York
Shape, Bready & Peterkin, New York City
Sheridan, Peter, Hazleton, Pa.

Slee & Bryson, Brooklyn, New York
Smith, Morrell, Far Rockaway, New York
Sommerfeld & Steckler, New York City
Springsteen & Goldhammer, New York City
Stoddard, W. L., New York City

Taylor & Levi, New York City
Tillon, P. & Sons, New York City
Tooker & Marsh, New York City
Townsend, Steinle & Haskell, New York City
Trowbridge & Ackerman, New York City
Upjohn, Hobart B., New York City
Waid, D. E., New York City

Ware, F. B. & A., New York City
Warren & Wetmore, New York City
Waterbury, E. H., Torrington, Conn.
Webster, F. E., Waterbury, Conn.
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VELOURS *de* GÈNES

*From a rare design
originating in the
16th Century*



THE original Velours de Gènes, to which the one illustrated here owes its origin, was evidently produced during the period of transition from Gothic to Renaissance since it combines two characteristic motifs—the pomegranate and the vase.

It was in the early 15th Century that the Gothic pomegranate motif in fabric design first assumed importance, finally becoming the main theme in the fabrics of that century. In the early 16th Century the Renaissance vase began to creep in. By the end of that century it had quite replaced the pomegranate.

The elaborate designs of this period were executed with remarkable technical skill. The delicate workmanship shown by the weavers in combining gold and silver threads with silk is worthy of the highest admiration.

So too is the skill shown by the present day weavers of France in weaving this Velours de Gènes for Schumacher. The mellow qualities of age which add so much to the charm of the original fabric from which the design was taken have been faithfully duplicated. Indeed this reproduction has been so beautifully done that it is a worthy tribute to the genius of the Genoese weavers who inspired it.

This Velours de Gènes together with other distinctive fabrics appropriate for decorating any type of room may be seen and purchased through your own decorator or upholsterer. F. Schumacher & Co., Importers, Manufacturers, Distributors to the trade only of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics, 60 West 40th Street, New York. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia.



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Clothes that Whisper of Spring

Notes on Advance Fashions and the New Silk Fabrics

By MADAME HAGUÉ

Of the House of Thurn



LONG before the first brave bird dares pipe a hopeful whistle, before the tight-budded trees even rustle in anticipation, there is a crackling of crisp tissue paper, a whisper and swish of silks—and spring is here! It is the new clothes that make a season.

This year the new clothes will make a very gorgeous and colorful spring. Palm Beach will be a gay-hued picture done in the high key of Brunelleschi's paintings. Mi-Carême events in society will be splendid, mediaeval, amazing with color. The world of fashion has gone prismatically mad. We shall soon be looking like extravagant gypsies, or the amusing crowds of a magnificent Mardi-Gras!

Sport clothes for the Southern winter resorts, of course, seize this opportunity to be daringly brilliant. Evening gowns, too, are rich and fantastic in color. And these colors are not the limpid pastels of old, you must remember. They are not even the primary red, yellow and blues of our kindergarten color-charts. These are Oriental colors, metallic colors, flame, vitriol, peacock. Flame, vitriol and peacock, as likely as not, all in one gown.

Lavish brocades grow more wonderful even than those of the winter. Their patterns are more startling. The motifs no longer take their forms from the shells and horns of plenty and flowers of the Paisley and India shawls. Instead, the new brocades are in mottled stripes and in black patterns inspired by the tiles and mosaics of the East. The new printed foulards and pongees show these block figures, too, in interlacing and overlapping squares of primitive and vividly contrasting colors.

What are the new clothes like? Like peeps into the kaleidoscopes of our childhood. Sport clothes occupy the center of the stage of fashion, now while trunks are being packed for winter vacations in the South. And they are very interesting. There are sport suits, made up of skirt and jacket. And there are also sport costumes of straight frock with a throw-on coat. These coats are rather an important and useful innovation of this season. They vary in length from brief swagger jackets to generous three-quarter wraps that almost cover the chemise frock beneath. Coats of this type made of brilliant figured materials will appear over white sports dresses.

Other dresses of a single bright color will be trimmed with pockets and belt and hemband of the gaily patterned silk of the coat.

Or the dress will be vividly figured and the matching cape or coat will be lined with some gorgeous hue that predominates in the melee of the pattern.

What are the materials of spring? Jersey is as popular as ever—more popular than ever, probably. For they are new and interesting variations of the jersey weave. There is a jersey *perlé* wool, for instance, with a clever nerse twist to its thread. And a similar *perlé* silk jersey. There are even printed silk jerseys in the riotous colors and patterns of the season.

There is a knitted chenille with a silky nap like the softest velvet, and the familiar texture of knit-and-purl. It is literally chenille, knitted, and it is very smart for sport capes and throw-on coats. I need hardly add that it is brightly colored.

The sport dresses, many of them, are of the usual heavy crêpes, while others are made of the newer printed foulards.

Several new materials will appear in the early spring sport clothes and street costumes. There is a wool rep more easily recognized under the name of wool poplin. It has a rib, exceedingly fine, and a finish, dull but smooth, like the best of the twills of yesteryear.

A new gabardine is offered, too, so thin and fine that one can see through it as through heavy georgette, and so supple that it falls straight or drapes in intricate curves, with equal grace.

There may even be some alpaca this season. There have been hints of it for two years. An afternoon dress from this house, a tailored costume from that, launched without fanfare, unassumingly, but with modest assurance. And that is how new fashions generally succeed. The third year the thing will catch on. We may all be wearing alpacas before the summer is here. They are not the stiff, uncompromising alpacas of our grandmother's time, of course, but softer and thinner and infinitely more adaptable. Some of them are striped.

Rodier has made an amusing new material for sport clothes. It is two materials, really, for he has woven it first in wool and again in silk. Thus it is either a thin serge dotted with round, woolly tufts, or it is a thin crêpe closely sprinkled with silky tufts threaded into the background. In wool, it will make many smart throw-on coats and capes. In silk it will be used for chemise frocks and matching jackets, or to make bands and trimming and coat for a sport dress of another color.

Rodier has created an enchanting new coat-

ton voile, too, embroidered in strange Egyptian patterns and in raw colors that contrast sharply as they do in old textiles of the East. There is beige figured in red, and blue-print blue with white, for instance. And the patterns are like the mural decorations of Luxor or the markings of our own Obelisk. They are houses and horses and quaint Egyptian men in angular poses among hieroglyphic characters!

So much for sport clothes. What are the evening gowns? Brocade, of course; it survives in regal splendor. And gold lace. All-over patterns of gold lace, made over a brilliant color; and then, as if that were not magnificent enough, the figure of the lace is accented with embroidery of crystal tubes of the color of the under-frock. And a fancy belt is added. That is the newest evening gown.

Occasionally this gold lace is wide flouncing and then the skirt is tiered. In this case, the gown is a reflection of the new vagary of the season's silhouette. This tiered skirt has appeared in a few afternoon dresses, too.

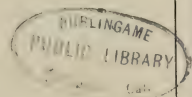
With this one exception the lines of this year's mode will undergo little change. The waist will probably go a little higher, a little nearer to the old "normal." And it will be more clearly defined. But in general the silhouette will go on being boyishly straight and slender.

Draped gowns will become more firmly entrenched. They are so graciously formal, so picturesque in the ravishing brocades of the present moment! These splendid materials, draped with infinite artistry and simplicity, complete the gown. There is little extraneous trimming; indeed, none is needed.

Two styles of drapery appear. Probably the most favored is that which draws the skirt up and across the figure and masses it in a lovely *chou*, or catches it under a handsome ornament, on the left hip. The second manner is less statuesque, but also easier to wear for a less perfect figure. This one gathers the material on both hips, draping it in sweeping elliptical curves low across the front.

Street costumes have shown little inclination to change as yet. There will be numerous suits for the spring and many of them will be three-piece costumes of tailored, straight-line coat and skirt and a blouse of the new vividly patterned silks.

Carolyn Hagué



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RARE GEMS



Saddles and heels of rose kid lend accent to these black suede pumps, as do brilliant buckles filled with matching kid



Sombre black suede gains charm from delicate bindings and strappings of turquoise kid and Spanish heels of exquisite color



Black patent leather sandals, latticed, strapped and heeled in maroon kid, may be worn with vermilion silk stockings

Kid of Vivid Color Adorns the Shoes of Spring

A New Artistry is Manifesting Itself in the Shoes and Hosiery of Smart Women

By JAMES C. PAPE



WITH the gay world of society amusing itself in Palm Beach and Cannes, or engrossed with winter sports in Quebec or St. Moritz, it is assumed that a creator of modes is for the moment free from the agreeable responsibility of imagining new conceits in dress. He is, on the contrary, giving himself with redoubled attention to a crucial enterprise—the launching of the spring and summer fashions. And it is an enterprise of no small moment at this season of the present year. The launching of the summer shoes it at hand; the psychological instant has arrived when shoes of satin and brocade have become just a trifle trite, and it is felt by women of exigent tastes that charming as are these luxurious slippers and sandals they must give place to smart footwear of a decidedly new expression.

This new feeling has been hinted at already; among the shoes carried South after the holidays were certain striking models in brilliant colored kid, models which are proving a great æsthetic success against an open-air background of gray sand and green foliage and a genuine and practical success in an atmosphere heavy with that sea-salt which is so fatal to the beauty of metallic brocade.

Bearing in mind these assets of vivid kid I have designed a group of afternoon shoes for spring and summer uses. One of these models is a sandal of black patent leather with a medium vamp cut decidedly low at the side and with a smartly rounded toe. Its Spanish heel and single instep-strap are of maroon kid, as is a finely cut lattice at each side of the shoe just at the base of the narrow strap-fastening, while a narrow band of maroon kid gives accent to the top of the heel foxing. Some women will wear this coquettishly attractive sandal with black silk stockings, but many will not hesitate to adopt the latest foible of fashion—silken hose of assertively brilliant color.

Again, an afternoon sandal is of black patent leather on suede with a collar of turquoise kid around the low-cut vamp and quarter. A strap of

turquoise kid runs from the vamp to the matching instep-strap and a Spanish heel of the same exquisite color adds an irresistibly charming finish.

So effective is this combination of kid in color with black that I have used black patent leather or suede a third time for an elaborate Roman sandal with high French heel of emerald kid. The vamp is encircled with twelve pear-shaped or tear-drop cutouts, each piped with an emerald line, while the delicate black strap, finely bound with kid, is so cut and so crossed at the instep that it forms an oval over the brilliant emerald silk stockings worn under it.

The pump with a saddle of contrasting leather is so constantly in demand that it is to be offered this spring in black crossed with a saddle of rose kid. A brilliant cut-steel buckle will mark the instep, a buckle filled with kid matching the gay trimming of the shoe and its bright rose leather French heel. While in the description of each of these novel shoes a specific color has been named, yet need-

less to say, any one of the models may be obtained with heels and trimmings of any desired color.

Evening slippers as well as daytime pumps and sandals will be made in vivid French kid, often the entire shoe being of rose, violet, turquoise or green, sometimes in two tones of one color, often in two contrasting colors. These gain in charm by the addition of a buckle of fine rhinestones placed at the instep, and, indeed, never before have these scintillating ornaments been so exquisite in design and workmanship. A scroll of foliage and a naturalistic flower fill one oval frame, while a fine lattice of vines and geometrical figures adorns another oblong plaque,—the possessor would not think them out of place in a jeweler's display case.

But lest the reader think that these gorgeous leathers are only for formal occasions, I am led to describe certain models which have been turned to an unusually charming use by a number of discerning wearers. The saddle pump already spoken of is particularly fascinating when developed in dark green kid with saddle, buckle and baby French heel of a lighter green. A fair horticulturist selected it to wear with a white garden frock and broad hat encircled with ivy, while a young woman who leans toward picturesqueness in dress chose the same pump in rose leather to wear with her flowered summer morning gowns.

Here, then, are the three strikingly new features of the coming mode in footwear—shoes, entirely or partly of French kid of vivid color, silk stockings no less brilliant in hue than the shoes worn with them, and jeweled buckles studded either with crystal-white rhinestones or with sparkling brilliants which suggest the soft Paisley colors.

Beautifully adjusted to the foot of the American woman, applied in precisely the right way as a trimming, properly combined in harmonizing tones of the same color, vivid French kid must inevitably have a spectacular success.



The effective piping of this open Roman design is of emerald kid, as are the straps and heels which finish the sandal

HENNING

Artistic Achievements in Designed Footwear for the Woman of Fashion



Fallen leaf shade suede opera pump with imported buckle in milt composition with corresponding stripe to match slipper



Black satin evening slipper with brocade tongue and heel with gold kid pipings



White satin regent with pearl and rhinestone buckle with lace frill



Patent leather afternoon sandal with cut steel ornament



Black satin evening slipper with silver beaded motif in open-work design

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The lines and color scheme of this saucy hat are decidedly correct. Of soft brown satin the short back remains a feature of the Spring fashion. The drooping feather of brown and red assures one that artistry is here combined with the practical.

(Nikolas Muray)



One of the fetching new Spring bonnets of black satin banded in silver braid and draped in most becoming manner. The tiny veil of black lace adds a touch of individuality and softens the rounding brim.

(Nikolas Muray)

In the above and the other portrait in circle, Miss Edna Hibbard, who has been appearing in the successful play "Gringo," has posed for ARTS & DECORATION by courtesy of Messrs. Bruck-Weiss.



A dinner and evening frock for the South. It is of embroidered batiste with cream bandings over a slip of flesh-colored satin.

A Boué Soeurs frock designed for the wearer's use at Palm Beach. The skirt of taffeta and embroidered chiffon is most effective, the wide flange, graceful draping and scalloped edge adding a note of supreme distinction.

Posed by Zita Moulton exclusively for Arts & Decoration, courtesy of Messrs. Bruck-Weiss

(Ira Hill)



Summer gown of white embroidered organdie over black taffeta. A sash-bow of apple green silk with long ends emphasizes the effect.

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A Forecast of the Dainty Spring Modes



The "come-hitherto" appeal in Mrs. Hedda Hopper's eyes is made emphatic by the "come-fetch-me-ness" of this coat of black Poirer twill whose small collar and original sleeve indicate the tendency of Spring modes



Scintillating Ann Andrews proves that in a Bramley frock lies all the zestful style that the spirit of youth today demands in its apparel. The fabric is crêpe de Chine, its embroidery cross-stitch in brilliant colors

The new fashions on this page were exclusively posed for ARTS & DECORATION by the Messrs. Franklin Simon & Co. at the Ira Hill Studio



In the circular panel the vivacious countenance of Martha Lorber finds its appropriate setting under a Lewis hat of brilliantly colored and tinsel-threaded cretonne draped with a brown lace veil



The soft tones of this Paisley georgette frock by Jean Patou, find their complement in the fragile blonde beauty of Alice Terry of "The Prisoner of Zenda" fame. A dominant indication of the frock's utter newness is the big chou at the side

Complete sans gêne marks an imported frock (at left) of Persian printed crêpe de Chine. As worn by Carlotta Montevrey, it amply demonstrates the joyous and volatile spirit of youth

A subtle suggestion of classicism hovers about this frock (at right) of pertwinkle blue crêpe Romaine, whose air of stateliness is heightened by Carlotta Montevrey's pose of unaffected dignity





Thurn

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Thurn

Roses and Taffeta Distinguish the Spring Hats



The all-black hat must accompany the millinery wardrobe for Spring. When it is of medium-size Milan and slightly poked, one may be certain that the addition of coque feathers is ultra-fashionable. The photograph explains the new treatment of coque.

Flowers are much in evidence on the new Spring chapeaux, but they are arranged in clusters, emphasizing their perennial importance. The large black hat of irregular shape is faced and crowned with taffeta and banked at the side with red roses.

Photos posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION by Miss Martha Mansfield at the Albin Studios, by courtesy of Messrs. L. P. Hollander Co.

One of the new short-backed bonnets of pastel green straw with high crown made of green faced silk. A drooping feather of the same shade attached to the brim's edge is decidedly "comme il faut." The crown or the brim is invariably of silk.

(In circle) A demure French hat of black straw is faced with pale rose taffeta and made very chic with a tight bunch of red roses placed at the back. The high crown and short brim is a trick of fashion to encourage the fur neck-piece.





Anyone who loves music

Do you realize how perfectly the pipe organ has been adapted to the need and use of the home? If you think of it as a monumental instrument, for churches and concert halls, you have never heard it in its lighter moments. It is as successful furnishing music for a dance as rendering those tremendous fugues of Bach.

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THE ESTEY RESIDENCE PIPE ORGAN

Some Recent Industrial Art from Mexico

The comb is an essential part of every Mexican woman's toilette and these tortoise shell ornaments from Tehuantepec indicate a fine sense of the decorative. They are, of course, modern and were designed by a native artist



The industrial arts in Mexico have reached a high state of development, a fact of which few in the United States are aware. Some of the objects on this page will give the reader a new appreciation of modern Mexican craftsmanship



A palm-fibre toy executed by an Indian artisan of the State of Oaxaca. These native toys are very popular and have a decided artistic value



A girl's embroidered belt from Tehuantepec



Such native dolls as these, made of clay and fabric, are finding their way into the cabinets of many collectors of the exotic and bizarre



Embroidered "Sombrero de Charro," from Oaxaca



Water jar from Tonalá, near Guadalajara. Both the form and the floreated over-all design are the conception and handiwork of a Mexican artist taught in his own land. Slowly but surely an uninfluenced and individual style of design is being built up in the great country at our Southern frontier



A vase of exquisite color and design and of huge proportions is this one made in Puebla by Padierna. The vase stands six feet from the ground and is decorated in the Talavera style

(At left) A painted box, quaintly decorative, from Oliná, State of Guerrero



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My Impressions of Europe

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(In the Modern Review of Calcutta, the famous Indian philosopher and poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who is perhaps the most famous modern of the Far East, is publishing some of his impressions, written while they were hot in his mind, of the European scene. These letters are particularly interesting as presenting the reactions of the Oriental mind to the more realistic mode and thought of Europe. And since Tagore has millions of admirers in this country his pen-pictures of peoples and places should prove of more than passing moment.)

Hamburg, May 20, 1921

WE are leaving this town for Copenhagen tomorrow morning. I am not an ideal traveler, and I never enjoy the prospect of going to a strange country, continually stumbling upon the unexpected and being held up by the unknown. This roving life tires me. I am seeking my lost universe of an easy chair.

A person like myself can never be a perfect vehicle for a mission. For I have not the motor engine of ambition in my heart to lend a steady movement onward. I have my flighty sails, fitfully puffed and pushed by erratic winds. But somehow, in haste, a motor has been joined to my boat. With every roll of the waves, the engine knocks against the ribs of my heart, for it does not fully fit me. All the same, in spite of the looseness of the screws, the engine gets the better of the recalcitrant boat, the mission goes on; the applauses are gathered; everybody is radiantly happy. Only I myself know what the jerks mean inside the aching framework; and I am not counting the successes, but the thumping kicks that are administered by the machine.

I hope my voyage has now come to its end. Every moment I hear the call of the beach and see the vision of the evening lamp watching behind the window for the return of the weary traveler.

Today, life is nowhere normal in the world. The atmosphere is swarming with problems. Singers are not allowed to sing; they have to shout messages. But, my friend, is my life to be one perpetual polar summer, an endless monotony of a day of lidless light, of ceaseless duties, with never a night of stars to open before my vision the gateway of the Infinite? Is the fact of death a mere fact of stoppage? Does it not speak to us of our right of entrance into a region beyond the boundaries of patriotism? When am I going to make my final adjustment of life and be ready for the invitation to the world of the Spirit?

We are taught by our Western schoolmaster that there is nothing of importance that is not shown in the national school map: that only *my country* is my earth and heaven; that only in *my country* are united my life and my immortality. And when we try to reject the West, in our pride of *my country* we are like a ragged thief

that picks the pocket of the same West.

But our fathers had a clearer consciousness of truth, of a freedom which was never clipped of its wings and shut up in a geographical cage. I feel that my time has come for the realization of that truth; and I pray that I may never die as a patriot, or a politician, but as a free spirit; not as a journalist, but a poet.

Stockholm, May 27, 1921

I HAVE been following the track of Spring from Switzerland to Denmark, and from Denmark to Sweden, watching everywhere flowers breaking out in a frenzy of colors. And it seems to me like the earth's shouting *Jai*; and flinging up its colored cap to the sky. My path in the west also has had the same exuberant outburst of welcome.

At first, I felt the impulse to describe it to you in detail; for I was sure it would give you great delight. But now I shrink from doing it. For somehow it does not cause exultation in my own mind, but makes me feel sad. It would be absurd for me to claim what has been offered to me as fully mine. The fact is, there is a rising tide of heart in the West, rushing towards the Eastern shore, following some mysterious law of attraction. The unbounded pride of the European peoples has suddenly found a check, and their mind appears to be receding from the channel it had cut for itself.

The weary giant is seeking peace; and as the fountain of peace has ever flowed from the East, the face of troubled Europe is instinctively turned today towards the East. Europe is a child, who has been hurt in the midst of her game. She is shunning the crowd and looking for her mother. And has not the East been the mother of spiritual humanity, giving it life from its own life?

How pitiful it is that we, in India, are unaware of this claim for succor from Europe which has come to our door; that we fail to realize the great honor of the call to serve humanity in her hour of need!

Bewildered at heart by the great demonstrations made in my honor in these countries, I have often tried to find out the real cause. I have been told that it

(Continued on page 58)



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My Impressions of Europe

(Continued from page 56)

was because I loved humanity. I hope that it is true, and all through my writings my love of man has found its utterance and touched human hearts across all barriers. If it be true, then let that truest note in my writings guide my own life henceforth!

The other day, when I was resting alone in my room in the hotel at Hamburg, timidly there entered two shy and sweet German girls, with a bunch of roses as an offering for me. One of them, who spoke broken English, said to me, "I love India." I asked her, "Why do you love India?" She answered, "Because you love God."

The praise was too great for me to accept with any degree of complaisance. But I hope its meaning was in the expectation from me which it carried, and therefore was a blessing. Or possibly she meant that my country loved God, and therefore she loved India. That also was an expectation whose meaning we should try to appreciate and understand.

The nations love their own countries, and that national love has only given rise to hatred and suspicion of one another. *The world is waiting for a country that loves God and not herself, only that country will have the claim to be loved by men of all countries.*

When we cry "*Bande Mataram*" from the housetops, we shout to our neighbors "You are not our brothers." But that is not the truth. Therefore, because it is untrue, it pollutes the air and darkens the sky. Whatever may be its use for the present, it is like the house set on fire, which the Chinaman lighted simply for roasting the pig! Love of self, whether national or individual, can have no other destination but suicide. Love of God is our only fulfillment; it has in it the ultimate solution of all problems and difficulties.

On the day after tomorrow we shall be leaving Sweden for Berlin. The Czechoslovakian Government has promised us an air trip from Berlin to Prague and from Prague to Munich. From Munich we are expected to visit Darmstadt, where a gathering of some notable persons of Germany will be held to meet us. It will be over by the fifteenth of June; then through France and Spain we shall be able to take our ship at the beginning of July, if not earlier.

Berlin, May 28, 1921

I AM leaving Germany tonight for Vienna. From there I go to Czechoslovakia, then to Paris, then, to the Mediterranean Sea! Our steamer sails on the second

of July, so this is likely to be my last letter.

You can have no idea what an outburst of love has followed me and enveloped me everywhere I have been in Scandinavia and Germany. All the same, my longing is to go back to my own people—to the atmosphere of continual revilement. I have lived my life there, done my work there, given my love there, and I must not mind if the harvest of my life has not had its full payment there. The ripening of the harvest itself brings its ample reward for me. And therefore the call comes to me from the field where the sunlight is waiting for me, where the seasons, each in turn, are making their enquiries about my home-coming. They know me, who all my life have sowed there the seeds of my dreams. But the shadows of evening are deepening on my path, and I am tired. I do not want praise or blame from my countrymen. I want to take my rest under the stars.

Berlin, June 4, 1921.

TODAY my visit to Berlin has come to an end. Tonight we are starting for Munich. It has been a wonderful experience in this country for me! Such fame I cannot take at all seriously. It is too readily given, and too immediately. It has not had the perspective of time. And this is why I feel frightened at it and tired—even sad. I am like a house-lamp, whose place is in a corner, and whose association is that of intimacy of love. But when my life is made to take part in a fireworks display, I apologize to the stars and feel humble.

I saw *The Post Office* acted in a Berlin Theatre. The girl who took the part of Amal was delightful in her acting, and altogether the whole thing was a success. But it was a different interpretation from that of ours in our own acting in Vichitra. I had been trying to define the difference in my mind, when Dr. Otto of Marburg University, who was among the audience, hit upon it. He said that the German interpretation was suggestive of a fairy story, full of elusive beauty, whereas the inner significance of this play is spiritual.

I remember the time when I wrote it, my own feeling which inspired me to write it. Amal represents the man whose soul has received the call of the open road—he seeks freedom from the comfortable enclosure of habits sanctioned by the prudent, and from walls of rigid opinion built for him by the respectable. But Madhab, the worldly-wise, considers his restlessness to be the sign of a fatal malady; and his adviser,

(Continued on page 60)



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My Impressions of Europe

(Continued from page 58)

the physician, the custodian of conventional platitudes—with his quotations from prescribed textbooks full of wise maxims—gravely nods his head and says that freedom is unsafe, and every care should be taken to keep the sick man within walls. And so the precaution is taken.

But there is the post office in front of his window, and Amal waits for the royal letter to come to him directly from the King, bringing to him the message of emancipation. At last the closed gate is opened by the king's own physician; and what is "death" to the world of hoarded wealth and of certified creeds, brings him awakening in the world of spiritual freedom.

The only thing that accompanies him in his awakening is the flower of love given to him by Sudha.

I know the value of this flower of love, and therefore my petition to the Queen was:

"Let me be the gardener of thy flower garden"—the gardener, whose only reward is daily to offer his garlands to the Queen.

Do you think that *The Post Office* has some meaning at this time for my country in this respect that her freedom must come direct from the King's Messenger, and not from the British Parliament; and that when her soul awakes, nothing will be able to keep her within walls? Has she received her letter yet from the King?

Ask Dinu what is the original of the following translation:

My heart today is tremulous with the heart-throbs of the world. Who is the restless youth that comes, his mantle fluttering in the breeze,

The woodland resounds with the murmur of joy at the dance lyric of the light,

The anklet bells of the dancer quiver in the sky in an unheard tinkle.

To whose cadence the forest leaves clap their hands.

The hope for the touch of a nearing footstep spreads a whisper in the grass,

And the wind breaks its fetters, distraught with the perfume of the Unknown.

To-day is the fifth of June. Our steamer sails on the third of July!

Darmstadt, June 10, 1921

IN Darmstadt they have a gathering of people from all parts of Germany to meet me. We have our meetings in the Grand Duke of Hesse's garden, where the members of my audience bring before me their questions. I give them monologues in answer, and

Count Keyserling translates them into German for those who cannot follow my English.

Yesterday I reached this place, and in the afternoon we had our first meeting.

The first question put to me by a Canadian German was, "What is the future of this scientific civilization?"

After I had answered him, he again asked me, "How is the problem of over-population to be solved?"

After my answer, I was asked to give them some idea about the true character of Buddhism.

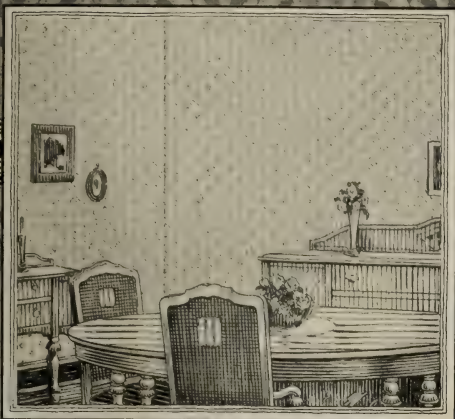
These three subjects took up fully two hours. It is delightful to feel the earnestness of these people. It is the habit of mind of this nation to think out the deeper problems of life; they deal seriously with ideas. In India, in our modern schools, we merely receive our ideas from textbooks, for the purpose of passing examinations. Besides that, our modern schoolmasters are Englishmen; and they, of all the western nations, are the least susceptible to ideas. They are good, honest, and reliable, but they have a vigorous excess of animal spirits, which seek for exercise in racing, fox-hunting, boxing-matches, and other sports and they offer stubborn resistance to all contagion of ideas.

Therefore our English educationalists do not inspire our minds. We do not realize that ideas are necessary to enable us to live a true life. We do not have a genuine enthusiasm, but rather are losing our gift of aspiration, which is the gift of the soul. Our principal object and occupation are going to the dissipations of politics, whose goal is success, whose path is the zigzag of compromise—politics, which in every country have lowered the standard of morality, have given rise to a perpetual contest of lies and deceptions, cruelties and hypocrisies, and have increased inordinately a national predisposition to vulgar vaingloriousness.

Germany today has received a violent check to her political ambitions, which has produced an almost universal longing in her people to seek spiritual resources in place of external success. Germany appears now to have set out on a voyage of spiritual adventure. And in spite of her dire poverty, she is not thinking merely of the spinning wheel or of some new move in the political game of gambling, but rather of the achievement of that inner freedom, which gives us power to soar above the vicissitudes of circumstance.

The other day, I met the British Ambassador in Berlin. While

(Continued on page 62)



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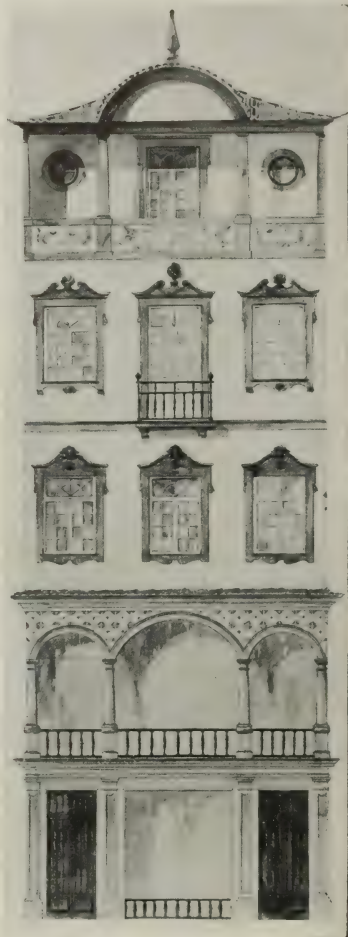
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A Museum Exhibit as a Spur to Industrial Art

(Continued from page 10)

material in the present exhibition clearly attests."

The Museum goes so far as to attach to all entries labels indicating names of designers, makers, firms and factories, plus a plain statement of sources found useful in designing or executing the pieces. The intention in this case is not to quote chapter and verse for each motive and color, not to favor copying, for these mean stultification of design. As a matter of fact, a study of the labels themselves demonstrates the opposite, because it makes clear the inspirational flights of the designer's mind in developing his new material. Rarely has he simply poured new wine into old bottles. He has, rather, modeled a new bottle whose design has profited by old formulas without babbling them in repetition, and into this has poured the new wine of latter-day business, quantity production, insistent demand and quick supply, with through them and in spite of them, an improvement of design.

In other words the Museum material has not functioned in these pieces and patterns shown at the Metropolitan as the knife with which the oyster of design is to be opened. It has, rather, served as a source-book of information from which one may quote, to be sure, but whose contents cannot be re-stated without adding matter of one's own improvisation or invention.

Or to change the figure: not so long ago, gasoline was waste; the modern internal combustion engine made it a breeder of plethoric fortunes and a comfort to the Four Million. So by comparison, not so long ago Museum collections, as material of practical utility, were as lifeless as Tutankhamen's mummied cow; today they work. For the idea of the Museum as a laboratory of design is abroad in the art industries, bringing the benefits of better design in home furnishings and other types of industrial art even to the store at the cross roads in the towns Mr. Sinclair Lewis writes about.

My Impressions of Europe

(Continued from page 60)

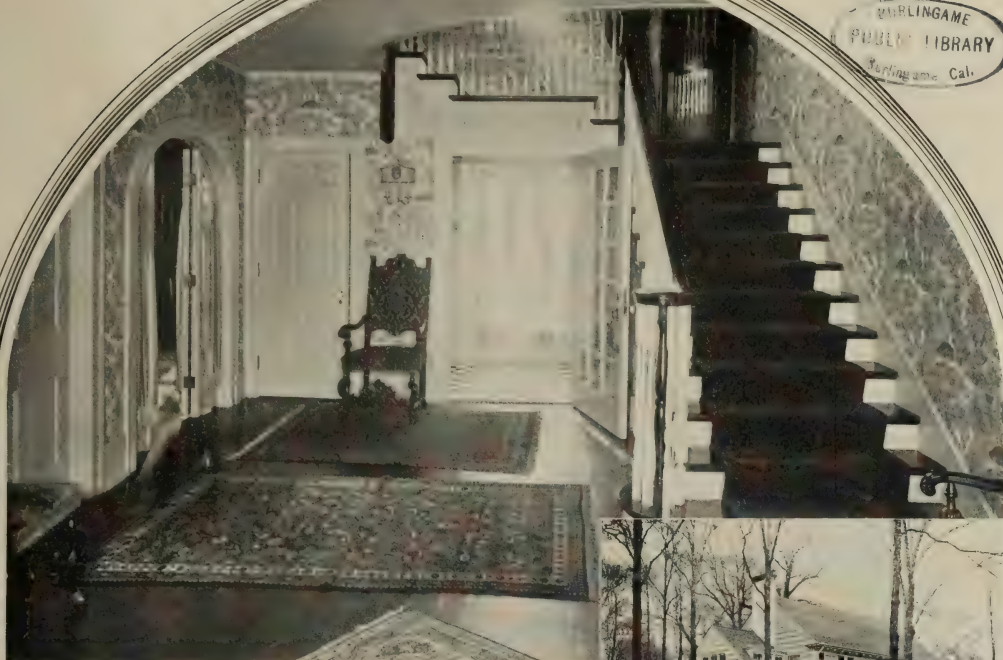
alluding to the enormous appreciation of my works in Germany, he expressed his gratification at the possibility of my supplying some philosophy, which might bring consolation to these people. He was glad, I am sure, from his British point of view. He seemed to me to imagine that philosophy was a soothing draught, which might lull the restless activity of the German nation into sleep, affording the victors better security in the enjoyment of the ma-

terial benefits of their success. He would gladly concede the possession of soul and God to these people, only keeping for the share of his own nation the possession of their worldly goods. He seemed to smile, as it were, in his sleeve, and to imagine that his own British people would be the gainers in the bargain. Well! Let them laugh and grow fat! Only let us have the good sense not to envy them their purely material gains.



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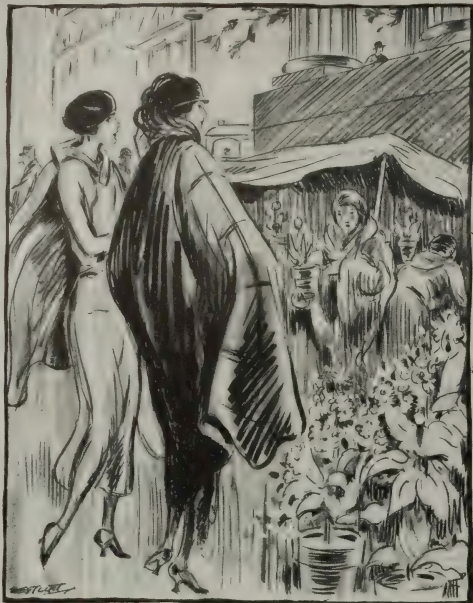
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Intimate Facts About Gainsborough

*A Glimpse Into the Life of the Man Who Painted "Mrs. Sheriden,"
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IN his delightful manner, not always with a strict adherence to facts, but unfailingly interesting, Elbert Hubbard told the following story of how Thomas Gainsborough first met his wife. The story is part of Frau Elbertus' short biography of the great English painter:

Thomas Gainsborough, aged nineteen, was one day intently sketching in a wood near Sudbury, when the branches suddenly parted and out into a little open space stepped Margaret Burr. This young woman had taken up her abode in Sudbury during the time the young man was in London, and he had never met her, although he had probably heard her praises sounded. Everybody around there had heard of her. She was the handsomest woman in all Suffolk—and knew it. She lived with her "uncle," and the gossips, who looked after these little things, divided as to whether she was the daughter of one of the exiled Stuarts, or the natural child of the Duke of Bedford. Anyway, she was a true princess in face, form and bearing, and had an income of her own of two hundred pounds a year. Her pride was a thing so potent that the rustic suitors were chilled at the sight of her, and the numerous suitors sighed and shot their love-sick glances from a safe distance.

Let that pass: the branches parted and Margaret stepped out into the open. She thought she was alone, when all at once her eyes looked full into the eyes of the young artist—not a hundred feet away. She was startled; she blushed, stammered and tried to apologize for the intrusion. Her splendid self-possession had failed her for once—she was going to flee by the way she had come.

"Hold that position, please,—stand just as you are!" called the artist in a tone of authority.

Even the proudest of women are willing to accept orders when the time is ripe; and I am fully convinced that to be domineered over by the right man is a thing all good women warmly desire.

Margaret Burr, the proud beauty, stood stock still, and Thomas Gainsborough admitted her into his landscape and his heart.

This is not a love-story or we might begin here and extend our sketch into a volume. Suffice it to say that within a few short months after their first meeting, the young woman, being of royal blood, exercised her divine right and "proposed." She proposed just as Queen Victoria did later. And then they were married—both under twenty—and lived happy ever after.

It is a great mistake to assume that pride and a high degree of common sense cannot go together. Margaret knew how to manage. After a short stay in Sudbury the couple rented a cottage at Ipswich for six pounds a year—a dove-cote with three rooms. The proud beauty would not let the place be profaned by a servant—she did all the work herself, and if she wanted help, she called on her husband. Base is the man who will not fetch and carry for the woman he loves.

They were accounted the most distinguished and handsomest couple in all Sudbury, and when they attended church there was so much craning of necks, and so many muffled exclamations of admiration that the clergyman made it a point not to begin the service until they were safely seated.

They were very happy—they loved each other and so loved life and everything and everybody, and God's great green Out-o'-Doors was their playhouse. Margaret's income was quite sufficient for their needs, and mad ambition passed them by. Gainsborough drew pictures and painted and sketched, and then gave his pictures away.

Music was his passion and whenever at concerts, held round about there, the player did exceptionally well, Gainsborough would proffer a picture in exchange for the instrument used. In this way the odd corners of their house got filled with violins, lutes, hautboys, kettle-drums and curious stringed things that have died the death and are now extinct. At this time if anyone had asked Gainsborough his profession, he would have said, I am a musician.

Fifteen years had slipped into the eternity that lies behind—"years not lost, for we can turn the hour-glass and live them all over in sweet memory," once said Gainsborough to his wife. The constant sketching had developed much skill in the artist's hand. Thickness (a close friend of the artist) had come puffing alongside, and insisted out of pure friendliness to take the artist and wife in tow. They laughed at him behind his back, and carried on conversation over his head, and dropped jokes at his feet by looks and pantomime and communicated in cipher—for true lovers always evolve a code.

Gainsborough lived—he reveled in life, and filled his days to their brim, always grateful to the Unknown that had guided his hand. He did a deathless work, for it is a work upon which other men have built. He prepared the way for those who were to come after.



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Sweet Odors Out of the Past

(Continued from page 21)

The vanity cases of that day! How differing from modern designs in the materials from which they are shaped and in the articles that the customs of the 17th century required. Here is a box formed from solid agate with pom-pomme decorations. Another is of leather treated with rare Vernis Martin. Many others give forth the brilliant, lustrous green of Galuchat work, that treatment of the skin of a fish that was perfected by M. Galuchat; an art that died with the man. The nearest approach to his accomplishment in modern days is the use of shark skin by the Japanese, but it is not comparable to the effects produced by the French artist. The only design in Galuchat work is the natural scale of the fish which is retained in all its alluring symmetry. Still others are shaped from mother of pearl, delicately encrusted with silver-gilt. Over here is a case of almost transparent tortoise-shell with a captivating inlay design in gold. The collection includes also several perfume cases in the shape of books, all fancifully titled and one bearing a charade inscription.

The contents of these cases tell us the story of toilet customs so different from ours as to be droll in some instances. One item always is found. It is the small blending funnel. Every case contains at least two bottles. These held the essential oils of different flowers. With the help of the funnel, perfume bouquets were mixed to accord with the taste or humor of each individual. In other words, they "mixed their own." The old perfume houses have deprived us of this opportunity for self-expression in odor. It is certain, though, that the bouquets produced by established perfumers surpass by far anything that an individual novice could ever hope to evolve. For a new perfume is a thing of slow development, it taking years to "discover" a distinctively new odor. This custom was in vogue as far back as 1610, the earliest date associated with the Houbigant collection. For, in a Louis XIII turnk-shaped leather box of simplest lines, decorated only with the heads of nails, are two bottles and an aperture for the funnel.

But what are these instruments? That gold with the hole in one end is a needle that was used to thread ribbons through the elaborate coiffures of the courts of Louis XV and XVI. The rake-shaped piece, pronged at one end, is a tongue-scraper. Another case has such a scraper of different type, its material being so flexible as to allow it to be bent nearly in double and then used to cleanse the tongue. What an unheard-of

practice, some say? Not so. Tongue-scrapers are used in France today, and one would be surprised to learn that there are shops in New York where they are available.

In those days, however, it was apparently quite the thing to be possessed of a pretty pink tongue. One recalls old French prints presenting grown-ups playfully or wilfully sticking their tongues out at each other. Hogarth's drawings of English scenes record the same merry habit. In dwelling upon the reasons for the appearance of tongue-scrapers in so many of these cases, one should bear in mind that there was no Volsstead in those days and wine flowed freely on many a night, producing probably, in the frailty of human kind much the same reactions the morning after as in our own experience.

Other articles contained in these cases include a fragile gold rouge knife, a pair of tweezers, a mirror and ivory pencil and tablets for memoranda. Some of the ivory slabs still show traces of notations, legible only in part. Many of the bottles in these cases are interesting in themselves, but only two will be cited. One case has two bottles cut from solid agate and capped with *pate tendre* porcelain figures. The Louis XIII case referred to earlier, contains two bottles cut very crudely from rock crystal, without care for balanced proportion; and they are capped with pure tin as are other bottles of the early 1700's, tin having been valued so highly at one time.

The Chelsea porcelain pieces in the Houbigant collection challenge adequate description. Dainty colored figures of sutlers and Moldavians, monks and monkeys, rising in a crescendo of elaborateness till one reaches a marvelous odoriferent in the shape of a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Each of these is a bottle, the head of the figure or some other detail serving as the stopper swung on a gold chain. One is a triple bottle in the shape of a hen and two chickens, the three heads forming the stoppers.

One of the Chelsea pieces that attracted unusual attention is in the form of a perfectly shaped leg on the knee of which a flea, unmistakable a flea, is fired into the glaze. A gold circlet above the knee bears the inscription, "*Son sort j'en vie.*" So typical of the sentiment of Louis XVI's period; This piece has a well-wrought gold grid under the hinged cover, and beneath the grid is a sponge which was saturated with perfume, the whole piece being used as a scent bottle. Another scent box is lantern-shaped, of gold with miniatures painted on its four sides.

Decorated Bassano Vase with Parchment Shade

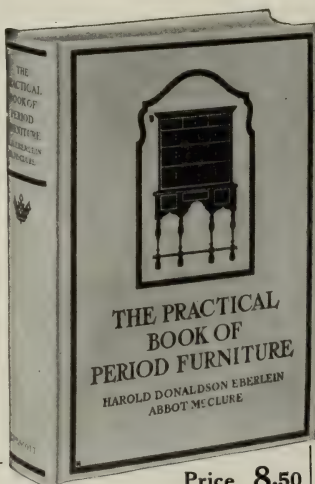
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The collection included also an old ledger of the house of Houbigant, in which occur repeatedly from 1777 on into the 19th century names of nobility that are familiar to all cultured minds. A naive touch, so foreign to the business-like mind of today is the inscription on the flyleaf of the ledger. The first Houbigant perfumer had printed there a prayer, in French of course, a simple petition for prosperity "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit." A glance through this book is like peeping into the boudoirs and dressing-salons of the world-famous characters. Purchases made by chamberlains for Napoleon Bonaparte, for Josephine, for marquis and duchesse, giving us insight into the intimate toilet preferences of these personages. Frequently accounts are found that have not been checked.

One offender is particularly noticeable, his bill apparently never having been paid. It would be interesting to probe further in this instance to learn whether the guillotine canceled the debt or whether it was only neglect.

Tragic entries in this book are those of purchases by Comtesse de Matignon who was employed by Marie Antoinette to provide a supply of perfumes and powders for the ill-fated flight from the Tuilleries to Varennes, that journey that ended, not in a reconstructed court of splendor as had been its purpose, but on the scaffold.

One can well understand the pleasure that M. Javal derives from treasure-trove of such significance and quality, especially related as it is so intimately with the art that is his profession. Viewed with the inner eye that guided its assembling, this collection cannot leave doubt in one's mind as to its *raison d'être*. Measured by the same formula, any collection becomes more intelligible.

The Patrician Among Coaches

(Continued from page 31)

in cars which have a greater area of glass window.

Rolls Royce (does not the Springfield factory make it in some part American?) recommends strongly two of its custom-made models in town cars—the town brougham with a rigid top and the cabriolet which, like the Brewster landaulet, is collapsible. This model with its all-leather top is particularly attractive and permits of transformation instantly into an open car, although just now the taste is such that users rarely, even in summer, lower the hood.

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The Window and Its Place in Human Progress

(Continued from page 28)

to our own post-Colonial days, we still find windows of small panes of glass broken up either by lead or wood, and rooms heated by wood stoves which know only two degrees of temperature—red-hot or out.

It was not, then, until the coming of two comparatively modern inventions—the large sheet of glass and the central heating system—that we developed our modern window problem as it now confronts us. Today we have a window which is in reality a hole in the wall, filled in merely with the most transparent of substances—glass.

This hole in the wall obviously requires some covering to eliminate the glare of direct light, to complete the façade of the house and to give that comfortable feeling of privacy and snugness within that is utterly lost in a room with uncurtained windows.

We can begin then with a selection of some material which will serve as a veiling to the window. It must be as transparent as possible, otherwise it will defeat the window's very purpose, that is to illuminate the room. But it must break up and soften the light. Some years ago a clever manufacturer discovered that by putting prisms in glass he could take some of the light from the front windows and distribute it to the back of the room.

A well-selected curtain serves this same purpose, as you have undoubtedly noticed and commented upon after the curtains were hung in some such room. Of course a curtained room is not actually lighter, but the light being better distributed or diffused it seems so. This is because we have eyes so wonderfully made that the pupils "step" themselves down to comfortably accommodate the light of the brightest spot in a room, even though in doing so they make the dark spots seem still darker. Therefore the more even diffusion of light makes a room seem brighter and much pleasanter, as well as more restful.

Take, for instance, two or three different types of curtaining, a thin white net, a heavy mesh ecru, and a curtain net with a decided design. In a room that has not quite enough light and where one may hesitate to hang even the sheerest curtain, try the effect of the thin white net, and note the pleasing brightness in even the far corners of the room. The little light that there is has been diffused so that instead of one spot of brilliancy the entire room has taken on the sense of lightness and cheerfulness.

In a glaringly bright room the

ecru net will diffuse the light but it will also subdue it. Again, in some rooms the help of a design in the curtaining is needed to add interest, but in all cases the original purpose must not be overlooked, that is to eliminate sharp contrasts, and glaring lights and shadows.

The other two qualities of your curtains should be personality and decorative value. Since the window is one of the most conspicuous features of your room, the curtain must be chosen with due consideration for the other furnishings.

By personality, I mean, a sense of fitness, both from the exterior view and from that within.

These two factors alone make a nice little problem for any home decorator to solve, that is the problem of making one piece of material both a part of the outside of the house and a part of the interior decoration. In spite of ourselves we judge the persons within the house by the general appearance of the outside. Who has not seen the plain, unimpressive little house change its personality entirely by showing at its windows a dainty, fresh, well-hung curtain? It is simple in design, not calling too much attention to itself, but sufficiently attractive to make up in large part for the lack of character in the house itself. That same curtain, however, hung at the windows of an imposing city house would lack the character necessary to maintain its dignity.

Now, having selected the curtain, the next thing is to turn to some way of giving privacy to the room at night when the lights are turned up within—and here I am afraid I have got to ride a hobby.

Of course, for a few hundred years we have been using a roller shade, first with a little pulley to let it up and down, and then with a spring—thanks to Mr. Harts-horne. The shade, unfortunately, is little more than a yellow blotch when seen from the outside of the house, or, as the custom is, a half blotch when drawn halfway.

A much pleasanter way of shading a room is the use of a pongee silk hung on a draw-string. When these curtains are drawn aside they fold back to so small an area that they are hidden behind even a narrow overdrap.

This of course brings us down to the final factor of the window drapery, some little framing of a material which will perhaps give the key tone to the other colors of the room. It may be of chintz or a plain stuff, cotton or silk, figured or not, but in any case, it should be just a narrow frame for the picture.

On Going Into a House

By A. A. MILNE

In his book of essays known as "Not That It Matters" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the now far-famed author of those two highly successful plays "The Dover Road" and "The Truth About Blaydes," Mr. Milne has given us one of the most entertaining volumes of literary small talk since the war. It is the ideal bedside book and the subjoined short essay is one of the best things in it.

IT is nineteen years since I lived in a house; nineteen years since I went upstairs to bed and came downstairs to breakfast. Of course, I have done these things in other people's houses from time to time, but what we do in other people's houses does not count. We are holiday-making then. We play hockey and golf and croquet, and run up and down stairs, and amuse ourselves in a hundred different ways, but all this is no fixed part of our life. Now, however, for the first time for nineteen years, I am actually living in a house. I have (imagine my excitement) a staircase of my own.

Flats may be convenient (I thought so myself when I lived in one some days ago), but they have their disadvantages. One of the disadvantages is that you are never in complete possession of the flat. You may think that the drawing-room floor (to take a case) is your very own, but it isn't; you share it with a man below who uses it as a ceiling. If you want to dance a step-dance, you have to consider his plaster. I was always ready enough to accommodate myself in this matter to his prejudices, but I could not put up with his old-fashioned ideas about bathroom ceilings. It is very cramping to one's style in the bath to reflect that the slightest splash may call attention to itself on the ceiling of the gentleman below. This is to share a bathroom with a stranger—an intolerable position for a proud man. Today I have a bathroom of my own for the first time in my life.

I can see already that living in a house is going to be extraordinarily healthy both for mind and body. At present I go upstairs to my bedroom (and downstairs again) about once in every half-hour; not simply from pride of ownership, to make sure that the bedroom is still there, and that the staircase is continuing to perform its functions, but in order to fetch something, a letter or a key, which as likely as not I have forgotten about again as soon as I have climbed to the top of the house. No such exercise as this was possible in a flat, and even after two or three days I feel the better for it. But obviously I cannot go on like this, if I am to have leisure for anything else. With practice I shall so train my mind that, when I leave my bedroom in the morning, I leave it with everything that I can possibly require until nightfall.

Getting up to breakfast means

something different now; it means coming down to breakfast. To come down to breakfast brings one immediately in contact with the morning. The world flows past the window, the small and (as it seems to me) particularly select portion of the world which finds itself in our quiet street; I can see it as I drink my tea. When I lived in a flat (days and days ago) anything might have happened to London, and I should never have known it until the afternoon. Everybody else could have perished in the night, and I should settle down as complacently as ever to my essay on making the world safe for democracy. Not so now. As soon as I have reached the bottom of my delightful staircase I am one with the outside world.

Also one with the weather, which is rather convenient. On the third floor it is almost impossible to know what sort of weather they are having in London. A day which looks cold from a third-floor window may be very sultry down below, but by that time one is committed to an overcoat. How much better to live in a house, and to step from one's front door and inhale a sample of whatever day the gods have sent. Then one can dress accordingly.

But the best of a house is that it has an outside personality as well as an inside one. Nobody, not even himself, could admire a man's flat from the street; nobody could look up and say, "What very delightful people must live behind those third-floor windows." Here it is different. Any of you may find himself some day in our quiet street, and stop a moment to look at our house; at the blue door with its jolly knocker, at the little trees in their blue tubs standing within a ring of blue posts linked by chains, at the bright-colored curtains. You may not like it, but we shall be watching you from one of the windows, and telling each other that you do. In any case, we have the pleasure of looking at it ourselves, and feeling that we are contributing something to London, whether for better or for worse. We are part of a street now, and can take pride in that street. Before, we were only part of a big unmanageable building.

It is a solemn thought that I have got this house for (apparently) eighty-seven years. One never knows, and it may be that by the end of that time I shall be meditating an article on the advantages of living in a flat. A flat, I shall say, is so convenient.

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Plagiarism and Original Sin

(Continued from page 27)

legal barrier, there is much diversity of sentiment. "If every Bononcini had his Handel would not musical literature be richer than it is?" argue certain professors, more distressed over variety than the protection of inventors. This theory is enunciated in the remark attributed to Händel, when the presence of his rival's theme under his own signature was pointed out: "Iss it? Vell, it's much too goot for him. He did not know what to do mit it!" When Wagner and Liszt were at Bayreuth listening to one of the early rehearsals of *Die Walküre*, the former said, "Now, Papa, you will hear something from your *St. Elizabeth*." Liszt's reply was, "Oh, well, then it will at least be heard." Liszt would have appeared less flattered had one of his rhapsodies been played by Rubenstein at a certain concert, after which, responding to an effusive lady, the tempestuous pianist, with a candor equal to Wagner's, declared that he could give another concert with the notes he had left out.

While every celebrated composer is more or less copied, few are able to write a *Liebestraum*, a *Narcissus* or a Christmas hymn like that ancient one attributed to Pretorius, melodies which have formed the root of many others. Folk songs and gospel hymns have been converted into symphonies and comic operas, the Gregorian Chant has been discovered in jazz, while patriotic airs have been taken up and repeated here and there with the monotony of a Kaffir's flute. The utilization of the grand old hymns as cantata fermi has a long-established and pardonable precedent. In his 1812 *Overture*, Tchaikowski features *La Marseillaise*. Puccini employs *The Star-Spangled Banner* in *Madame Butterfly*, from which, by the way, many themes have been boldly appropriated and imitated. *The Campbells Are Coming* inappropriately occurs in Volkmann's *Richard III. Overture*, and *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* serves as a prototype for *Danny Deever*. The solemn notes of the *Dies Irae* are heard in Berlioz' *Fantastic Symphony* and Scottish airs are found in Saint-Saëns' *Henry VIII*. *Rule Britannia* has served in numerous capacities, as has the Welsh national song, *Men of Harlech*, a strong suggestion of which is noted in *All Through the Night*. Sir Edward Novell's *Delight* (1634), employed as *The British Grenadiers*, apparently inspired Beethoven's *Septet*, op. 20. The latter wrote variations on Paisiello's *Quant è più bello*, but gave him no credit. In his *Diabelli* variations, however, he quoted Mozart. Haydn's *Austrian Hymn* (1797) greatly re-

sembles Telemann's rondo, *Der getreue Music-Meister* (1728), probably, however, an instance of unintentional adaptation, a Croatian air, incidentally, having its first fourteen notes identical to the former.

Less forgivable is the foraging of Händel, who, it is said, stole from twenty-one predecessors and contemporaries. The adoption of Urio's *Te Deum* and a serenata by Stradella are among the most flagrant instances of musical theft. When Händel's *He Shall Reign Forever and Ever* from *Messiah* did duty for Sir A. C. Mackenzie in *Dreams of Jubal*, recognition was paid. The copying of Mozart's *Requiem Mass* by Count Franz von Walsegg, who labeled it *Requiem composito dal Conte Walsegg* and had it performed as his own composition in 1793, is one of the most notorious cases. The publishing of Schubert's *Mass in G* by an organist, Robert Führer, who claimed it, hardly eclipsed the discovery of Lotti's authorship of *Duetto Terzeto e Madrigali*, which drove Bononcini into exile. Violent disputes on questions of priority such as that attending the rhythms of Gluck's *Orfeo* and Bertoni's *Orphée*, which so disturbed the equanimity of Berlioz, enlivened Germany in the eighteenth century. Drastic penalties were imposed by judges unable to comprehend accidental likenesses, and a chance repetition in two middle measures is known to have been sufficient to cause an author's works to be debarred from sale and a fine imposed.

WHEN the genius plagiarizes it is regarded as roguery, but when a humbler composer appropriates a theme, phrase, rhythm or harmonies, he is declared an inept scoundrel. Art seems to exonerate the writer who makes a theme permanent by imbuing it with superior qualities, even if he did not originate it. But woe to him if he fails. Bach is not today in disrepute because he composed a double fugue on a theme from Legrenzi. Everyone knows that Bach, represented in fifty volumes of compositions, was not entirely barren of ideas, however addicted to counterpoint. Nor has scandal enveloped the similarity between five bars in Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, eight bars in Mendelssohn's *Symphony in A Minor* and eight bars in Wagner's *Lohengrin*. So filled with music are the ears of composers that they are by no means always able to distinguish the sources of ideas, whether actually their own, or suggested by some unconscious mental record of another's work. To pause long enough to subject a fresh

(Continued on page 73)



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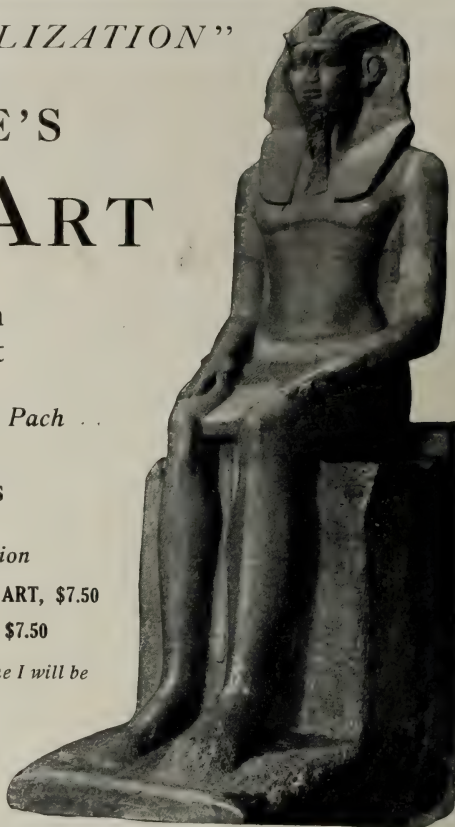
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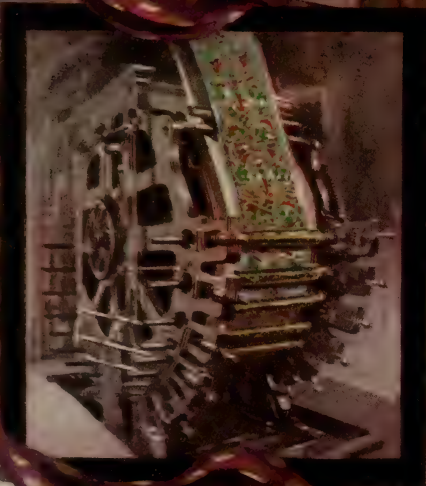
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Plagiarism and Original Sin

(Continued from page 70)

inspiration to a biological test is to lose it entirely, as a rule.

In musical comedy, now extraordinarily animated by dance rhythms, styles linger timidly, for market and psychological reasons, near established idioms. Imitation of melodies and methods of treatment is general, and continues to be as encouraged by managers as Cinderella plots. The smooth Viennese waters that took the sun from the romping *Fortune Tellers* and the perennially blithesome *Pinafores*, were routed by the choppy seas of the "revue." The flagship of the whole composer fleet has been commanded by Victor Herbert, whose imitators, many a squadron, have been left rather to the leeward and seldom have veered within hailing distance. The cry "Keep off my notes!" would have been lost in the breeze. Alluding to the crews flying the Jolly Roger, Mr. Herbert said recently, "Don't be too hard on them. Remember that originality is relative."

Whether there are enough unused themes to accommodate the composers of tomorrow is vexing the younger set at present, as it may have in Wagner's time. They begrudge the hardy though Victorian spirits of the eighteenth century those fair fields they found

unplowed, and talk as though the latter had established a sort of squatter sovereignty on the terrain of melody. What of the future—is it to be tuneless music or universal plagiarism? they wonder, no doubt forgetting that only individuals too weak to establish their own vogue need have dread of fashions.

It seems that the waves of plagiarism accompany prosperous musical times, when two or three brilliant writers soar far above mediocrity, acting powerfully upon the current of ideas. Into their mood are swept not only many willing proselytes but composers of sturdier stuff whose bells must be made to ring in key with the popular ensemble. There are so many extenuating circumstances in the creation of music that to evolve fixed rules to govern composers would be preposterous, but in the interests of art and for the encouragement of its more earnest sons and daughters, the finest ethical considerations should come to the support of the law which protects the inventor. If the price of not winking at the rogues of the masters is fewer and better composers it need cause no agitation; the Olympian wires will still hum with messages aplenty.



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Men, Women and Events in London

(Continued from page 17)

land is Sir Hickman Bacon, whose title dates from 1611, but Sir John Dashwood is described as "the premier baronet of Great Britain," indicating really that the title came to his family after the Act of Union between England and Scotland in 1707.

I have heard some baronets complain that they have no insignia of their rank, so that, when they go to a public dinner there is nothing about their garb to differentiate them from the waiters. They do not even receive the accolade from the King as do men who receive knighthood, an order which dates back to the fifth century. Baronetries began in the reign of James I., but until recently there was no official record so that there is doubt in some cases whether certain people who call themselves baronets are really entitled to do so.

TO escape the rawness and the cold of January and February a considerable section of our Mayfair population has hastened away to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean—though there are times during winter when the Riviera can be as wet and as gloomy as the Thames side. Of course there has been a rush to the winter sports in Switzerland, particularly the ever delightful St. Moritz, but which, I suspect, is thronged by society not so much because of the ski-ing and skating as because of the revels, the dinner parties, the fancy dress balls and the pace of life. For brilliant coloring the "sports clothes" worn by the women would be hard to beat even in a pantomime.

Mr. Lloyd George and a number of personal friends are down at Algeiras, the loveliest spot in Spain, whilst Mr. Chamberlain has taken his family for a few weeks to Morocco. One can get from London into the midst of oriental life in just four days. Mr. Churchill who has been given a compulsory rest from politics, by not being returned to Parliament, has taken a villa for six months at Cannes, and though he is supposed to be writing two books and painting pictures he and his wife are going to entertain a long string of celebrities, chiefly those who have made fame with pen and palette. Sir John Lavery and his pretty wife, who comes from Chicago, are staying with them at present.

All the fashionable resorts on the Riviera are crowded with English people, and the usual stories are coming back about the extortionate charges of the French hotel keepers.

THERE has just been opened at the British Museum a South American room. In it are to be

seen the collection made during seven years exploration by Mr. Alfred Maudsley in the central portion of South America between Chichen and Copan—with wonderful evidences of civilization which prevailed in the third century. It is declared that the carving of some of the pillars discovered beneath dense undergrowth is a rare work of art and that the outline of the figures is far in advance of anything found in Egypt.

In the centre of the room is a large round stone, eight feet high, in the mouth of which sits what looks like an Indian god. But this, it is said, was used, not as an idol, but as a sort of clock, one of these huge figures being set up every five years to mark the passing of time.

American art of seventeen hundred years ago is attracting much attention, though of course we are excited over the amazing discoveries by Lord Carnarvon of a high Egyptian civilization of well over three thousand years ago. The tomb of the kings under Thebes is like an Aladdin's palace, so exquisite is the jewelled work, the carvings, the couches, even the garments, probably the greatest "find" in modern times.

I understand that soon there will be considerable excavation of Palestine soil to seek explanation of many debatable points in Old Testament history. There is a proposal to open up the hill of Zion, the Jewish palaces and the tombs of David, Solomon and their successors. Further it is intended to explore Mesopotamia, the seat of the civilization that founded all the commercial systems of the world. At present the British Museum has a small party out there and there is one man acting jointly for an English and an American University.

RECENTLY it has been impossible for quiet, orderly men like myself to get along such thoroughfares as Oxford street—so thronged have they been with women peering into the windows and hustling through the doors of our great shops, similar to your department stores, because the "winter sales" have been in full blast.

We have a theory over here that women go to the clearance sales to buy things not because they want them, but because they believe they are cheap. There are even cynics who declare that drapery firms ostentatiously mark down prices though the prices are really just as high as in normal times. I have no knowledge how it is in New York; but in London we have only to murmur "sale"—it is like saying "rats" to a dog—and the women are off by

(Continued on page 76)



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- With Dry Skin** Cleansing and Massage Cream. Nourish with Eau Verte. Skin-toning Lotion, Special. Balm Rose. Novena Powder and Rouge en Creme.

Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream—cleans every pore thoroughly; soothes, softens and protects from exposure. \$1.00 and \$1.75.

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Men, Women and Events in London

(Continued from page 74)

the thousand jostling each other at the counter and undergoing inconveniences and expense if only they can return home, armed with something they have no need for and flushed with victory at having saved twopenny halfpenny (five cents) in the bargain scrimmage.

The other day I did take a walk in the Westend shopping region and, although there seemed to be almost heartrending sacrifices on the part of the shopkeepers, I could not get it out of my mind that even at "sales" there must be a profit, and that being so, what big profits some firms must make when there are no boomed "sacrifices"?

There has been developed in London a disease we call "sales neck," the result of much straining to look into the shop windows. There was one shop where two hundred ladies' tweed coats originally priced at ten dollars were being sold at three dollars and seventy-five cents, and wool cashmere waterproof coats could be purchased for seven dollars and fifty cents. In one shop window I was able to see—with apologies to the ladies who impeded my way—there were sealskin coats at twenty-five dollars, and real silver musquash coats at fifty-five dollars, which struck me as distinctly reasonable.

OUR architects have shown of late keen interest in the works of American architects. Indeed I foresee a boom in American style buildings in London. This will be helped by the competitive scheme of Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, an Englishman by birth who has had great success in architecture in the United States.

Mr. Bossom is sure we can do better than we do with our commercial buildings. So he has written to all the architectural institutions in Great Britain offering a silver medal to each of them for the best design each year of a commercial building.

In addition to the students sending in their drawings they will be expected to submit approximate statements of the cost of building and return upon the capital involved, indeed dealing with the whole thing as a business proposition. To the best of all the competitors Mr. Bossom is to give a gold medal and a travelling studentship to the United States, and on his return to England the student will prepare a report upon architectural development in America.

The old fetish that only Europe can provide classic architecture is disappearing. It is accepted that new countries, bringing a fresh intelligence and untrammelled by tradition, may have a good deal

to teach the older lands, especially in the economic construction of commercial buildings.

WE have a story of an American who, after looking at the imposing but gray pile of our valhalla, Westminster Abbey, observed: "What that place needs is a coat of whitewash." Well, we have not quite followed his advice, but there has been so much renovation and scrubbing of the stonework of the Henry VIIIth chapel that it might be thought we had.

There is something so majestically gloomy within the sacred pile that it is a little difficult to conceive that six or seven hundred years ago the interior of the Abbey was radiant with gilt and red. We are learning this slowly, for under the hands of experts, the grime of centuries is being removed and exquisite frescoes are being discovered. For instance, some of the old paint is being removed from the tombs of the Kings and beneath three or four coats the most delightful allegorical religious paintings are being found. It is noticed that the reds and the gold are well-preserved, though the same cannot be said of the blues and the whites. But what caused our distant ancestors to smother this loveliness with vulgar, ordinary paint is something, as Lord Dundreary said, in another connection, "no fellow can understand." The complete renovation of Westminster Abbey will take fourteen years.

THOSE of us who spend a good deal of our time in the region of the Houses of Parliament have been not a little entertained by the crowd of near one hundred and fifty Labor-Socialist-Communist members of the House of Commons. Of course, we do not eject properly elected Socialists from our legislature, as I believe has been done in less democratic countries than England. We just let them talk, blow off steam, thinking the more the public knows of their views the less likely it is to approve them.

When these gentlemen first came to the House they were the most oratorically valiant folk imaginable. When the King opened Parliament in the House of Lords one of them bawled: "We will soon sweep all this away." When a Minister said something which was not liked, a Socialist cried, "You dirty dog!" and when the House protested, added: "You are all dirty dogs,"—though the next day he was in sackcloth and ashes and full of apology, explaining, however, that was the kind of language cus-

(Continued on page 88)



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Cloisonné Burners of the
Chien Lung Period.
1736-1796.

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There is a welcome for you in these galleries. If you are seeking for some particular piece, we shall help you find it. You are sure of seeing many wonderful things you will covet and which will do no violence to your pocket book.



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Making Flowers Grow Where No Flowers Grew Before

By DOROTHY COCKS

HAVE you wondered, as I wondered for many years, just how much modern science can accomplish for the woman who is not born lovely? Suppose a famous society leader were naturally sallow. Would she resignedly stay sallow? Suppose a great actress were scrawny? Would she accept scrawniness forever?

No. But these are magnificent beings who rule their whole lives in a grand manner that seems unreal and unreachable to plainer folk. Do we have to accept sallowness and scrawniness? No. I have just talked for long and interesting hours with a famous skin-specialist. I have seen her work-rooms, her laboratories, her treatment-rooms, her exercise-rooms. I am awed at the science, the sound fundamental principles, of her method. I am fired with the enthusiasm that she brings to all her work. I am amazed at the results that she achieves. And mind you, these seeming miracles are not the extraordinary cases. They are the usual thing in her salon. That's the amazement of it! I come away convinced that any woman—you and I included—can be as lovely as we like! Isn't that like having the fairy wishes of our childhood?

Let me allay your fears. I am not going to tell you of peeling or injections, of skin cutting or cheek-lifting, or any of these radical and fearsome means of beauty.

"They are unnecessary," Elizabeth Arden told me. "Some of these operations are successful, I suppose. But I have seen many of them that wrought horrid results. Such drastic measures are too awful to go through, and the reward does not justify the strain and the risk. We can accomplish so much and so easily, just by building up from what a woman has."

"Too many women neglect their appearance for years, and then, terrified by the sight of wrinkles, they are willing to make these desperate efforts to regain in a day what they have been placidly losing for a decade. If I could teach every woman to *prevent* wrinkles, to *conserve* the firm, youthful strength of her contours, to *keep* the color and freshness of her youth! To care for these things while she still has them! It is so much easier to *prevent* and *conserve* and *keep* than it is to erase and restore. But that can be done, too, of course. It is amazing how responsive the tissues are to treatment even after years of flaccidity and starvation."

"That is what causes wrinkles, you know. Starvation. Little fine lines come because the skin

is not nourished. Circulation through the skin is easily impeded. Clothing, cold air—a dozen causes contribute to sluggishness in the flow of blood through the skin cells. And the skin starves as a result. The skin needs oil to keep it smooth and supple. Water, wind, some heavy crude powders—they dry the natural oils of the skin. It is plain—and sound, is it not?—that if we stimulate circulation by skilful patting and modeling, if we supply food in a delicate and penetrating cream, the skin will be free from fine lines, in spite of time? There, I have taught you something of my method!

"Deep lines and hollows come when the muscles underlying the skin are relaxed or shrivelled. They sag, and the cheeks sag, the chin grows flaccid and ugly, the contours of youth are gone. The muscles need nourishment to strengthen them and round them out; they need stimulus to make them firm; their elasticity must be restored. And so my treatment includes the use of a muscle oil, a special astringent, and patting to waken the muscle-cells and incite them to absorb the foods and to function as they did in youth."

"I had an interesting client a season or two ago. Her case was a little unusual, but it was typical, nevertheless. She was an actress, just past youth, talented, very much in earnest. She had been touring and the work and travel had made her very thin. She came to me as soon as she reached New York. She was to open in two weeks on Broadway. Her new part demanded that she wear décolleté. And she had hollows in her neck deep enough to lay two fingers in! She wanted me to inject paraffin to fill them out."

"I wouldn't, of course. I cannot believe in it. But I promised to make her plump and lovely, nevertheless. The time was so short that I asked her to come for treatments every day. For an hour every morning her neck and shoulders were patted and moulded with a rich, nourishing cream that I have always recommended for thinness and hollows. And she was transformed! Now she regards her occasional treatment just as we regard the regular visit to the dentist. And she follows my instructions and uses my preparations at home every day—just as you brush your teeth. Some day all women will come to have that same attitude toward visiting a skin-specialist."

"Do your treatments vary?" I ventured.

"Yes! Every skin needs cer-

(Continued on page 94)

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Silk's Romantic History

BACK of the modern expression of silk lies a distinguished history, older, perhaps, than any other written record in civilization. Our first accounts of the fibre come from China, and it is significant that its earliest record is in the form of a myth. A myth is the graceful acknowledgement that fact has been lost in the vista of years. And there are times when a myth means more than a dry recitation of dates and names, since it expresses a spiritual as well as a material reality. Curiously, most histories vary in their selection of the particular myth with which to start a story of silk.

In 2800 B.C. the Emperor Shen Nung, inventor of the plow, began the cultivation of the mulberry tree. It seems difficult to believe that any one would cultivate a mulberry tree except to feed a silkworm, and as the mulberry tree was wild, it was not necessary to cultivate it unless the number of silkworms requiring the leaves had been artificially stimulated.

In 2602 B.C. another hazy emperor, Huang Ti, the mythical inventor of numbers, music and the loom, entrusted to his wife, Lei Tsu, the investigation of the rearing of the silkworm. She it is who is now worshipped as Yuen Fei—"Goddess of Silkworms."

In 2200 B.C., however, a more accurate record occurs. Silk was paid as tribute by a Chinese emperor to some potentate in North-western India, and probably was paid to him for protection of the old caravan routes. This latter record is as accurate as a bill of lading would be today. And it may safely be conjectured from these facts that some time prior to the earliest date began the art of silk culture; spinning and weaving were highly developed.

A series of accidents disclosed the fact that the silk cocoon from which the moth had not emerged was a continuous thread and therefore much stronger and more elastic than the short fibres that could be separated from the open cocoon.

FROM China the art spread to Khotan (modern Thibet), and from there to Persia and later to India. Discoveries in the ruined city of Turfan in Turkistan made by A. Von LeCoq and Stein are illuminating in their evidence of intercourse between Far and Near East at a very early date. Here met the traders from the Levant with the merchants of old China. This city of sand, the shelter of nomadic tribes, was once a cosmopolitan market place, the home of culture, refinement, the centre of vigorous life. Here on wall paintings of exquisite delicacy are portrayed the Buddhist priests in conference with Manchurian Christian monks. In these ruins were discovered frag-

ments of beautiful textures, of linen, wool and silk, that are dated somewhere between the First and Fifth Century of the Christian era.

In silk, Japan is comparatively modern. It was introduced in 195 A.D., and was no doubt spun and woven through the primitive textile methods that then existed in Japan. A hundred years later the Chinese technique and Chinese designs were introduced by an exiled Chinese prince.

The story of how two Nestorian monks brought silkworm eggs and mulberry seeds to the Court of Justinian in Constantinople has rather too strong a literary flavor for credence. But silk, the fibre, was known in Europe ever since the memorable march of Alexander of Macedon. Aristotle speaks of it, and while perhaps a little hazy as to its true nature, the charm of the fibre impressed itself upon the great philosopher and other classical authors.

WE set perhaps an exaggerated value upon the arts of the Orient and many a dress and many a room has been in bad taste through the barbaric intrusion of the bizarre loom. When silk first came into Europe, it came into contact with a people who had not only a great art but one that was to them entirely satisfactory. So while they accepted the fibre with enthusiasm and paid for it in coined gold and the lives of men, they did not entirely accept the design. On the Island of Cos, in the Mediterranean, there sprang up a very curious industry, or, in the light of modern criticism, an art? Here the bolts of silk from the Orient were carefully unravelled and re-dyed and rewoven into designs and textures more suitable to the taste of the people.

In the Twelfth Century, Norman Roger, the outlaw king of Sicily, kidnapped Corinthian weavers and brought them to Palermo. This was a most successful act of barbarism; and Sicilian textures occupy not only an important place today in museum collections, but won in their time a ready acceptance in Europe. A little later we read of a Bishop of Evreux purchasing a vestment of Sicilian texture. Silk played a vital part in the artistic and commercial life of the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages.

To the Alps, Italy owed a desirable isolation from barbarous Northern Europe. She retained remnants of classical culture and was subjected to the stimulation of Oriental contact. It was this security that invited commerce, and it was commerce that encouraged art. There is a record that Venice knew silk as early as the Sixth Century, but it is certain in the Tenth Century there was in this city a flourishing trade in silk.



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Silk More Than a Commodity

An Authoritative Note on the International Silk Exposition

By CHARLES CHENEY



T is well that ARTS & DECORATION should take note of the Silk Exposition.

New York is surfeited with exhibitions and with calls upon its attention and interest from every conceivable quarter. It hardly casts a passing glance upon some of the most important events which transpire within its borders, and yet when the First International Silk Exposition opened its doors two years ago New York flocked to see it and each visitor, delighted and bewildered by the absorbing interest and beauty of the scene, went out to send back his friends, and they came in such crowds that, many times, the doors had to be shut, leaving thousands in the street unable to gain admittance.

The reason is clear. Silk is more than a mere commodity. Its making is an art and its uses are all interwoven with art. Its historical background is full of poetry and tradition and it, perhaps more than any other thing known and used by man, lends itself to artistic treatment. It is beautiful itself and it adds beauty to whatever or whomever it adorns. There is no other medium which gives such depth, fire and brilliancy to color, or which can at need show color in such a hazy suggestion of dreamy opalescence. The very name of silk is a word to conjure with and literature as well as art would be greatly impoverished without it.

America is known throughout the world as the country of marvelous development in all things material and practical. We are famed for the perfection of our mechanical devices and our productive organization. Our financial and mercantile structure is a world marvel, but we have not yet

won our laurels and proved our right to a place in the front rank in the field of Art and the higher planes of intellectual development. We, of course, have had and have today great intellects among us, but that is not enough. We not only must produce artists and thinkers but we must become an artistic and a thinking people. That is why there is significance in the building up of a great American silk industry. It means artistic creation on a great scale and brings to its creation the co-operation of an army of our citizens.

We silk men are glad to have the public have a chance to get just a little glance of an insight in the wonders of our trade; to have them realize something of the scope and varied interest that it has.

It is worth while for the lady to see that the making of her dress has called into play various factors from all over the world. It should interest her to feel that its maker has had to study the products and the markets of far off Asia for his raw materials, and fashion centers of Europe for his guidance in creating designs and styles; that he has had to select, develop and change what he has received from the ends of the earth to adapt and fit it to American needs; that he has had to create and control a great complex organization which calls into play pretty much all that science and art have to contribute.

The silk business is of the most varied interest and the silk man's life is one of the most absorbing and exacting that can be imagined. We know that we still have much to accomplish but we feel proud of our advance and we are glad to let the American people see what we have done and what we are doing.

The Italian Loggia and Cortile

(Continued from page 19)

afterthought that was never really assimilated.

Despite the intelligent efforts of the most capable domestic architects of the present day, who have contrived in our native modes some highly acceptable treatments of a frequently troublesome feature, the uncompromising type of verandah still obtrudes its impertinent irrelevance on the sight in a vast number of cases. The desire for a sheltered open air place in which to sit is altogether laudable and an element to be reckoned with. The general solution still remains to be worked out.

In adopting the principle of the cortile and loggia it is not at all necessary that we should commit

ourselves to a specifically Italian mode of architectural expression. The principle is the important thing to grasp and assimilate. How Sir Christopher Wren did it successfully is to be seen in the courtyard of Hampton Court. Dozens of other equally satisfactory examples might be adduced. If one prefers to eliminate the cortile and have structure in a compact block, it is feasible to incorporate a loggia within the exterior of the house so that the sense of constructional propriety is not offended. Waiving the opportunities of composition disclosed by the Italian manner, we can still use the principle in conjunction with our traditional modes.

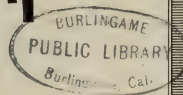
The Return to Real Artistic Labor

JUST after the war there was one of the severest outbreaks on record of the illusion that you can write or paint with your soul without the base aid of any technical skill. We do not know that anyone set up as a soloist on the fiddle on the strength of this exclusively spiritual qualification, says the Manchester Guardian. But almost exactly parallel exhibitions of courage in the practice of other arts were freely offered to the public for some time. The poet too imperiously inspired to make his lines scan, the painter rapt above drawing and composition, let themselves go for a couple of years. Indeed, they received a good deal of countenance from critics who had no youth to excuse them.

Some of these, not, perhaps, being wholly sure about the fundamentals themselves, may have feared to get left if they should have failed to applaud, from the first, what might turn out to be an important new movement for all that they knew. Others extended a kind of affectionate charity much in vogue at the time: after all, most of the new dispensers with method were young, and youth was enormously in favor at the time—it had got the hardest gruelling in the war and had come out with credit, and as age had not shone very brilliantly during that business there was a fond general impulse to cocker youth up and to say that in art and in everything else it was the time of life when a man really knew how to do things, and that now it was certainly going to start everything afresh and better, on lines that the old men could never have thought of.

Like all lapses into sentimentalism, this was rather cruel in effect, though not in intention. The war years and the first post-war years brought such a measure of intellectual disablement, or danger of disablement, on young artists as those of no previous generation had suffered, at least from similar causes.

In the arts a natural response was a rather boisterous outburst of eccentricity—weak because it is the peculiarity of high artistic power to be generated only by highly-skilled wrestling with technical difficulties; eccentric because a labored effort at unexpectedness is almost inevitably the refuge of an artist who finds that he cannot make ordinary things interesting. It shows the extraordinary recuperative power of the mind of youth that in art it is now working valiantly out of that period of confused valuations and underrated difficulties into a revived sense of the wonder and glory and indispensableness of workmanship.



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The Worm that Turned the World

(Continued from page 13)

when the king of Ta-tsin An-tun (Syria) sent an embassy from the frontier of Jui-Nan (Annan) offering ivory, rhinoceros horns and tortoise shell. From that time dates the direct intercourse with this country."

THE Chinese explorers were shrewd, diplomatic, truth-loving gentlemen. Their accounts of journeys given to their superiors in Peking were so accurate that once the difficulty of translation was overcome by European scholars, it is possible to define the peoples, the countries, the rivers and oceans they describe. For example, ostrich eggs must obviously have come from a people in direct contact with Africa, and storax was a gum gathered only in the Levant. But the entire problem centered around the translation of the word Ta-tsin, and this was cleared up by the account of the Nestorian monks, who said in reply to a question of the Chinese emperor in the sixth century, "We come from the place where the Messiah is born; the name of this place is Fulin, and it lies in the country known to you as Ta-tsin." This, of course, means the Holy Land, and includes almost all of Asia Minor, so far as China was concerned.

A partial list of materials exchanged between China and Ta-tsin, and other adjacent regions, indicates a very amazing commerce. Besides precious metals it includes white horses, tortoise shell, black bears, the bird of nine colors, king fisher gems, ivory pearls, ten colors of opaque glass, amber, jade, five colors of rugs, curtains, woven with gold, damasks, asbestos cloth and the gem that gleamed at night. The asbestos cloth seems to have afforded the novelty-loving Chinamen considerable diversion. They were constantly experimenting to see if this fabric really was fireproof. In many of these accounts, the Chinese explorers mention the fact that silk was spun by the native from the wild tussah moth and in one instance at least, they record that the natives were engaged in the cultivation of mulberry trees and the rearing of silk worms. This suggests a still earlier contact with China than we have any record of. They mention also the weaving of the hair of water sheep into cloth which is called Hai-pu cloth from the west of the sea. They may here refer to cotton which was apparently unknown to the Chinese, until somewhere between the third and fifth century of the Christian Era. Certain curious facts often emphasized in Hirth's excellent work lead me to the conclusion that the Chinese learned at least as many variable

crafts from this intercourse as they taught.

Chinese silk was almost always referred to as a plain white fabric. The Mediterranean peoples, unravelled and re-dyed it and wove it into patterns of their own design, and in colors that suited their own fancies. For they had an advanced culture, a glorious afterglow of the classic Greece and this perhaps made them unwilling to accept design from outside sources. There is constant mention as well, of "embroidery" in gold and silver and on rugs, especially among the Parthians. This suggests at least that the Chinese gentlemen did not understand pattern weaving, design created in the loom, and gave to it a name of a craft that was familiar in China, i.e., embroidery. The older pictures of Chinese sages, shows them wearing plain robes, not unlike the Roman toga with embroidered edges. On the other hand the people of Asia Minor were and still are the most adroit of pattern weavers. The Jacquard looms of Europe and America, are still copying the designs developed in this restricted area. In earlier Chinese technical pictures there appear many looms from the simplest plain type to a highly complicated device, showing a boy operating a mass of cords from a platform above the loom itself. Such a wealth of pictorial material, suggests that they are illustrating new devices, the fruits of their observation in foreign lands. The most complicated Chinese loom, the one that I have described with the attendant sprite supported above it, bears a close technical resemblance to the Jacquard loom of today. It may have been the source of French Jacquard's invention in the 18th century. Surely people who are themselves pattern weavers, would not refer to rugs or metal brocades as needlework, and it is difficult to understand why the earlier Chinese silks should be almost always plain in texture, unravelled, dyed and rewoven in the western world, or why the Chinese explorers, so often mention the arts of embroidery, where it is almost certain they refer to woven patterns.

THERE is no question that history, viewed through a sufficient perspective, softens in its harsher outlines. Yet, I cannot refrain from the observation that China in the days of her might, seems a peaceful people, intent on trade that produced mutual wealth and created cordial understanding. There is no clash of arms, no madness of conquest, no insensate greed; so that the trade routes were free from robbers, so

(Continued on page 86)

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The Worm that Turned the World

(Continued from page 84)

that the walled towns were comfortable and secure resting places for her great caravans coming to and fro, she was apparently content. Neither religious differences, nor lust for power tipped with venom her weapons. At the dawn of history we find her giving the world silk. She is still, for all her eternal agony, doing the same thing.

The complete history no man will ever know. We can only trace back through the vague centuries to the even more indistinct ages the history of this fibre. The character, scope, the inspiration of its crude beginnings, we can not surely define. All that we can see clearly is that silk has been an object of commerce, a treasured possession, an invaluable aid to the culture and commerce of many people for thousands of years. Nations that were great when silk first left the boundaries of its home, have passed from the memory of man. Cities reared in pride and walled in security are now the pavilion of the dancing, frozen sands; still silk sways the commerce, the whims, the friendly arts, of all the world, and China still bears her part in supplying to her myriad customers this product of a worm spinning a dressing-room for a moth. It will always be a problem that fascinates the scholar and the patient investigator. The rich discoveries in the deserts of Turfan, in the caves of the thousand Buddhas, and the endless archives of the Chinese court, will from time to time bring to light, fresh facts that will carry the investigator backward and still backward into an ever-receding past.

It is not unlike the problems of maize and cotton in the New World. We find cotton from the coast of the Argentine Republic into the highlands of Utah, and maize, Indian corn, even further south and up to the shores of Hudson Bay. Many myths have been made to account for the origins of these two vital staples of the New World and many scholarly theories advanced. Still to the last, we come to the point where we must say with honesty, "More we do not know."

IT is the same with silk. This fibre was responsible for first important contacts through Asia, which were the basis of the first great civilizations, it established relations between the vigorous civilization of the Mediterranean basin and the polished culture of China. It was responsible in no small measure for the volatile energy in the 15th century, a by-product of which was the discovery of the New World, and the direct fruits the opening of an all-water route to India.

Today it still functions, bringing wealth to Lyons and Paterson, furnishing a living to hundreds of thousands of farmers in Japan, China and Italy, and making the gallery of the last international tennis match and the ballrooms of this season, pageants of charm and beauty. For all its countless centuries of age, it is still new, still peerless, and when the civilizations we know today have passed down the long road, silk will hold its primacy among the textile fibres.

Silk now is transported in swift ships across the Pacific and there are silk expresses from the ports of Oregon and California, direct to the mills in the East. But the oldest routes were land routes across the breadth of Asia and finally to the shores of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

At a later date, there was a southern road through Siam and India, ending in Calcutta. But the oldest route lay along the northern fringe of Turkestan, across India and ended in Persia or the old cities of Damascus, Antioch and Petra. Starting in the industrial looms of China, winding up the rampart of her hills over perilous mountain pass, by glacier's rim, ice eternal and the bitter, stinging sand, across the very roof beams of the world, down into the Alpine pastures of Persia and so into the cities that knew the glory of Eastern Caesar. This was silk's road, the road of beauty.

AS Europe increased in wealth and culture, the demand for silk grew with it. Trade through the Italian cities, Venice, Amalfi, Florence and Genoa, supplied by the Mohammedan masters of the western ends of the trade routes, furnished our ancestors with these priceless webs. As early, however, as the 12th century, Roger of Sicily, thriftiest of monarchs, brought to his capital from Asiatic Greece, weavers and silk farmers not a few. For a century or more, Palermo was famous for her silken fabrics, copies in texture and pattern of the still older Sassanian webs.

Italy also made some assay in producing raw silk and the Moors brought the art into Spain in the 12th century. In the time of Francois I, the French induced craftsmen and farmers to leave Italy and settle in Tours, but not until Henry IV's great minister Sully, lined the road with mulberry trees and the wealth of France opened a promising market, did the French silk manufacture assume something of its present importance. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a severe blow, since it drove hundreds of thousands of skilled workers to

(Continued on page 88)

Animal Actors in a New French Film

BÊTES—comme les hommes is the title—does it veil a satiric meaning?—of a new film soon to be shown in France, in which every actor is an animal. This extraordinary tour de force, which is due to the painstaking work of M. Alfred Machin, famous for his photographs and moving pictures of wild animals, and M. Henri Wulchleger, has occupied the authors for a period of two years and required—one always mentions material details when writing about moving pictures—the construction of special scenery, motor cars, railroad trains, and other properties on a scale with the diminutive actors.

Bêtes—comme les hommes tells the love story of Jim Bull, a bulldog, and Elaine, a little terrier, and with characteristic French wit, the authors have not failed to indulge in a wealth of sly travesty of the ordinary cinematographic "stunts." The love affair is progressing smoothly toward matrimony when the villain enters, one Willy Fox, who is described succinctly as a "snob accompli," and who is also a fox terrier.

He teaches Elaine "*l'art de fox-trotter*," and Elaine abandons her faithful Jim Bull and marries the too, too charming Willy. The wedding scenes are triumphs of animal training. Rabbits as coachmen manœuvre the conveyances with easy nonchalance. Chickens, rabbits, and dogs are guests at a wedding luncheon, and there is even a speech at which the guests yawn dismally.

But Jim Bull is not inclined to yield gracefully. He bursts in upon the newly married couple, drives Willy ignominiously away, while Elaine flees to the railway station and goes in search of him. The engine-driver is a dog. Jim Bull conceals himself on the train and turns a switch, which sends the train into the wilderness of Toggar where Titinéa, Queen of the Monkeys, reigns.

The inhabitants of Toggar are cannibals. The train is wrecked. A luckless chicken, which happens to be a passenger, is seized, slain, and roasted on the spot. Elaine is cast into a dungeon. A serpent is loosed upon her, but she escapes into the jungle. The implacable Jim Bull pursues her and when she seeks refuge in a tree trunk, casts tree and all to the bottom of a ravine where—fetched by the long arm of coincidence in true moving-picture fashion—Willy Fox is passing, in quest of his bride.

Jim Bull springs upon the reunited couple and again drives off the recreant husband. Elaine abandons the timid Willy and espouses the faithful if somewhat turbulent Jim.

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The Worm that Turned the World

(Continued from page 86)

the Netherlands and England. James I of England attempted to develop in the isles of mist and business acumen, a native silk industry. This had a reflection in the Virginian colonies, where a bounty of tobacco was paid for silk growing and reeling, and there are extant even today, a few yards of fabric grown, reeled, spun and woven in America. In the early 19th century there was a miniature Mississippi bubble of silk culture in this country. Thousands of trees were imported and there was much speculation in silk worm eggs. All that we have to remind us of this period are a few mulberry trees now grown to gigantic size, scattered about the Eastern States.

The Jesuits were more successful in Central America. In 1530 they taught the art of rearing silk worms and reeling cocoons to the natives. These people were already skilled textile workers in cotton and found apparently little difficulty in mastering the subtleties of the finer fibre.

IN 1550 the product from the Colonial looms was so well received in Spain, that the weavers and merchants of the old country protested to the Spanish court. The Spanish court, to their honor, refused to legislate against the Colonies. The local governors, however, were not so particular, and they levied so heavy a burden of taxes that in a single night, so the story runs, five hundred thousand mulberry trees were destroyed to avoid paying the impost. Still today a remnant survives and the natives of Guatemala and Costa Rica have an independent silk industry. This may in time interest the lords of the hungry looms in America.

Today the chief sources of raw material are in the order of their

importance, Japan, China and Italy. The need for standardized raw material for our swift and accurate machinery has given the modernized Jap a great advantage over his Chinese rival. This advantage, however, may disappear in the near future. Japan is increasing her consumption of raw material and the American manufacturer is doing all in his power to aid China so as to free him from the danger of a monopoly of an essential raw material held by a competitor.

America leads the world in the amount of raw silk consumed. Over seventy per cent of the world's visible supply shipped from the Orient, eventually comes to American mills. In the last twenty years, the improvement in qualities, design, workmanship, dyeing, etc., has been so great, that with the exception of a small percentage of hand-woven textures from France and Italy and England, we lead the world, and if conditions were staple in Europe, we could compete favorably for the world's market in standard fabrics. Our future is certain if we maintain only the same ratio of advance during the next generation that the past decade has seen.

Many men and women have given to silk, beauty, technical skill, broadened usage, increased production. Even America, the latest of the great silk countries, for all our other problems of growth, has added her quota to the sum that was great when Caesar ruled. Yet, after we pay each debt, after we recognize each genius of art, of commerce, of mechanics, in the long end, back we come to the almond-eyed hunter, in the morning world, seeking and finding the lightest, the strongest, the most elastic of materials for a bow cord—silk.

Men, Women and Events in London

(Continued from page 76)

tomary among his dock-side constituents.

We allow the freest interruption and heckling at our public meetings and, of course, in the House of Commons Cabinet Ministers are often subjected to a tornado of contradiction. At first our Socialist friends, all bunched together, treated every speaker with whom they disagreed as a pap-brained ass. For the first time in their lives they had to listen to the other side. The fun was when they slowly came to realize that interruption was not argument and that other men could actually bowl them over in debate—with general chuckling at their discomfiture. So all this

offensiveness ceased and their conduct became so respectable as to be dull.

All London members are not horny-handed sons of toil. There are aristocrats like Mr. Arthur Ponsonby who was a page to Queen Victoria and who had King Edward as godfather, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, grandson of Lord Macaulay the historian, two members of the most learned club in the world, the Athenaeum, one of them wearing a monocle and a king's counsel, who as a lawyer makes \$150,000 a year. Mr. H. G. Wells tried to get into Parliament as representative of London University, but he was stuck at the bottom of the poll.



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A Little Book Shall Lead Them

By BENJAMIN DECASSERES

The Magic of Men

I HAVE heard of Frazer and "The Golden Bough" all my life—or nearly so. But the formidable array of volumes which constitute the original of that monumental work dedicated to the study of magic and religions has always shooed me off of the intellectual premises.

Now we have the treasure that thousands of us have waited for. "The Golden Bough," in one volume (The Macmillan Company). Condensed into 751 pages, this is a book that so far as I am concerned is one of the theoretical ten that I would take with me if I was certain of being wrecked on a desert island for five years (which I know will happen sooner or later in my life because my wife says there is a wreck line in my hand).

"The Golden Bough" is named for one of Turner's pictures. "The scene suffused with the golden glow of imagination in which the divine mind of Turner steeped and transfigured even the fairest natural landscape is a dream-like vision of the little woodland lake of Nemi—'Diana's Mirror,' as it was called by the ancients." From this point Sir James Frazer starts to investigate the curious legend of this lake. It leads him through a labyrinthine study of all the magical and curious religious rites of the ages—the saga of man's sublimity, cruelty, cruelty and mythomania.

Do you believe in tree-spirits? Do you believe in the magical control of rain, the magical control of the sun, incarnate human gods? What do you know about taboos? Why do tribes have scapegoats? How do you kill the corn-spirit? What is the origin of Hallowe'en?

"The Golden Bough" is the history of the human imagination. After you read it you'll see what fools we mortals be—and then some.

Henry's Book

MY personal opinion about Henry Ford doesn't matter. I find that personal opinion in America is dying out. We have only group-opinions. I used to believe this and that—or was it that and this? Now I am so busy making week-ends meet that I delegate all my thinking to others. The individual withers and the "bull" is more and more.

So I picked up "My Life and Work," by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Page & Co.) without any feelings at all about the richest man in the world. Twenty years ago the Croesus of Detroit was a poor man. Presto! Today he is so rich that he is to me nothing but a symbol. I know he

pays his workmen well. And he wants to be President. Why not? He is a representative American. A war may break out while he is President and he may develop into another Lincoln.

Samuel Crowther has done a good piece of work in this book. In simple, plain, unbuttoned English he has shown how Henry Ford produces the goods, how Henry Ford continues to flourish and why Henry Ford should go to Heaven. For my part, I think he should. But, Sam and Henry, I won't be there to meet you. I have business elsewhere.

From Henry to George

FROM Henry Ford to George Santayana is a big step. I swing from Detroit to pagan Olympus, ladies and gentlemen, without an effort—for, as the hero says in "The Seventh Heaven," I am a very remarkable fellow.

Santayana makes sentences stuffed with thought. Henry would probably not consider George a great man. In return, George would probably not ride in Henry's cars, as George uses the old sea-going backs of Aphrodite and the car of Diana.

Charles Scribner's Sons have lately reprinted many of Santayana's essays. They are caviar—that is to say, not for you and me, who cannot fly higher than Doctor Crane. But I have lately taken a liking to plain brains untrammelled by sentiment or emotion—a sign of decadence, I admit. In "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" I find such subjects discussed as understanding, imagination, mysticism, the Homeric hymns, the dissolution of paganism, platonic love, the absence of religion in Shakespeare (fancy that, Hedda!), Emerson, and so on.

The style of Santayana is restrained, scholarly, poetic, chaste. He is without doubt a decadent—a man, living sequestered from the world in Oxford, I think, who regards the world as a spectacle. There is a sly envy of such men—that festers in the heart of all of us. But George Santayana is one of those divine snobs—like Edgar Saltus, Ambrose Bierce and Walter Pater. Has he taken the easiest way out of the Whole Bally Business? I'll say so. George had the nerve to do what I was too cowardly to do—run away from life. Only supermen dare do that!

Alarums! Tocsin!

COMES Alexander Woolcott with "Shouts and Murmurs" (The Century Co.). He shouts and murmurs, sometimes cooes, and often trills.

(Continued on page 95)



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The Magic of Silk Mechanics

THE city of Paterson, New Jersey, produces more silk than any city in the entire world. However, a great many silk centres grew up about the steel mills in Pennsylvania. Here there was no employment for women and the silk mill came as a practical answer to periodical unemployment. Unlike textile centres in Europe, there was no traditional aptitude among these people for mill work. It was, therefore, essential that the American machine be highly developed and require, comparatively speaking, little attention. This placed a very high premium on expert management and also encouraged American machine makers to devote their ingenuity to the invention and perfection of labor-saving machinery of miraculous delicacy, speed and perfection.

The first attention of the industry was unquestionably directed towards cheap and medium-priced standard merchandise, but it was very early discovered that a little attention given to the training of labor and the creation of conditions that made for permanent employment developed quality. A few years before the war a courageous group of concerns in this country began to specialize on quality and style fabrics.

These pioneers soon felt the need for exclusive designs. That had a direct relationship to conditions and sentiments in America. And so the American design artist grew with the industry.

mountains, on teak wood junks with painted sails idly floating on placid Chinese rivers, silk is brought from its myriad homes to be stored in the holds of swift ocean steamships. And so the bankers of today carry forward the traditions that were old when Europe was young. They are the lineal descendants of the merchant princes who in the East and in the West control the old caravan routes leading from China across the Himalayas and divide over the frozen sands of Turkestan into Persia, finally ending on the shores of the Mediterranean. These narrow paths, worn in ruts by the soft feet of countless camels, were called the Roads of Silk.

ANOTHER set of men, no less earnest, no less important, see in the marvel of modern machinery, swift as light, accurate as a watch and more delicate than the human hand, the focus of interest. The confused arrangement of wheels, cogs, cylinders, wires, belts and carefully seasoned wood are to this group but the logical development of the tools that were old when Pekin was a tiny village of barbarous savages. There is the chemist, who with alchemy more subtle than romance, transforms the turgid refuse of coke oven and gas house, the produce of tropical forests and other apparently foreign substances into radiant, resplendent color. There is the decorator and the dressmaker, the designer and the artist, who combine and use, justify and control ultimately all of these processes.

PROPERLY presented, industry is the most interesting subject. It is the art and science of human genius, reacting from natural forces. All exhibitors at the current International Silk Exposition have a common general interest, but each concentrates on some particular phase. One man sees it in terms of international finance, the coordination of modern banking systems with the age-old methods of barter and exchange of the Orient. To him silk is a series of calculations involving raw fibre in thousands of miles and thousands of tons of ocean freights. Nor is this field lacking in romance. At one end is a palatial and conventional modern banking office with the latest devices for gathering and recording information, gauges of credit and exchange; at the other end lie the sleepy Old World villages of Italy, Japan and China, rich in the patina of the centuries and richer in the traditions of the ages. Along the flowered roadways of old Japan on the broad backs of cheerful carriers, on gaily caparisoned mules from the Italian

SEVENTY per cent of the raw silk exported from the Orient is spun and woven in the United States. Approximately 150,000 men and women are employed in our silk mills. The money value of this product was in 1919 over three-quarters of a billion dollars. The history of silk in America dates from before the Revolution. But the greatest development has come during the last generation, as is proven by the brief record of the Silk Association of America. This is the oldest industrial association in continuous existence in the United States. It was founded in 1870 with 86 establishments, employing 6,649 workmen, with 1,251 looms and 12,040 spindles. In 1919, the last year of which the official statistics are complete, the Association contained 1,318 members employing 142,444 workmen, spent \$174,680,000 in wages and salaries, and employed 98,889 looms exclusive of ribbon looms and special jacquards and 3,307,481 spindles.

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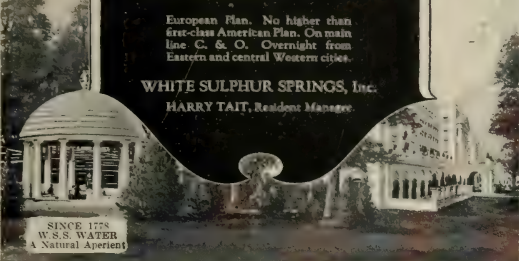
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Illustrated Catalogue A.

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Silk in France and America

LOUIS IX, sometimes known as Louis the Fox, of France, imported from Genoa, Venice and Florence master weavers, and established them in Tours factories, but the raw silk was still imported from Italy and Spain until 1495.

During the reign of Charles VIII the mulberry tree and the silkworm were imported, and different French monarchs, in the midst of their barbarous amusements and tribulations, paid some small attention to silk-culture, but the religious intolerance that terminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew brought all their efforts to defeat.

Henry of Navarre, one of the greatest monarchs the world has ever produced, and Sully, a great minister, did much to restore this great industry. Sully it was who planted mulberry trees along all the state roads in Southern France; and James I of England, with native Scotch subtlety, imported ten thousand mulberry trees that were sold at three farthings each in an effort to encourage silk cultivation in the British Isles. One of these trees enjoyed an enviable distinction. It was planted at Stratford-on-Avon by William Shakespeare, and was later made into a chair for the great actor, Garrick.

THE most successful attempt at the cultivation of silk in the New World has received comparatively little attention. It is the only one of many that has survived all adverse conditions up to the present time. In 1530 the Jesuit priests introduced the cultivation of the silkworm and the mulberry tree in Central America

and Mexico. Within a generation this had become so important an industry that raw silk and woven textures were exported from Central America to Spain, and this aroused the destructive enmity of Spanish growers and merchants; and they passed such drastic legislation for the colonies that in a single night the natives cut down five hundred thousand mulberry trees to avoid the payment of taxes.

During the reign of James I unsuccessful attempts were made to establish silk culture in Virginia. Premiums in tobacco were paid to every farmer who would grow a few pounds of cocoons, and a reeling house was established in Virginia. However, silk as a native craft existed and the inaugural dress of Mrs. Washington was made of native silk, woven on a hand loom and decorated with painted native flowers. In the National Museum in Washington there is a small fragment of silk ribbon woven by a French weaver in Rhode Island. It was used as trimming in the coach of President Jefferson.

The first mill established in America was in Mansfield, Conn., in 1810, and the first Jacquard loom was imported by William H. Horstman in Philadelphia in 1824. During the early thirties a speculation in mulberry trees in America assumed almost the dimensions of the Mississippi bubble. But this led indirectly to the formation of the first Cheney mill at Mount Nebo, in South Manchester, in January, 1838. The remaining history of silk in America is involved with our general economic development and artistic growth.

Flowers Where No Flowers Grew

(Continued from page 79)

tain of the fundamental preparations, and the same basic care, patting, toning, moulding, nourishing. But much of the treatment of the skin depends upon its natural texture and health, and its specific requirements.

"I have a new treatment that is attracting attention everywhere. I named it *Après l'Été* when I first began giving it in the fall. For everyone wanted it then to remove the sallow vestiges of tan and sunburn. But its greatest use is not seasonal. It clarifies the skin, banishes all discolorations, moth patches and brown spots that betray an acid condition of the blood. Its effect is quite amazing. It absolutely rejuvenates a faded skin. One's complexion is truly like 'rose leaves steeped in milk' after an *Après l'Été*.

"I have a different Masque treatment, too, that tones and invigorates the skin. I prescribe it

oftenest for a relaxed oily skin with pores distended and overactive, or with eruptions or the coarseness that follows eruptions."

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A Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 91)

Alexander "gets the goat" of George Jean Nathan. George gets the goats of the theatrical managers. And so we are all amused. Personally, in the matter of theatrical criticism, I never read anybody but George Jean. I do not agree with him half the time, but I feel that when I read him I am not reading a pen paralyzed by the slayers of critics, Circulation and Advertising.

"Shouts and Murmurs" is such an interesting book that my wife has been reading it to me aloud for three nights running. I have had no rest. She has become a Woolcott "fan." So I get Alexander second hand. I rather like the way he is not afraid to air his emotions in public. He refuses to fake the "judicious" bunk. He even weeps over certain plays. So do I—but for other reasons.

In the book there is everything from "Fogg's Ferry" to the "Chauve-Souris." I hate to agree with him (I hate to agree with anybody) on Eugene O'Neill, but I do. My wife will read to me the final chapters tomorrow night. It is entertaining stuff.

St. John G. Ervine

I THOUGHT Ervine's "John Ferguson" one of the greatest plays I had ever seen. Nothing like it had moved me—just that way—since the memorable day I came across Thomas Hardy. Ervine had the vision of the seers. Life is a drama of Fatality. In writing, that is all ye need to know. Beauty is the aesthetics of fatality (that's a profound thought, brethren).

I am looking through Mr. Ervine's "Some Impressions of Elders" (the Macmillan Company). These are essays on men that are worth while—George William Russell ("A.E."), Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and W. B. Yeats.

Of George Moore he says, "He believes in private property, but not in private feelings." One day he was with Moore when the latter demanded the impeachment of Mr. Asquith, the restoration of the Coronation Oath and the abolition of all dogs.

Mr. Ervine paid a visit to George Bernard Shaw (everybody does). He says Shaw is a shy and nervous man, singularly humble-minded and sincere, very courageous and full of quick, penetrating vision. He can insult people without hurting their feelings. We read everything we can about Shaw because he is a paradox—which is the crowd's definition of a mountebank.

Galsworthy loves justice like an English gentleman. "Billy"

Yeats is a queer fish—being a poet he has a right to be. All poets are eels or devil-fish. What is it Baudelaire's mother says about the birth of a poet? I've forgotten, but maybe Dr. Stratton can recall.

If you are interested in geniuses, this is a book for you. If you are not, I don't understand you.

Japanese Fairies

IF you have followed my pen for the last ten years you've noticed that fairy books are my hobby. You may believe in the stock tables. Give me the divine hokum of children.

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British Sporting Artists

HERE is a book that will interest every sportsman ("British Sporting Artists—from Barlow to Herring," by Walter Shaw Sparrow; Scribner's). Magnificently illustrated. Perfect typography. I told the Editor that I thought this book was worth a special article in ARTS & DECORATION. And he agreed. It will be printed next month.

Cheating the Junk-Pile

EVERYBODY is interested in furniture and household equipment. Ethel R. Peyser has written a book, "Cheating the Junk-pile" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Housewives, gather round! Nothing is lost. In order to keep that ever-increasing heap of utility, the junk-pile, from waxing fatter, Miss Peyser has compiled this useful guide to the purchase and care of the best household equipment, to the best labor-saving and work-doing machinery for the home. Kitchen floors, weather-strips, drying machines, the latest dodge in cutlery, vacuum cleaners, ice-cream freezers—well, what do we men know about such things? (We only make them.) It's a great book if you're married and haven't weakened.

Along the same line is "The Next-to-Nothing House," by Alice Van Leer Carrick (the Atlantic Monthly Press). A book of the perfect house—how to furnish it and furnish it. I recall what some one said, "If I were a poet or a painter, I would take the common things, and show the wonder and the beauty of them." The author has done just that in this little book, which is profusely illustrated.



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"Night," from the painting by Ferdinand Hodler, purchased by the Swiss Government and now in the Bern Museum

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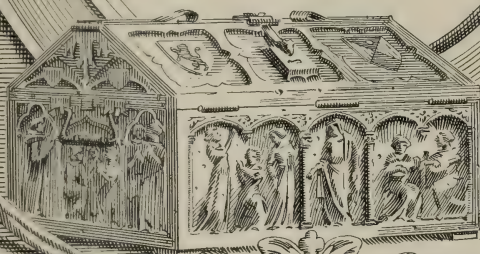
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MLLE. DOLEY DAVIS (AND FRIEND) BY TADÉ STYKA

Quite sensational was the recent exhibition in New York of the canvases of this Polish painter educated in Paris. M. Styka paints with a vigor and brilliancy wholly his own. He had an eye on public applause when he portrayed such popular personalities as Pola Negri, Camille Flammarion and a vivid group of Caruso, Chaliapine and Titta Ruffo. In this striking portrait of the young woman who, two years ago, was awarded a prize by a jury of artists as "the most beautiful girl in Paris", the artist has touched the zenith of his powers.

ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts



Personal Memories of Elihu Vedder

Some Vivid Recollections of the Artist's Early Days in Rome

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AMONG my earliest memories of the Eternal City, few are more dear to me than those which linked me for a time, in my young writing days, with Elihu Vedder. It was to that simple yet stalwart, one-armed portrait painter, the late George Butler, I owe my meeting with him. He was then working in a studio near the Borghese Gardens, where, in surroundings which seemed plain, and, to me, uninspiring, he was finishing his remarkable drawings for the Fitzgerald Omar Khayyam "Rubaiyat."

A burly, bluff and very Dutch American, to look at, but with a flow of words, a fancy and a wit which would have dazed most Hollanders. The philosophy of Omar was his own, I think, in those delightful days. And he had held to it, no doubt, until his end came, at a ripe old age, in Rome. He was a skeptic of a queer and kindly brand, and, on the surface of his life, at times a cynic. But his most bitter jests—and, oh, he could be bitter—were toned down by humor. He was impatient of all social shams and frauds; unmodern and resentful of some shibboleths of art, long much esteemed. Impressionism, when I foregathered with him first in the immortal "Urbs," was his especial bugbear.

He showed me many sketches he had completed or sketched out for Omar's poem, explaining (it was needless) that he had not sought to illustrate, but to interpret, in his own way, that rare work. He had brought all of his imagination's power and art to bear on the vast problems of the Oriental thinker, and the result was that we well know—the free commentary of a somewhat careless artist, who had "sent his soul through the invisible" and translated what that soul had told him with pen and pencil. Even now, after putting so many other achievements to his credit, Vedder will be most remembered by those audacious and illuminating drawings.

In Rome, where to American travellers he was long a monument, Vedder was once the centre of a little group of artists, writers and art-lovers who were accustomed to meet frequently for dinner at a now vanished restaurant near the Trevi fountain. It was familiar to its patrons as the "Gabbione," the "Big Cage." Thorwaldsen and many another celebrity had frequented the "Gabbione," which had once evidently formed a part of an abandoned church or monastery. The group, as I recall it, then included, besides Vedder and George Butler, their friend, Charles Coleman (who is still painting on the classic heights of Capri)



Elihu Vedder, a native of New York, was born in the middle of the romantic Thirties and lived almost to the age of eighty-six

and a most erudite, warm-hearted Irish journalist, one Patrick Connellan. I was admitted to this pleasant little circle, and often revelled in the feast of—well, unreason, and the flow of soul which meant much more to us than even the fresh spigole and the huge flasks of Chianti we consumed.

Vedder was at his best and wildest at these gatherings. He had no reverence for human things or cults. His running chatter about art and life and artists charmed us, and, in his light moods, he would sometimes show us how, as he supposed, those mad "impressionists" composed their pictures. Apparently their method was to sling paint onto a canvas in a casual way, between the spells of more important occupations. The "Gabbione" was closed long ago, alas, and, for years before his death, Elihu Vedder had dropped out of sight as an artist, though he was still active as a writer and had only a short time before crossing to the invisible completed a book on "Doubt and Other Things."

His most admirable work was done in black and white. Though, like the younger men who have since won fame as illustrators, he had taken in his maturity to painting, it may be doubted whether what he accomplished in that way will be valued as highly by good judges as his interpretative drawings

for his beloved "Rubaiyat." His draughtsmanship was sometimes rather lax, and he was not by any means a first-rate colorist. In his paintings, too, he was apt to be both subjective, in the extreme sense, and "literary." But he redeemed himself, at least in a great measure, by his imaginative insight into life, his grasp of very great and baffling mysteries, and his intellectuality. To him a pyramos was a symbol, not a flower, and a pyramid or sphinx had wondrous meanings. He stood apart from his more facile and less interesting fellow-artists; inferior to many of them, doubtless, as a painter, but superior as a thinker and interpreter.

To his apartment on the slope of the steep street hard by the Trinita da Monte, known as Capo le Case, he and his wife—a charming hostess—there came, in days gone by, heaven only knows how many notabilities. For Vedder was an unusual personality. His pale and somewhat fleshy-looking face, that told his race, was lighted up by bright and twinkling, searching eyes. His burly figure was not beautiful or impressive. But there was something in him which compelled the friends he had admired and did not fear him, though he could riddle them with sharp, ironic shafts. They knew his claws and did not greatly love to feel them.

If I except those wonderful drawings for the Omar poem, the best-known work of Vedder is that which he contributed to the decoration of the Library of Congress. It includes five interesting panels and a "Minerva" in mosaic. My last meeting with Elihu Vedder was in Boston, where I ran into him one evening at the St. Botolph Club. He had aged greatly and spoke with distinct impatience, even fretfulness, of his impressions of the world from which he had drifted or cut loose to live in Rome. For he had come to be identified with Rome, like the sculptor Ezzeikin, and some others I could name. The "Urbs," I think, was more to him than Boston, and he was happiest in the life of the Old World.

He was a striking, but, to his old Roman friends, a pathetic figure, when he revisited the glimpses of the Bostonian moon after his self-exile. With his large, dome-like head, his sprawling body, his long, yellowish-white moustache, his ill-made frock coat, he seemed indifferent to life and rather weary. Only the glitter in his eyes revealed the interest, the ironic interest, he felt in his surroundings. He seemed out of touch with nearly all he saw. The realities to him were the enigmatic pyramids, the eternal stars, the vast spaces of the skies, the hidden depths and mysteries of

(Continued on page 78)

A simple, yet elegant bedroom in the New York residence of Mrs. William McNair. Here the feeling is decidedly of French origin and the general atmosphere one of restful simplicity



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"What is required is that the decorations, furniture and ornaments of each room be correlated. Each detail must be true to scale. There may be one dominating note, but it must not be too striking"

An Ideal Decorative Scheme

The Method and Cost of Beautifying a Small City House

By FRANCIS H. LENYGMON

LET us assume that a small city house of the unfortunate style in vogue thirty years ago is to be made over into a beautiful home. The width of the property, say twenty-two feet, and having a height of five stories.

Let us also assume that the inhabitants to be are ambitious of obtaining the best in taste and workmanship without unnecessary expenditure. And let us suppose that they are intelligent enough to know that above all they cannot attain a high standard in decoration without years of study, training and experience, and therefore, they call upon the services of an expert in these matters, that of an interior architect.

At this point, let us imagine the first interview takes place. All parties agree that it is best to decide upon a certain sum of money which shall cover the cost of purely structural changes, and another to be used definitely for the purpose of interior decoration right up to the point of bringing in the carpets and rugs, curtains and furniture, and with this sum allotted to the decoration of the house, there has to be created a home possessing charm and comfort.

The owners have agreed to the principle that it will be most unwise to possibly upset some well-worked-out scheme by insisting upon this or that detail such as a mantel, piece of furniture, or other objects being included or discarded, but will welcome the scheme as a whole being placed before them. It is not meant by this that the preferences of the owners are not to be consulted, but that these consultations should take place before the work is begun. As one of the many means of ascertaining what might be acceptable to the owners, it is a good plan to show various types of decorative works, as the trained mind of the expert will quickly find out what is best liked or, equally important, what to avoid. By such or similar means, it will be an easy matter to settle upon the general character of work to be followed. From

Mr. Lenygmon, who has written this article for ARTS & DECORATION, is one of the best-known interior decorators in America. To an exquisite sense of color and harmony he adds a sound understanding of the physical problems involved, and what he has to say here will be of great value to anyone contemplating the beautification of a home.

This is the first of a series of important practical articles on interior decoration written by well-known experts. The information presented in these papers will be of a character unattainable in any other form.

It is believed that these articles are unique in their purpose and achievement—to tell in plain language and with actual figures the decorating cost of houses both large and small in town and country.

this point, it is the direct task of the decorator to prepare a complete scheme of the interior decoration of the house and to present the same to the owner giving full details on all points, scale, color, mediums to be used, etc.

Another stage is now reached, and we will suppose that after due consideration has been given, the scheme presented has been accepted. It is agreed that the author shall carry out the work, as after all it is his creation and no one is better qualified to carry it out. This attitude should be continued right through to the completion; a decorator should no more have to show his rooms half finished than does the painter his pictures.

To begin with, it is necessary to decide upon the extent of the structural alterations and rebuilding, which perhaps need not be so very extensive or costly, if skill is used to make the best of the existing fabric.

Usually, too large a proportion of the money to be expended has been taken up in removing whole floors and rebuilding them when slight alterations in the replanning would have allowed them to be used, also such important items as flues and other costly replacement matters should be altered rather than removed. It is true that the Entrance Hall and Staircase of the house generally proves to be impossible, but even this can on most occasions be cared for without wrecking the whole structure.

Presuming these structural alterations completed, we have a house with a Hall, Dining Room, Living Room, Library, two Owner's Bedrooms with Bathrooms, Guest Bedroom and Bathroom, Servants' Bedrooms with their accompanying cupboards, closets and other requisites.

Now to plan an interior one must first of all think of the house as a coherent whole and must bring to mind and keep there all the features which will enter into the finished products even down to the dressing of the dining table and the people who are to sit around it.

To illustrate one point in connection with excessive cost and poor result, I have in mind a dining room with the



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A room in the residence of Mrs. William McNair where the simple mantelpiece carried to the ceiling with a mirror and panel is the distinctive feature



Hall in the country residence of John E. Berwind, Esq. Here the mantelpiece, staircase and door, aided by the carpet, make one coherent whole, and give one on entering a feeling of welcome and well-being

ceiling heavily plastered, the panels filled in with large paintings of the Rubenesque School, a cornice of great girth richly painted in colors and partly gilt, walls panelled out with variously colored marble, divided by marble and bronze pilasters, the large panel spaces filled with 17th century tapestries. One sees plasterwork, paintings, marble and bronze, and famous tapestries all mixed up, each defeating the value of the others.

What is required is to have the decorations, furniture and ornaments of each room to co-relate. Each detail must be true to scale. There may be one dominating note, which may be a color, a cornice, panelling, a mantelpiece, the furniture or other specially attractive feature.

This keynote should not, upon entering, be too striking; decoration to be correct must be unobtrusive; it should give one an unconscious aesthetic pleasure; the beauty of the whole first and then later of the separate items gradually dawns on one so that the longer he remains in the room the more he enjoys it, whether this be a matter of minutes or years.

Except for the rebuilding, these and the following remarks apply equally well to an apartment having similar accommodation.

Having somewhat cleared the ground we enter the house and leaving the outer vestibule we should at once feel a real welcome upon entering the Staircase Hall. Here the floor would be of marble tiles, alternating in light and dark green color.

The staircase to the Second Floor would be a special feature and the dominating note. It could be built of similar marble, with a beautiful balustrade of light wrought iron and a small handrail of wood.

The walls can be left in plaster and painted pale green-blue, with perhaps cornices, stringing courses and other details such as door architraves in lighter color, almost white.

There would be special hardware on the doors of similar detail to the staircase baluster, the walls and trim above the Second Floor to be treated in a similar manner.

The furniture of such a hall can be quite simple and used quite sparingly. For instance, there would be a black and gold carved wood console table with a dark green marble top suitably placed, over this would be a mirror with an additional glass border.

There could be a handsome clock, possibly of the grandfather type and some chairs of suitable scale and design.

The electric light fittings would be finished in gunmetal color and dull gold on a similar scale to the staircase balustrade.

The cost of these decorations would be, including the staircase say, \$7,000.

In a general way, it is a good plan to have a similar type of decoration running throughout the house, and this is especially true regarding scale of details and color. In the Dining Room one can best depart from this rule, so on this occasion I would suggest a wood panelled room of either oak, walnut, cedar or fir, left in its natural color and wax finished.

The panelling and mouldings would be plain, but the door, door-casing, cornice and mantelpiece enriched.

The cost of such a scheme would be about \$3,500.

The furniture would be what we might call Queen Anne type, with chairs of walnut, having plain cabriole legs, the seats and backs upholstered and trimmed with short fringes.

The table would be of walnut of the type that is popularly, though erroneously, attributed to "Duncan Phyfe."

The sideboard and serving table would also be of walnut, although if sufficient accommodation can be arranged in the pantry, a simple table with marble top looks very dignified in such a Dining Room.

In the Living Room the mantel would be of marble, with the walls of applied panel mouldings and enriched cornices, the whole painted a medium green color with the enrichments and mouldings partly gilt, at a cost of about \$2,500.

The furniture here is most important and may be choice pieces of Queen Anne type in walnut, and some comfortable upholstered pieces, the coverings to be in green, mauve or golden color damask, with perhaps more colors on the important pieces.

The curtains can be of brown or golden colored damask, and the whole would be brought together with a rug of sufficiently neutral coloring to go with the general scheme of green, yellow and mauve.

In the Library I would have built-in bookcases at the two long ends of the room with the remainder of the walls panelled and painted. The cornice can be plain like the bookcases, this making quite sufficient ornamentation for such a room. The whole room would be painted a powder-grey color with the mouldings picked out in dull bronze.

The mantelpiece would be of black marble.

These decorations would cost about \$3,000.

For the floor I would use a plain dark green carpet of quite rich coloring, and for furniture and curtains chintz of a dignified design.

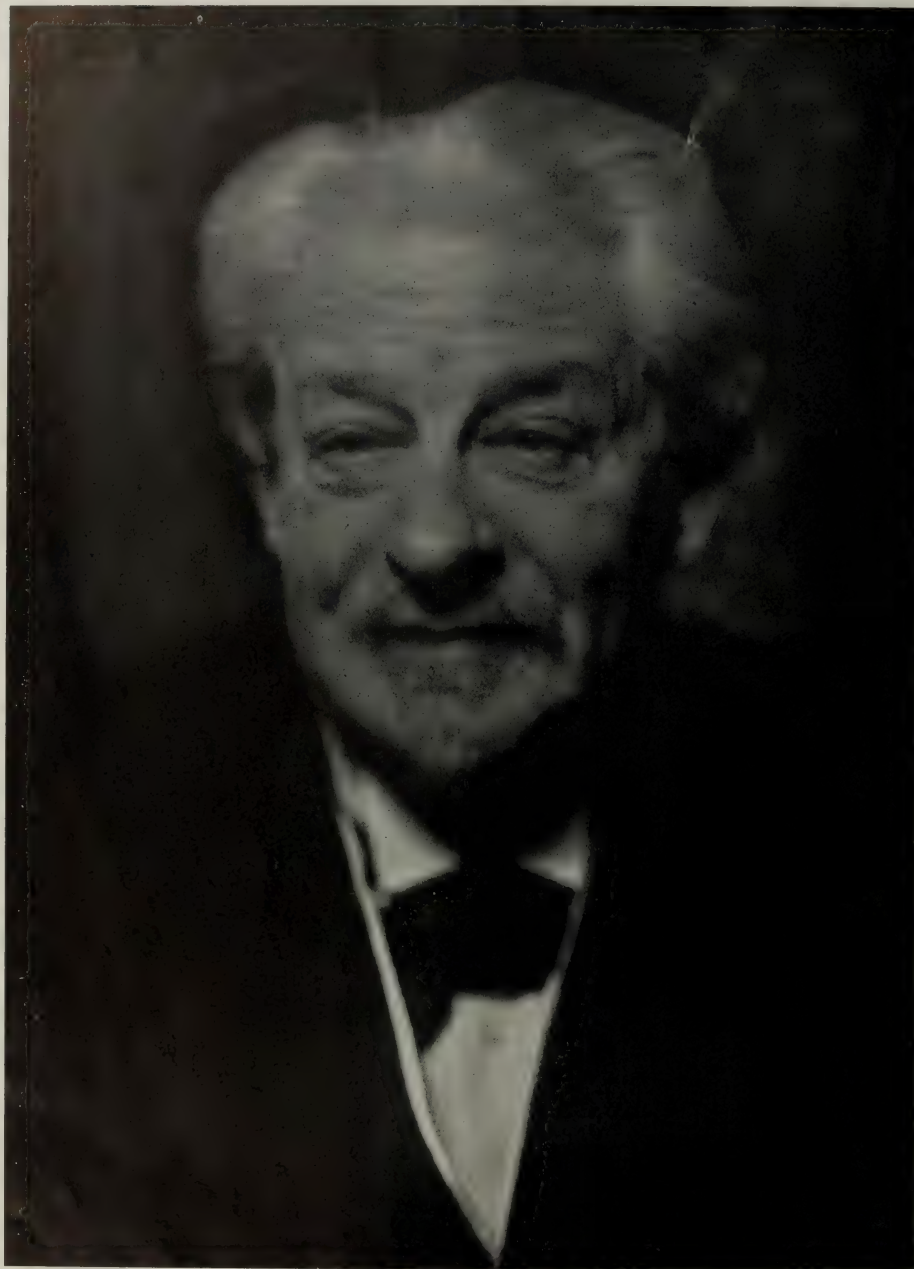
Special care should be given to the position of the writing table, also to the layout of the reading places with their comfortable chairs, small tables, lamps and other accessories.

In the Owner's Bedrooms I would have very simple, small scale marble mantels. The walls would have applied panel mouldings, in the case of the Main Bedroom, the color being grey-blue with the mouldings picked out in white; the cornice and base painted a rather strong shade of blue.

In the bathroom one can afford to be less conservative and to go in
(Continued on page 63)



A room in the house of John E. Berwind, Esq. Note how everything is to scale and in harmony, including the mantle, the mouldings, the cornice and the door trim



GEORGE BRANDES, FAMOUS DANISH AUTHOR AND WORLD CITIZEN

At eighty, George Brandes is the most distinguished public character in Denmark. He is novelist, poet, dramatist, historian, and essayist. He is the people's idol in his own country and one of the outstanding literary figures of Europe. This fine portrait by

Aage Remfeldt was made just before the artist left for America. Mr. Remfeldt is now in New York by invitation of the Camera Club. He has received high honors for his work in this country and most of the European capitals where photography ranks as a fine art.

In his canvas, "The Music-Room," Mihály Munkácsy depicted the one-time domesticated reign of music. But Munkácsy's picture is being reproduced in real life less often now than ever before, as the machine-made song comes more into vogue



Census reports show that there are 130,256 musicians and music teachers in the United States, which, it has been established, represents a survival of about 10,000,000 persons now living who have studied music at some time or other

Human Sacrifice on the Altar of Music

Young Hopes Shattered and Millions Wasted in the Futile Quest for Artistic Fame

By CHITTENDEN TURNER

THE spectacle of a somnambulist and steadily growing percentage of our inhabitants trying to escape the confines of civilization by the musical skylight invites observation of the heavenly muse in her more obscure phases. Her earth-borne siren whisper, that suppresses other still, small voices, portrays enchanted palaces of gold and lakes of azure but hardly one inch of the great void that lies between. And about 3,000,000 Americans are today busying themselves with staves and notes, timing their tongues, ears and fingers to a tempting but untrustworthy task.

Census reports show that there are 130,256 musicians and music teachers in the United States, which, it has been estimated, represents a survival of about 10,000,000 persons now living who have studied music at some time or other. One in every 800 of the population today is a professional musician, one of every 77 who studied.

From a normal economic viewpoint no such waste as that which is represented in the domain of music occurs in any other occupation. The recent agitation in New York over the misguided plan to license music teachers gives no more than a hint of the enormous preparatory undertaking of the musical aspirants and the wholesale loss of time and money. Aside from incidental public school courses and study for the sake of an "accomplishment," the small fruition in the entire field is such as to make vocational preparation prohibitive except for persons of wealth and leisure or for that extreme few who possess extraordinary talent and are able to capitalize it.

If it were possible today to name a single living American musician of world distinction, able to take his place ultimately beside the famous sons of art; if there were 100 American performing artists who had won large fortunes in their professions, if there were ten composers of this generation whose contribution to the world's library of masterpieces were assured, some comfort might be taken

from present plans for temples of music costing many additional millions to provide a housing for more students.

Not doubting the value of music as one of life's fairest attributes, as an entertainment, a source of employment and revenue, a safety valve for emotions and apostle of peace, we are finally confronted with an appalling question as to the deserts of music as an economical factor. Are we paying more for our music than it returns to us? Inquiring further, are talent, inspiration and delusion being exploited extensively for private gain? Would we not have better music if there were less of it? Is commonness beginning to rob musical art of its sublimity? More important than all—how many lives are being wasted because of music?

In the absence of direct statistics bearing on the total number of music pupils, comparative figures based on census reports have been

utilized, as well as published lists and personally gathered facts. Four methods of computation have been attempted from the following sources: (1) the number and distribution of music teachers, their average income and average number of pupils, the time and duration of lessons, allowance being made for 1,400 conservatories and music schools, as well as teachers listed under other occupations and professionals continuing their paid study; (2) the total number of musicians as a population quota, 1870 to 1920, their pro rata increase with the population, with attention to immigration; (3) sectional statistics from schools; (4) observable averages among social classes in urban and rural communities. Due consideration has been made for social, racial and industrial percentages, and, particularly, age groups.

Of 130,000 musicians, about 85,000 are listed music teachers, or 65 per cent. To this 85,000 have been added by way of calculation 15,000 unlisted teachers of music primarily engaged in other work. That only 35 per cent of the professional musicians of the country are not teachers strongly indicates the lucrative character of teaching as compared with the small average annual income from public performances, which teaching seems largely intended to produce. It means, sensationally enough, that, in spite of all the urge and all the supposed talent, 65 per cent of our musicians are training a similar proportion of the next generation of students to train their descendants for the same exigency, thus reducing the profession to a perennial state of preparedness. Since there is virtually 100 per cent ambition toward virtuosity or composition on the part of serious students, this miscarriage is nothing short of a disaster and sufficient to occasion much public concern.

Well-intentioned philanthropists, ranging from the muted and revered Juilliard to suburban organizers of women's chorals, dream mighty dreams of reclaiming native genius and establishing it upon a throne. They long to dig out the golden-voiced Sten-

(Continued on page 72)



The rôle played by personal magnetism in obtaining a student following is here quaintly suggested by J. G. Brown's "The Music Lesson"



"The Grand Jury"—a study in physiognomy

The Groping of Gropper

How One of the Strong, New Figures of Our Native Art Compelled Recognition

By CARLO DE FORNARO

ORDER will out!" says the proverb; we can paraphrase it by saying: "Art will out!" If there is any genius so hidden that it cannot be discovered, then it must have been so insignificant that it was not worth while finding. At all times and in all climes the road to recognition has been a royal road; not necessarily a gilded way, but a path of artistic acknowledgement and genuine acclaim.

In the latter part of the 13th century there lived a young shepherd whose ambition it was to become a great painter. His parents, poor, ignorant mountain folk, laughed at him and sent him back to his sheep. One fine day a famous Florentine painter, Cimabue, was wandering along the hills near Florence when he espied the shepherd boy scratching the outline of some of his sheep and goats on a grey slate. Cimabue took this boy along with him



"The Power of Logic"

Even in America where they claim there is no romance, we hear every now and then of romantic discoveries which are as fateful as that of the shepherd boy. Years ago there was an East Side youngster who also had artistic ambitions and his people laughed at him and told him roughly to go and get a job. William Gropper was his name and he became office boy for one of the foremost gentlemen's furnishings stores in New York. One of his many duties was to address hundreds of post cards to lost, strayed and forgetful customers. To break the monotony of his work, as well as to interest the customers, he drew thumbnail sketches on a corner of the postcards. For example, he sketched the firm's salesman,

greeting an old customer with the words: "Well, well! Here is Mr. Paul Smith! We haven't seen you for ages!" and so on, changing the phrases and the sketches to suit the customer.

These quaint little drawings attracted a good deal of attention and many customers not only came back to the store, but commended and praised the clever idea. In fact there was so much fuss made about it that a daily paper and an advertising magazine dedicated a good deal of space to this novel method of advertising. But the advertising man of the firm took all the credit for the idea and the poor kid never got even a raise.

Among the people who were attracted by these thumbnail sketches was a painter who had a class for art students. He inquired at the store and offered the boy free tuition if he could work half the time in his studio. It took a great deal of argument to convince the old and rich proprietor that it would be a fine



Edgar Lee Masters, the modernist bard who sings boldly of life as he sees it

to Florence and several years later the young shepherd became greater and more famous than his master as a painter and as an architect, known as Giotto di Bondone. To this day they call a tower near the cathedral in Florence the tower of Giotto.



"Finale"—after the doctor has done his worst



Mary Johnston, the American novelist who makes history supply her heroes

thing to allow the boy to work half-time so as to learn his business as an artist. The most peculiar feature of this incident is the fact that the owner of the store was supposed to be a patron of the Arts, a connoisseur and



Booth Tarkington, esteemed by many as the foremost figure of contemporary American letters

protector of artists, who made a specialty of collecting Rembrandts!

Young Gropper then wandered from one studio to another working away at his drawings, at his paintings, studying, observing and slowly developing a style of his own. In the beginning he was greatly influenced by the masters he admired most, Daumier and Goya, and in his drawings by some of the Germans of the Munich school, but his strong personality balked at imitation and he began to hew a path of his own.

At one time he landed a job as art editor of the New York Sunday Tribune. But the work did not satisfy his desire for personal expression; the average magazine, he found, wanted the conventional Pollyanish punk, so young Gropper was driven to draw for the more radical publications. This happened during the war and his own paper was waging a relentless campaign against all pro-Germans and all radicals. On a certain Sunday there

appeared on the front page of this paper the reproduction of a cartoon taken from a radical sheet. The article accompanying the reproduction spoke indignantly of the shameful and unpatriotic behavior of this sheet and suggested that the respective editors and artists should be arrested and thrown in jail and the paper suppressed. On the page following this indictment there were several drawings by Gropper. Soon after this, the crestfallen editor of the paper discovered to his amazement that the radical cartoon which had been so unmercifully castigated was the work of none other than their own art editor and chief artist, who was warned in the future to discontinue his drawing for any other papers.

But that was not the end of the matter, for the secret service men asked Gropper to appear and answer questions. The inquisitors queried if he was a pro-German, a defeatist, a pacifist, a bolshevist, a socialist, a radical? To all these queries young Gropper answered in the negative. Then the nonplussed inquisitor asked: "Then why the deuce are you drawing for all these radical papers if you are not a radical yourself?" Answered Gropper: "Because I need the money." Needless to say the case was dismissed.



"The Prodigal Son"—a latter-day interpretation of the Biblical episode

As soon as young Gropper had saved enough money to put a roof over his mother's head he shook off the dust of New York and eloped with Art to the Pearl of the Caribbees. The few months which he passed in that fairyland of the Antilles was a revelation to the sensitive soul of the young artist who had never gone farther abroad than Coney Island. It was a real Dreamland and with amazingly real coconut, palm, banana, papaya trees that waved their theatrical plumage against an unbelievable sky. The Cuban negroes, the half-breeds, the pure-blooded Castilian descendants in their picturesque garbs, their operatic panamas, their swagger, their indolence, their graceful gestures, appeared to him like a colorful musical comedy produced for his own special benefit.

In the streets he would watch a black negress with flamboyant handkerchief tied 'round her head smoking a havana puro like a tired clubman; another he saw balancing her basket in the manner of the Greek figures; and scores and scores of negroes, and half-breeds, picturesque, irresponsible children, showing their perfect teeth in constant merriment and singing and humming like an operatic chorus. At night, after having watched the fireflies among the mango trees trying to vie with the stars, he would listen to a picturesque caballero strumming sadly a



Louis Untermeyer, who banished the tyranny of Poe from the standard of American poetry

love-song under a grated window, while a señorita with a Spanish shawl and a flower in her hair listened in rapture to the love plaint.

Here was Spain, here was Cuba, here was Africa! What an orgy of color, of light, of sound, of heat! What compositions for an artist to pick up and carry home! But through it all young adventurer Gropper never understood or learned a word of Spanish, not even the elementary, respectable swear words. But he made many drawings. Like all dreams, it was too beautiful to last long and one fine day his funds had dwindled to zero. Luckily he met a kindred soul in a fellow artist, Conrado Massaguer, who financed him back to the United States.

In his curiosity to discover an interesting medium to express his artistic thought Gropper tried all of them: pen and ink, linoleum and woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, mono-

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Sherwood Anderson, most daringly original of our native fictionists



John Dos Passos, whose "Three Soldiers" photographed the war



MARIA CARMİ, ITALIAN SCREEN STAR

The more popular motion picture players of Europe are, with few exceptions, women of the stage who have a considerable background of experience. Mere prettiness does not appeal to the Continental mind. Maria Carmi is the wife of the German poet Carl Vollmoeller and she will shortly be seen in this country in an important new American picture play.



Curling, one of the quieter pastimes at St. Moritz

Society Goes the Pace at St. Moritz

Where Celebrities from All Over the World Sport in the Open and Dance Till Dawn Amid Alpine Snow and Ice

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special European Correspondent for ARTS & DECORATION

LIKE ST. MORITZ, THE ENGADINE. LIKE a good many other Londoners I have been away from the mirk and gloom of winter in "our village" to seek sunshine, blue skies and sport in another country. Whatever may be said against England, it is the easiest place in the world to get away from. One left London at 2 o'clock on a foggy afternoon, lunched on the train, had tea on the boat, was in France by 6 o'clock, dined in the restaurant-car at 30, tucked in bed and reading a novel in the comfortable *wagon lit* by ten; awoke in Switzerland and in the afternoon was having tea in St. Moritz, altitude 6,000 feet, the mountains around radiant with snow and sunshine.

For the last twenty years thousands of Britons have come over here for winter sports, ski-ing, skijoring, skating, tobogganing, sleighing, but this year what is called Society—with a big S—has come here rather than go to the Riviera, partly I think because of the somewhat strained relations between England and France and the tendency of some French people to inform us they preferred our absence to our company.

St. Moritz is a little, though picturesque struggling hamlet, stuck in the Alps and chiefly composed of great hotels like the Kuhn, the Palace, the Grand and the Suvretta. The latter is, in my opinion, among the most luxurious hotels in Europe, and being modern in every respect, it naturally attracts a good many Americans. Indeed, I cannot recall any hotel anywhere that has so magnificent an oak dining-room or so imposingly pillared a lounge, so that one reclines in an easy chair and looks out upon one of the panoramas of the Alps.

RUNNING these large Swiss hotels is rather like running Atlantic liners. Because of their position they are shut off from the rest of the world and all provisioning has to be long pre-arranged. Stuck on the top of

the snowy heights everything has to be brought up the narrow, precipitous gorges by a little electric railway which frequently has to corkscrew into the interior of the mountains to gain altitude until it reaches this village, a sort of Alpine Monte Carlo, so thoroughly does it throw itself into exuberant pleasures.

Among the best-known people at the Suvretta are Lord and Lady Astor and their family. Lady Astor, like a good many others, is glad, no doubt, to escape for a time from the hurly-burly of British parliamentary debates and spend her time, with face carefully shielded from the sun glare, on the ice-rink where, with girlish figure, she skates with considerable grace.

A big, sombre man, who might easily pass for a prosperous Detroit automobile manufacturer, taking violent exercise to reduce his roundity, is really the Prince Mohamed Ali Hassam of Egypt who is making a compulsory long stay in Switzerland, chiefly on the stern advice of the British Government, which thinks that the Land of the Pharaohs is likely to be happier if he is practising the outside edge on a Swiss ice-rink instead of lending his counsel to political developments in Cairo.

Sad-eyed but attractive, with her great mass of luxuriant auburn hair, the Princess Narischkine may be seen taking a tramp in

the pine woods just a little reminiscent, maybe, of Russia where she lived so long.

In the lounge at tea, any afternoon, may be seen the beautiful Lady Warrrender and Sir Victor, the Comte Philippe de Marnix, the Earl of Kincardine from the Isle of Arran in Scotland, a great number of wealthy Germans (some of the finest diamonds and pearls are worn at dinner by the frauen of German coal magnates who, at any rate, give no outward evidence of being ruined), and a considerable number of charming Dutch people who, like we British, are finding the damp of their own country a little trying just now.

THERE is a good deal of inter-hospitality and wherever I go, whether to drop in to lunch after a strenuous morning on the mountainside or to go along to a gay dinner and fancy-dress ball in the evening (lasting till three or four in the morning), one runs across famous American and English folk, Germans, Dutch, a few Italians and fewer French, but all a jolly cosmopolitan throng. Among those from your country are Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Weeks, Mrs. Guido Vogel, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ludington, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Barber, the Misses Janet and Kelly Sabine, Mrs. Harman Brandt, Miss Gladys Doelger and indeed several hundred sons and daughters of Uncle Sam taking a leading part in the exhilarations of St. Moritz.

Nowhere in the world just now, among three thousand or so visitors, can be found so many distinguished persons. I was having dinner last night with Sir Henry Blyth Hill, who had a fine administrative career in the Soudan and Burma, and walking down the village street I ran across Georges Carpentier whom I had not seen for eighteen months when I met him at the residence of Mrs. Frank Henderson at Roslyn, Long Island. Mrs. Woolf Barnato, representing South African diamonds, is here with her children.

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Ice Festival at St. Moritz, the Palace and Grand Hotels in the background

Recent Country Houses Designed by the Man



Front elevation of the residence of Mrs. Fayette Baum at Syracuse, New York, a very unusual and distinctive small brick house



Reverse of the gold Medal of Honor awarded by the Architectural League of New York to Mr. Baum

There is no higher honor that can be paid to an architect in the United States than to receive the gold medal awarded by the Architectural League of New York for distinguished merit in this field of professional art. The honor has gone this year to Dwight James Baum, the youngest man who ever received the medal and one of the few to receive



Residence of Mr. Clark G. Dailey at Fieldston, New York, an English type of house of picturesque character



Home of Judge Nash Rockwood, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City. An American adoption of the best of Italian Renaissance Villa motives



The Dutch Colonial type of home, owned by Professor N. L. Englehart at Riverdale, upper New York City, built of local stone set off with wide mortar and white shutters

This is the first of a series of distinguished and interesting new houses designed by the more progressive young architects of the country. That the architectural future of America, especially as that future relates to the homes of our land, is in the hands of such imaginative men as Mr. Baum, there can be no doubt. It is the purpose of this Magazine to show what is being done in the way of artistic advancement along the lines of practical house construction.

Who Won the Architectural League's Gold Medal



Obverse of medal. The certificate of award reads "For Charm and Simplicity of his Residential Work"

it for country-house design. Mr. Baum's work shows a versatility not usually sent forth from one office and not only does he execute large estates, but also the smaller residential work which the average architect avoids because of the poor remuneration for his services. Mr. Baum's small houses show a painstaking study of details



Rear elevation of home on opposite page showing a quaint dining-room wing and an unusual studied slate roof. The material is selected common brick



Home of Mr. R. E. Lewis at Hartsdale, New York. The New England Colonial Farm House type very carefully studied, producing a quaint effect



Detail of entrance, residence of Judge Nash Rockwood, at Riverdale-on-Hudson, an Italian effect of quiet dignity

One is impressed by the versatility of constructive genius displayed on these two pages, all emanating from one man's hand. It is rare to find an architect whose work is in great demand giving his time and thought to the designing of small houses; it is still more rare to find a gifted architect lavishing his best upon the construction of homes which in their very nature cannot yield him a great monetary return for his effort. In this respect Mr. Baum is deserving of the highest praise and esteem.



Pergola at end of annual garden, estate of Mr. Richard A. Rowland, at Rye, New York. Garden architecture designed with a feeling for nature

Dining-room furniture of Early English inspiration. To satisfying symmetry in design, these pieces add the values of simplicity and pleasing proportion



Courtesy of William A. French Co.

"Design is not a single item; design more nearly resembles a mathematical factor. The whole product means materials plus labor multiplied by design"

What is Design Worth?

An Effort at Reason Upon an Unreasonable Question

By RICHARD F. BACH

IN a volume of Thackeray appears a caricature of Louis XV consisting of three juxtaposed portraits showing the king fully clothed, then the clothes without the king, and, finally, the king without the clothes, thus presenting a disquieting piece of arithmetic subtraction. Were it not a caricature, the illustration would have no value for us here. But as it is, the fact that so little is left of the exalted personage after he has been divested of all embellishment seems to emphasize our point that without design the object of art loses its identity, becomes something else belonging in another field. For here we had royalty with all appurtenances, the right to gamble away taxes, pension courtesans and manufacture "periods" of furnishings, and there the cadaverous semblance of something less than the meanest subject in the realm.



Courtesy of Lenox Inc.

A new plate pattern in borders of blue and salmon with flowers in raised enamel colors



Courtesy of Cheney Bros.

Metal brocade—the background is in metal, the design in silk

In that instance design was the whole thing. It may have been a misuse of art to make a king out of sartorial stuffing well garnished with lace, but surely design was all-powerful. There is something ludicrous in the conception that an object may consist of so little material and so much design, but the fact is that the tailor made the king and the work of the tailor is industrial art. What was the worth of design in that case? What is design worth in a similar case today?

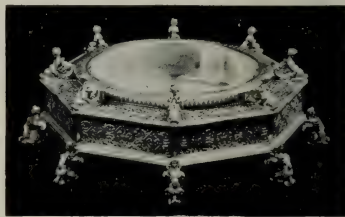
The side street tailor who repairs your coat can figure the cost to you down to a fraction of a cent. He adds up the outlay for material and

his time, allows for overhead, and doubles the total (if you object to having it tripled) to make sure of his profit. If he is so inclined he can figure even the cost of thread, though he use but six inches on the job in hand. He can analyze his overhead on the basis of number of minutes he used the gas heater for his iron and the electric light for his front window while at work on your coat. Of course, he does none of this; he doesn't know what cost accounting is and probably doesn't want to. But his work for you is as clear and definite a thing as is wiping a joint for the plumber or running out stock moulding for the lumber

mill. The calculation is simple because *design* has not formed part of the consideration.

But suppose the tailor is making a coat from new material. The problem is utterly different. He can again figure his labor and material and overhead, but he has one thing more which he cannot place because it permeates the whole. This is *design*. He must now create a coat, produce a coat where before there was only material and equipment and potential skill. He cannot apply design like braid or buttons at so much per bolt or card, nor can he saturate the work with design as with a dye, although that is the nearest equivalent in actual process and resultant effect.

Design is not a single item; design more nearly resembles a mathematical factor. The whole product means materials plus labor multiplied by design. Remove the factor of design and you have no commodity left, only



Courtesy of Edward F. Caldwell & Co.

An elaborately designed centerpiece in pierced and sculptured silver



Courtesy of Edward F. Caldwell & Co.

A richly designed inkwell of black marble and bronze

the unmixed ingredients. A handful of notes thrown at a staff is a discord; the same notes arranged according to an intention of the mind is a harmony. The difference is design.

A gob of clay is lifeless, inert, and of no more than raw material value; a pitcher made from it is (or should be) useful and attractive. The difference is design.

Every dollar's worth of sheep's wool is worth a dollar fifty when it is ready to use for woolens. In the form of woolens the dollar's worth costs \$2.50, and in the form of clothing the original dollar has grown to six dollars. It is design that, in vary-



Courtesy of H. R. Mallinson & Co.

A gown of printed crêpe worn by Miss Martha Mansfield at the Silk Exposition

ing degrees makes the difference all along the line—design in creative production.

Design is involved when broad material is made from raw wool, but this is chiefly a mechanical operation. Artistic design comes into play when the woollens are made into clothing. And that is where the great increase in the value is recorded. Skill of manipulation by itself results in duplication or in merely aimless virtuosity unless controlled by art, in which case it becomes design.

Need we add to the instances? There is a heap of materials that may be just remnants, yet out of them the millinery designer will evolve a subtle means of reducing the tired business man's cause for being tired. Design in this case is more or less two-edged (in the analogy of the "designing contractor"), but in its artistic phase it has added over five hundred per cent. in terms of honest effort to the value of the remnants with which we began.

And at the other extreme we have the gamut at one end of which is a lumber yard and at the other a Colonial dwelling, or at one end a few pigs of iron and at the other a pair of gates by Yellin, or at one end so much liquid glass and at the other a tonic for the eyes in the form of an array of Louis C. Tiffany's favrile and other types of molten color.

Does all this give us an inkling as to the cost of design? What is the value of Mr. Tiffany's time, Miss Ryther's in textile design, Miss Steinmetz's in costume, or Mr. Lachlan MacLachlan's in furniture? Some of these leaders in the field of design receive salaries, but the salaries are merely an arbitrary valuation that the balance sheet demands. They are not the cost of design in the product.

For instance, a furniture design appears first in a drawing. In other industries the drawing may follow the design instead of preceding it. The drawing may suggest the design; combined with the working drawings it gives a clear enough conception of the piece intended. Yet the table, let us say, is to be made at Grand Rapids to the extent of 250 at a time. The drawing would seem to carry considerable responsibility. A good designer goes into the factory. He can stop the work at any point if it is not going right, drawing or no, because he knows

the material and its behavior. Especially does he need to do this in connection with the finishes, which, of course, the drawing cannot hope to reproduce.

Perhaps we are asking too much of one designer. Knowing the fine results of our leading designers we hesitate to admit that we are importunate. But the cost of design takes on a new meaning seen in this way; it achieves a more human and personal value which is in a class with the virtues of daily conduct.

A psychologist may determine your reactions to a number of tests, but he cannot arrive at a coefficient of, say, maternal grouch (if you happen to be a night city editor, by way of example) which will control your reactions, or a coefficient of irresponsibility if you happen to be a flapper. Because these are ingredients or factors of character that will affect all reactions and be part of them in varying ways and proportions that defy detection. So it is with design. It is the making or breaking of an object of art. The same brushes and palette may result in the formless inanities of the unregen-



Courtesy of Gorham Mfg. Co.

Silver spoons in six designs, products of similar processes of manufacture as to ornament and shape



Courtesy of Rookwood Pottery

A group of five American pieces made in a factory that is a glorified craftsman's shop



Courtesy of H. R. Mallinson & Co.

A three-piece costume with chenille-appliqued border on a plain color crêpe

erate vorticist or apostle of Da-da and also in the living force of Luks, Henri, or Melchers.

But the maker of the design may in sober fact be only a maker of drawings. In some art industries this is the case, as in certain branches of garment design. Then we find in addition a "draper" who is not a designer and cannot command a designer's salary. A fine designer of quantity-made dresses may earn \$10,000; a draper who is an adept in handling materials to express the designer's conception can command a maximum of half that. In the same costume house there is probably another design authority, the styler, who determines in general the kind of thing to be made because he knows what will sell. He is master of the other two.

Neither designer nor draper nor yet the styler may be able to draw. Drawing in design is only a means to an end; too often it is regarded as the end itself.

So we may set down the salaries of designer, styler, draper of the designing staff and the cost of designing materials, rent and overhead, and yet fall short of the real value of design in the product, while seeming to put down an "actual" value or a traceable cost. Any figure reached in this way is bound to be false, for the reason that after all our calculation the dress remains broad silk and the furniture is only lumber without design.

Plain cotton goods by the yard may have its uses, but it becomes cretonne only after the printing on of a pattern, a process which, incidentally, adds 125 per cent. to its value. Too often have we found this reasoning followed: Purchased one design at \$25; Printed 8,000 yards; Cost of design less than .0032 per yard. Design can't be worth much at that rate! The reply is easy. Remove .0032 cents worth of design from any yard at random; what now is the value of your cretonne? As a matter of fact, the full design, if it is an eighteen-inch repeat, appears twice or even four times in every yard. The manufacturer must allow not only the paltry \$25 for a drawing, but (in most cases) for the making over of the drawing to make it viable for the purpose in mind; for the working drawings, where such are needed; for the endless compli-

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"Two Friends," a study by Benvenuto Buffano in swinging rhythms. The glaze is in rich green-blues

A Portrait Sculptor in Glazed Pottery

Benvenuto Buffano Combines the Technique of the Della Robbias with that of China

By PRISCILLA ALDEN

IN the second quarter of the fifteenth century in Italy Luca Della Robbia introduced an important innovation into decorative sculpture. He began glazing his terra cotta bas reliefs. The glazes themselves were not new. They were apparently adapted from those in current use at the majolica factories. But the idea of putting them on the bas reliefs was entirely original.

At first, Della Robbia had trouble with his new medium. The glaze was heavy and coarse and hard to manage; but he soon perfected it and within ten years had added to the white that he first used, blues, violet, two or three greens and brown. Later, he added yellow but neither he nor his successors ever achieved a satisfactory red.

Meanwhile across the world in China the potters were using glazes on small modeled figures and bringing this technique to such a degree of perfection that by the end of the Ming period they could achieve real color arrangements entirely in tones of white, while the other colors were available in a wide and accurately graded range. This plastic art developed in the Far East as a branch of the porcelain and pottery manufacture whereas in Italy it grew up as one phase of sculpture, but the Chinese figures were nevertheless beautifully modeled, the best examples obtaining a fine serenity of poise and expression, combined with a very delicate, live surface.

Both of these arts regenerated rapidly and profoundly until today, although inferior commercial products are still being turned out in imitation of the old models, glazed terra cotta or pottery has practically ceased to be a medium for serious sculpture. There are only a very few exceptions such as Paulanship's relief of his child in infancy, frankly in the Della Robbia style. But there is one young Italian, now an American, who has seen the possibilities of the material and is working

out a new, contemporary art in glazed pottery sculpture.

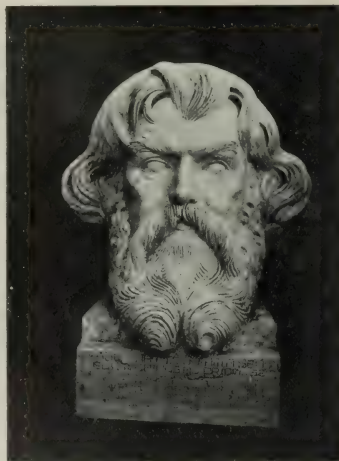
Benvenuto Buffano became interested in the majolica and similar potteries of his native land and made a careful study of the processes and possibilities. Not content with them, however, he then went to China and there studied the glazes of the Chinese porcelain and pottery factories and the traditions of craftsmanship of their kilns. Uniting the knowledge gained from these two sources, he has worked out his own colors and textures and modeled and made a series of beautiful decorative sculptures. Thus the art of glazed

sculpture of Italy and that of China has been joined and developed into a modern form of expression.

Some of this recent work of Buffano's leans toward the Italian traditions, some toward his acquired Chinese traditions. Notable in the former group are several busts of children that are a modernized echo of the school of Donatello and Desiderio di Settignano. They are, however, an echo only because they have the same soft, sensitive modeling of youth, with the quivering, speaking mouths that the fifteenth century Florentines knew how to portray. Aside from this quality, which is of the essence of childhood itself, they are unmistakably and entirely of the modern world. The youngsters have a mischievous vivacity quite in contrast to the wistful and sometimes saccharine expressions of the Renaissance children. Not, of course, that Florence in the Renaissance had only young cherubs on its streets. Far from it, judging from what some of her citizens grew up to be. But the art of the period was still moulded by religiosity whereas Buffano's is entirely secular. Some of these busts are in a soft white glaze, some are in very vibrant polychromy.

At the Chinese end of Buffano's scale is a portrait bust of a Mandarin, a still, serene figure, but by no means inert. The eyes are far-seeing in profound thought, the muscles of the face are relaxed but hard with the long schooling that the Oriental gives his facial expression. The treatment of the body has great decorative dignity, long arbitrary lines of the fabric of the coat swinging down in a flat curve from either side of his neck and a square panel in low relief suggesting embroidery on the coat front. The clarity and exactness of line and detail in this very flat relief is a severe test of his control of his medium.

Equally Chinese though quite different is the group of "Two Friends." Though the



"The Poet of the Desert, Charles Erskine Scott Wood." A portrait rendered with an appropriate feeling of a Gothic prophet

figures exist primarily for the rhythmic interplay of the lines of drapery of their robes, slow, swinging curves that sweep back and forth into each other in a perfect asymmetrical balance, the faces are by no means negligible. Each figure is a type individualized. While the whole treatment recalls that of the white glazed Kwannons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the scale is much larger than that of most of these, the figures being about three feet high, and the glaze is in vibrant blue greens.

Mr. Buffano has successfully blended the two styles in his other child pieces, one a group of two naked playing children that has the modeling of the Renaissance, some feeling of the Chinese and a conception quite modern; the other a very appealing portrait of little Ramond Pach, the son of the art critic.

Here is a very real little boy with full soft mouth and chubby cheeks, but he has been conventionalized, too, and given a poised de-



"Benia," whose portrait bust in polychrome glaze and in Buffano's handling owes something to the Della Robbia but has a merriment plus

tachment that has a Far Eastern feeling. Chinese, also, is the treatment of the figure with a combination of a simple incised pattern above a small relief design on the dress.

In still another group of his glazed sculptures Buffano goes directly into a realism that brushes aside tradition and depends entirely on an objective and responsive vision. Two portraits of Chinese scholars of different types vividly present highly individualized characters, with a fine appreciation of all their significant minor peculiarities. Though very ac-



Raymond Pach, a child portrait in which the sensitive modeling of the Renaissance is combined with the detachment of the Far East



"A Mandarin," done in a style that is Chinese but at the same time very much Buffano's own

curate, this is not a trivial realism, for Mr. Buffano has so understood the character of his sitters he has presented them as very living and very revealing personalities, and in doing this he has not hesitated to emphasize some expressive features and conventionalize some minor details, such as the wrinkles around the eye, into an almost formal pattern.



"A Chinese Philosopher." A dignified portrait that is at the same time a glowing decoration by virtue of the rich glaze

The style with which Buffano handles his subject is not arbitrary. He is not merely exploiting the person in the interest of this or that educative experiment. It is the quality of the person himself that determines the manner in which he models the portrait. Thus when he undertook a portrait of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, he turned neither to the Renaissance nor to the Chinese, nor did he fall back on simple interpretative realism, but, perhaps unconsciously, he matched the spirit of the man and wrought him in the Gothic.

Man of the future and idealist, Buffano made Wood's head in the model of a prophet on a fourteenth century French façade. The face is contemplative, but not with the remote serenity of the Chinese mandarin, but through a struggle both physical and spiritual, that has

left its marks. The hair and beard are formalized giving the rendition an architectural aspect, that emphasizes its enduring strength.

In adapting the various historical prototypes Buffano is not by any means merely the clever imitative technician. He really re-creates the style through both his own personality and that of his subject. His marked ability as a sculptor developed very early and was almost immediately recognized. He is now only twenty-six years old. When he was fourteen he exhibited in Rome and was complimented by a king. A year or so after that, some of his work shown in Paris made a stir. He came to New York and studied in the Art Students' League, but certainly got quite as much in the studios of such men as Herbert Adams, Fraser and Paul Manship.

He himself feels that an important part of his education was gleaned in his long rambles through the old bookshops, happening onto



"Chinese Scholar," a glazed bust in direct realism which portrays the type in the individual and carries a sense of force with its literalness

books on philosophy and psychology. He got many prizes both in school competitions and in other open competitions such as that in 1916 for the "Soul of the Emigrant" in which he took first award. But these seem of little moment to him.

His work is of interest not only because of its own strength and promise but also because it reintroduces into portrait and decorative sculpture another medium of wide possibilities that is a welcome relief from the massive marble or solemn bronze to which recent work has been restricted.



Olga Marinaro, a very modern child in a merry mood, but executed with a good deal of the feeling of the Renaissance



"A Victorian Beau," water-color drawing by Helen Dryden



An early pen and ink decoration by Helen Dryden



"The Spirit of Victorian Prints," a drawing by Helen Dryden

Decoration the Keynote of Stage Costuming

Helen Dryden's Work in the Creation of Beautiful Figures in the Theatre

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

IT is altogether characteristic of Helen Dryden that she keeps an almond-eyed butler who wears a pink silk coat and the detached, mystic air of the Orient. Atmosphere is what the artist seeks in her work—the atmosphere of gentler days, the exotic environment that goes with the fantastic creations she loves to draw and paint. In her spacious studio there is the gleam of colorful fabrics, and when she opens her portfolios there troop forth beauties of the Eighteenth Century, ladies and courtiers of old France, a long procession of gallant gentlemen in perukes and knee-breeches, and fair coquettes in powdered wig and wide brocaded skirts. The mannikins of this imaginative artist are all of a piece with Watteau, or akin to pure fantasy.

Every creator of the beautiful must have a foundation for his or her work. In the case of Helen Dryden it was the inspiration of the early nineteenth century romanticists of fiction who started her imagination to work. To Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas she owes her art genesis. In "Clair de Lune" and "The Three Musketeers" she sipped of the fountain of romance and sought to realize its tonic qualities in a visualization of the epoch and its high-flown characters.

Of course most magazine readers are familiar with the name of Helen Dryden, but it is not generally known that she has been quietly making a name for herself in that land of illusion—the stage. Some of the most beautiful, bizarre and fanciful costumes of recent years are from her hand.

The upward flight of this young woman is one of the picturesque

stories of artist's life within the far-famed domain of Greenwich Village. Not so very long ago she occupied a modest little garret, high above the moving crowd in historic Washington Square. There she sketched and designed fashions for one of the magazines, following a period of four years intensive study under Hugh H. Breckinridge at Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, where she received instruction in landscape painting.

Landscapes, however, did not offer a great

appeal to the young artist, so she essayed fashions, designed cover pages, in fact was a pioneer in this field, and under the potent influence of the French masters, she eventually drifted toward the stage.

"My first costumes were designed for musical comedy and I made my debut in the theatre with 'Watch Your Step,' produced by Charles B. Dillingham in 1914." Thus replied Miss Dryden in response to my query as to how she began her career as a creator of costumes for the theatre.

It all began with an exquisite little powder puff which she designed one day without a thought of the stage. This decorative little bit appearing in a magazine attracted the attention of Mr. Dillingham, who sought Miss Dryden, and as a result she was commissioned to design the costumes for "Watch Your Step." Theatregoers will recall Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle as co-stars in the Dillingham syncopated musical comedy, with costumes by Helen Dryden.

Then came commissions for other play costumes, notably for George C. Tyler's production of "Sophie," a play of the eighteenth century by Phillip Moeller. One of her extremely original designs was the beautiful and fantastic "White Peacock," which figured prominently in a production by Adolph Bolm, of the Russian ballet, for a little fantasy he was staging at the Rialto Theatre, New York.

It proved a great success, and afterwards was adopted by Dolores of the Ziegfeld Follies and was also essayed by society maids of the metropolis at their fashionable balls. The "White Peacock" created something of a furore, and



"Apples of Hesperides," a decorative panel

brought tangible success to Helen Dryden. She was thenceforth known as a creator of original costumes for the stage.

When the Barrymores contemplated producing "Clair de Lune," they decided to commission Miss Dryden to design the costumes for that play. Her familiarity with the romance of Victor Hugo's novel on which the play is based gave her the historical background for the designing of her costumes, and her imagination accomplished the rest.

The costume created for Ethel Barrymore by Miss Dryden in this fantastic play was a brilliant achievement. It was a gown of white tulle, embellished with pearls, a dream of delicacy and charm, with white silver gleaming in the brocade, the second skirt having an ornamentation of feathers. For this play Miss Dryden also designed two effective costumes for Violet Kemble Cooper, displayed in Act I and Act III.

"What influenced you most in designing the costumes for 'Clair de Lune,'" I asked Miss Dryden, while chatting with her in her studio, just



"Circe," one of Miss Dryden's decorative fantasies

brothered in silver with fanciful Chinese designs. The days of the courts of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI are recalled by these languorous ladies who flitted through the fantastic scenes of "Clair de Lune." Added to the eighteenth-century costume-effects was a touch of the Orient, for even the French artists took a leaf from the Orientals and their colorful effects.

It was an interesting trio that contributed to the artistry of "Clair de Lune": Ethel Barrymore, actress; Mrs. John Barrymore, author, and Helen Dryden, designer of the costumes. Of this trio the designer played a most important rôle, and it was her talent and imagination that gave color and flair to the costumes and visualized for theatre-goers of today the regal gowns worn by the Queen of a French Court and her attendant beauties.

Miss Dryden confesses she found much inspiration from the masters of the French

school, of which she is a student, but this does not detract one whit from her originality, for the graceful women of her dreams are individual, charming.

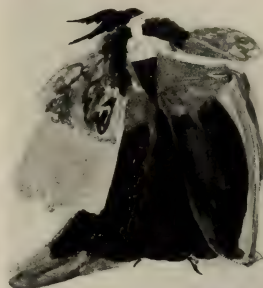
She was rather reluctant to tell me of her designs for fashions and cover pages of the magazines, for she is embarking upon a new stage in her career, and has already taken a step into the realm of mural painting.

I was privileged to see one charming decoration designed as a decoration for an over-mantel in the process of making. There is a table laden with flowers and women arrayed in most alluring gowns, with colorful and fantastic courtly gallants in attendance. It is extremely decorative with a color scheme embodying greens and blues and a very effective landscape background.

At the moment the artist is designing some quite elaborate costumes for one of America's foremost theatrical producers, but as I caught but a glimpse of these preliminary drawings in color, I can only give a hint of them, and besides the artist herself is pledged to secrecy. They are colorful, decorative and with a nice appreciation of



"A Girl, in the fête scene of 'Clair de Lune.' Costume design by Helen Dryden



Violet Kemble Cooper in "Clair de Lune." Costume design by Helen Dryden

off Fifth Avenue on East Tenth Street, New York.

"Oh, perhaps the French and Venetians of the eighteenth century," she replied.

Then she showed some of the original drawings of these costumes and in the originals they were "Looms from the Milky Way," as some one has described them. Somewhat exaggerated, perhaps, but with just that note of abandon and imagery to give color to the scene in which they appear. The sets in "Clair de Lune" are, one might say, in an enchanted kingdom, with moonlit atmosphere. This is where Miss Dryden waved her wand of fancy and attired the heroine and ladies of the court in resplendent gowns in which gold and silver gleamed, and with high head-dresses adorned with nodding plumes. As the Queen, Miss Barrymore was a vision, and as the decadent duchess, Miss Violet Kemble Cooper was a close rival in her effective costume of pale emerald taffeta, and a wide skirt em-



"A Romantic Lady," decorative panel by Miss Dryden

the period in which the figures of the drama move.

I might venture to observe that the large following of those who have watched the development of Helen Dryden, who began her career designing fashions for a Philadelphia newspaper, will be interested in her evolution as a figure of importance in the theatre. She has won for herself a place in the art world by sheer perseverance, and is now engaged upon a career which gives promise of a position among the foremost of women designers of our time. There is something fine and inspiring in the achievement of this solitary figure who has steadily fought her way to the fore with the fragile weapons of art, who has compelled the attention of those men of the theatre who are not notorious for their instant recognition of genius nor given to sentiment in matters affecting the box-office. It argues, at least, a compelling quality of her product that Helen Dryden is now sought after by the most astute managers.



"Adam and Eve," attributed to Loti, Venetian School. This was the condition of the canvas when turned over to the restorer



After the painting was re-lined and the torn part on the face of Adam properly repaired, the complete restoration followed

Bringing Dead Paintings Back to Life

The Art of The Restorer is But Little Understood and Demands Rare Skill

By CHRISTINE M. LEWIS

THESE has been much controversial discussion among artists as to whether the restorer of paintings should be hailed as a savior of our old masterpieces, or whether he should be ostracized as a menace to the art world. One well-known artist has even gone so far as to compare the attempt to restore paintings to their virgin beauty of color and outline, to the exhuming of bodies of departed heroes and leaving them to decay before the public eye. He maintains that any attempt to prolong the life of a valuable old canvas is worse than futile, that it is sacrilege. There are, however, many other artists who believe that the intelligent restorer, who loves and knows paintings, is a real benefactor, that his careful work is infinitely to be preferred to the ravages of time.

There are on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Egyptian paintings which are said to be 3000 years old. Comparatively few of the thousands of visitors who have seen these and other ancient paintings exhibited

there, have any conception of the process which has made it possible for them to look upon these old masterpieces. Most of us know little of the work of the professional restorer; and many of us would like to know more about what measures we should take to keep our treasured canvases in the best possible condition.

There are but few really trustworthy restorers in this country; in fact, they could almost be counted on the fingers of both hands. The restorer is not and should not be a creator. He is, rather, a scientist, an analyst, a chemist. The person who gives the matter careful consideration realizes that in any good painting great care has been expended in selecting pigments which will last through the ages, and the medium with which they should be applied; and, by the same reasoning, he realizes that the restorer must be able to analyze and recognize what these are before applying any substances for their cleansing or renewal. A cleansing medium which would accomplish miraculous results on one canvas

might be disastrous if applied to another. The restorer must know paintings. If he does not know how the paintings of Rembrandt should look, how can he intelligently attempt to cleanse, to restore, in case of accident, one of the great artist's canvases? Just as the good surgeon understands the intricate functioning of the human anatomy only from careful study and years of experience, so does the restorer, by the same method, acquire his professional knowledge. We have said that the restorer is not a creator; but certainly the breathless fascination which accompanies the cleansing and renewing of an old painting is comparable with that which must have attended its creation.

The education of a restorer consists, to a large degree, in the systematic gathering of data and periods, and the acquiring of knowledge of the history of pigments, media and varnishes. For example, the priming or sizing (the substance applied to the surface of a canvas or wooden panel to prepare it for receiving the colors) in ancient pictures was usually a



"Saint Sebastian," attributed to Ribera. This shows the state of the original canvas which had lain buried under repaintings and varnishes. The uncovered part of the chest and right arm revealed the original coloring



During the process of restoration it was discovered that this subject was painted over another picture, possibly by the same artist. A part of the original composition may be dimly seen in the centre of the canvas



"Virgin and Child," attributed to Giulio Proccacci, 1548-1626. This was the picture's torn and darkened state until a few months ago

composition of lime or whiting, while modern artists depend almost entirely upon a special preparation of lead. A greater difference exists in most cases between the pigments to be found in the works of the old masters and those which modern painters use. While the old masters employed mineral colors almost exclusively, those at the disposal of our modern artists include a number of colors derived from vegetable sources and others from the aniline group which were, of course, entirely unknown previous to the middle of the 19th century. Then, there are many kinds of varnish, some of which are comparatively easy to remove for cleansing purposes; and others, which are incredibly hard, present a special problem to the

restorer. These are only a few of the factors which enter into the question of deciding by what methods a painting should be cleansed and freshened up. And, by the same token, it is quite easy to understand why only the simplest "first aid" measures should be applied by the amateur.

There are, however, a few simple rules for the care of paintings which all of us should know. In the first place, canvases should be hung in the proper atmosphere. Of course, you and I can't build our homes with the sole object of providing an ideal hanging-place for our paintings. But in building a museum certain precautions are imperative. A site should be chosen which is safe, high, sufficiently distant from the damp of rivers, canals, drains, the emanations of factories and gas-works. There should be cellars under the building. The walls on which the pictures are hung should be inner walls, and so on. We might go on indefinitely, listing the precautions which should be taken in preserving the masterpieces of our famous art collections, public and private. Suffice it to say that we must hang our pictures in rooms where they will not be subjected to extremes in temperature, where they will not be damp, and where they will be submitted to neither too much light nor too much darkness; and they should not be hung in rooms where there is any possibility of escaping gas affecting their surfaces.

The simplest and most elementary process in the care of pictures consists in wiping them to keep them free from dust. Once a month, every picture should be dusted with a silk handkerchief, and then gently rubbed with a soft chamois leather, which should be used for nothing else. If the picture has not been var-



The same painting shown on opposite side of page after a long process of tedious but intelligent work by the professional restorer

nished and has become dirty, it should be washed with clear rain-water, used sparingly, and rubbed with a piece of raw potato. It should then be hung in the open air, or in a very light room, but not in the direct rays of the sun. To a picture, the varnish of which is intact, but which has become soiled with dust and smoke, Moreau Vauthier tells us to apply *eau flamande* with a sponge drawn slowly over the surface. After a few seconds, the picture should be rinsed with another sponge dipped in clear water. It should be wiped with a clean, soft cloth, dried in the air and gently rubbed over with a chamois skin.

(Continued on page 76)

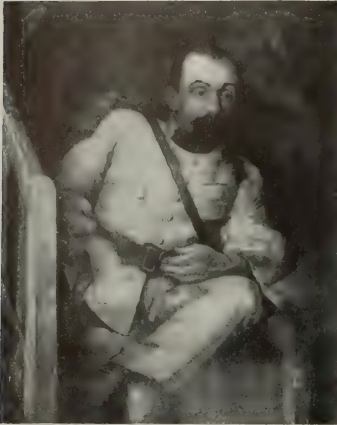


Portrait of George Washington, probably an early replica of the noted and much copied Lansdowne canvas. It hung in the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky, where dampness and neglect did their deadly work



This is the same Washington portrait restored to its original brilliancy of coloring and definition of detail. The missing shreds of canvas were built up bit by bit. Doubtless there is much re-painting here

Where Two Thousand Artists Strive for Recognition



Portrait of Elie Faure, the Noted Art Historian. From the painting by Diego M. Rivera

In the seventh annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists held this month at the Waldorf Astoria, New York, there is, as heretofore, a range of talent and perversity truly overwhelming. In a free-for-all show of this character there is bound to be much that is meritorious and much that is trashy. Cheek by jowl with canvases of incredible ineptitude are paintings that would distinguish any exhibition. In a rioting world of paint the quieter canvases shine forth like planets in the heavens amid a shower of rockets. While the method of displaying the works of exhibitors in alphabetical order relieves the hanging committee of the usual onus falling to the lot of a hard-working group, the plan does raise the dickens with any harmony of arrangement. Color schemes that cry down their nearby neighbors, huge figures that overshadow more modest ones, are an inevitable result where the exhibitors' names determine their place on the wall.

Variety, of course, is the outstanding fact of the show, but it is the variety of the kalei-



"On The Town Road," Cahirciveen, Ireland. From the painting by Jack B. Yeats



Portrait of Carl Van Vechten, in Pensive Mood. From the painting by Florine Stettheimer

doscope. In some instances the painter seems to have emptied his full palette upon the canvas and let the result stand for what it may; design, theme, composition are as foreign to some of these products as the thematic scale is foreign to the black African pounding his tom-tom. The intention of a number of the exhibitors can have been none other than, through sheer mendacity, to force themselves upon the spectator's notice.

But all in all, taking the good with the bad, this year's exhibit is on a higher plane than any of the preceding six shows of the Independents. Among the pictures of outstanding merit are those of John Sloan, George Bellows, Alfred Freuh, Robert Henri, Jack Yeats and S. Horner Decots. The two thousand members of the Society, known and unknown, are to be congratulated in making a decided impression on the picture-going public in a season remarkable for the number and variety of its exhibitions of art. The Society's seventh show may be a pictorial circus, but at least it is an interesting and significant one.

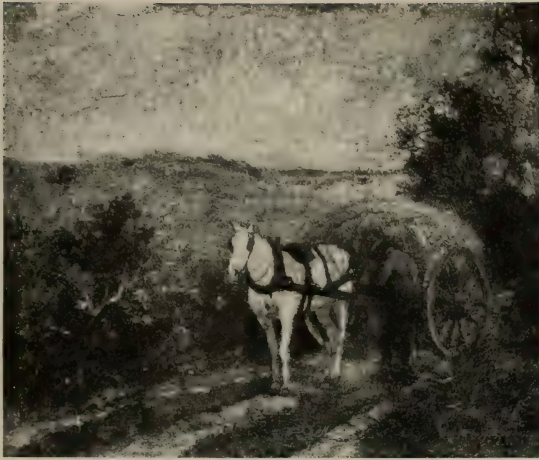


"The Park." From the painting by S. Horner Decots



"The Chincute Family." By Jean Charlot

"To appreciate art we have to be emotionally and mutually alert and not addicted to hero cult. Each work of art is a new experience and cannot be measured by a former one"



"A curious character in our positive time, Albert P. Ryder, represented with two works, resembles somewhat the French romantics but will never be mistaken for one of them"

Some Native Painters and the Philosophy of Art

Notes Inspired by the Canvases of American Artists in the Lewisohn Collection

By STEPHAN BOURGEOIS

WRITING an essay on art reminds me of a volume, which fell one day into my hands, when I was looking over the latest art-publications in a bookshop. I forgot to note the name of the author and his title. Glancing over the pages, my eyes struck a passage in the introduction, which attracted my attention. The author tried to evoke in the mind of the reader the sensation of an art-writer face to face with the necessity of transmitting into well-defined terms the content of a work of art.

The way the author proceeded was most amusing and at the same time convincing. He compared the writer on esthetics with a dog, who tries vainly to lay down on a certain spot, which he feels somewhere, but cannot strike. Turning repeatedly in a circle around the hypothetical spot he abandons hope and settles down as well as he can.

Could the situation be better illustrated than in that short sentence?

In the confusion which seized my mind, I dropped the book and left the shop. I had till then been nourished on the art-interpretations of Vasari, Ruskin and our own contemporary art-historians, and had taken most of what they said for granted.

The discovery of the dog story, was therefore a rude awakening. But why should art-criticism be better able to explain psychical phenomena than does philosophy? The philosopher knows that he cannot strike the central spot. Since the beginning of historical times he feels, that the best he can do is to go around the great enigma in a circle and make the circle as narrow as possible. He senses the truth intuitively but realizing the limitations of the intellect he endeavors only to approximate with words the central point as well as he can.

Although art-criticism is seldom in agreement on anything, most people

have an absolute faith in it, a faith which approaches that of the Indian in the ability of the medicine man to make sunshine and rain.

And what has art-criticism been since it was invented in the renaissance? Mostly art-history with the accent sharply on history. We have today no way for exact aesthetic thinking. We have no aesthetic standards by which art can be measured. Beauty and ugliness, words much abused as arguments for discussion by the lazy minded, are vague terms defying definitions.

Modern psychology alone tells us something concrete about art and that is, that art is created in a dream state. Freud's analysis of Leonardo da Vinci's mind, gives us an idea of the possibilities which the future holds in

reserve for the serious student. With the discovery of the unconscious action of the artist's mind, we are for the first time on solid ground. But has this discovery been used and applied? Not yet.

How do dreams arise in the artist's mind? How does reality become a dream in his subconsciousness? What impulses drive him to creation? What inhibitions prevent him from action? What is the effect of the creative impulses on matter as, for example, in stone, color, air? When does the artist reach the highest expansion, identifying himself with his subject? These are only a few questions which we have to consider, before we can go deeper into the subject.

Five hundred years have been spent in developing the physical sciences. Only about fifty years have been given to psychical research. Matter has been practically conquered, but we are only beginning to conquer ourselves. What do we know about our "Psyche"? Very little. What about the mind and soul of the artist? Much less.

Art-science is therefore in its infancy. A few men have attempted to give more than a historical review of past art manifestations, by narrowing the circle of analysis to certain facts of creative import.

They are: in France, Guillaume Apollinaire and Elie Faure. In Germany, Meyer-Graefe and Kurt Glaser. In England, Roger Fry and Clive Bell. In America, Marsden Hartley and Willard Huntington Wright. Outside these men art writing has been more or less of a historical nature, with the object of giving to the public an idea of our art inheritance, and teach us something of past art epochs.

But this system has one important defect, which annuls completely the beneficial effect, which it might have on the reader's mind. Out of the agglomeration of past art manifestations certain rules have been distilled

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"A Working Girl," from the painting by John Sloan



"Venus and Vulcan," a Beauvais-Boucher tapestry in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"The Loves of the Gods"

Most Famous of the Six Splendid Sets of Beauvais-Boucher Tapestries

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THE finest tapestries of the eighteenth century are not Gobelins, but Beauvais-Bouchers, designed by François Boucher, favorite painter of Madame Pompadour, and woven at the Beauvais Tapestry Works, during the proprietorship of Nicolas Besnier (1734-1753) and of his successor André Charlemagne Charron (1753-1780). As shown in the illustration on this page, the Museum's "Vulcan and Venus" is signed in the right end of the bottom selvage by Charron with a fleur-de-lis, his initials A. C. C. and BEAUVAIS. The same woven signature exists on Mrs. Hutton's "Bacchus and Ariadne," but cannot be seen in our illustration, because hidden by the narrow wooden moulding that frames the tapestry. The Museum tapestry carries also at the left end of the bottom selvage the signature of OUDRY, who was the artistic director of the Beauvais Works (1726-1755). As Charron became proprietor only in 1753 and as Oudry died in 1755, the two signatures fix the date of the tapestry as not before 1753 and not after 1755.

The six sets of tapestries designed by Boucher for Beauvais are the Italian Fêtes (14), the Story of Psyche (5), the Chinese set (6), the Loves of the Gods (9), the Opera Fragments (5), the Noble Pastorale (6), forty-five in all, many of which went on the looms ten times or more. "Bacchus and

Ariadne" headed the list in popularity with a record, on the Beauvais books, of seventeen times, while "Vulcan and Venus" reached fifteen. The other seven subjects of the Loves of the Gods set were "Pluto and Proserpine," "Neptune and Amymone," "Bacchus and Erigone," "Mars and Venus," "Boreas and Orithyia," "Jupiter and Europa," "Apollo and Clytie."

The tapestries designed by Boucher for Beauvais made the Gobelins jealous. In 1754 the three shop managers of the Gobelins, Audran, Cozette and Neilson, presented a petition to the government, saying that "to prevent the decadence of the Gobelin factory it is necessary to attach it to Sr. Boucher." For lack of suitable designs the Gobelins cannot get private work, "and for nearly twenty years the Beauvais factory has been kept up by the attractive paintings made for it by Sr. Boucher." No wonder that Oudry, the artistic director of the Beauvais Works, prided himself on his good sense in having employed Boucher so generously, or that the then proprietor of the Beauvais Works, André Charlemagne Charron, was ready and willing to give Boucher an interest in the profits of the business, if only he would not desert it for the Gobelins. But the government said "go," and Boucher went.

Boucher was the greatest tapestry designer of the eighteenth century, though he was by no means the greatest painter. Indeed, the

qualities that made him in many respects inferior as a painter to Watteau, and Fragonard, and Chardin, and others, are precisely the qualities that made him superior to them as a creator of tapestries.

Boucher was a decorative genius whose work was especially suited for rebirth on the loom. His easel paintings possess infinite charm of manner and style, but lack the brush qualities so necessary on canvas. Indeed, they often seem almost as if executed on porcelain, so hard and dry are they. But his full-size cartoons for tapestry no sooner came to the loom than they quivered into the warm life and vibrancy of color attainable only in textiles.

Much of Boucher's decorative ability is due to what he learned from the Chinese. He was a passionate lover and collector of Chinese porcelains and silks and paintings. He even designed a set of Beauvais tapestries picturing life in China. His trees and foliage (see the tapestries illustrated) testify to the influence upon him of Chinese landscape painting. But his work is always *Chinoiserie*, never *Chinois*. In other words, he always made completely his own whatever he borrowed, whether from China or Italy.

Note in the illustrations how he handled ancient Roman architecture. The subjects of the Loves of the Gods being Classic objects, the introduction of a Roman architectural background is appropriate, almost inevitable.

But the architecture does not consist of Roman temples and palaces as they are supposed to have looked in the time of Augustus or Hadrian. Far from it. The architecture is that of the Roman Forum when after centuries of neglect, it had become a cow pasture, with ruins overgrown by luxuriant vines and plants, dominated by the "back to nature" tendency, which also dominated the style of the period of which Boucher was the most characteristic representative.

Of the three Beauvais-Boucher tapestries that now adorn the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "Vulcan and Venus" is by far the best. It has faded more gracefully than its companion piece, "Bacchus and Ariadne," and it is in all respects superior to the "Vertumnus and Pomona" of the Altman collection. Venus has sought the workshop of her husband, Vulcan, in quest of the suit of armor being made for her son Aeneas, hero of the Aeneid and ancestor of the Romans. She rests easily upon a bank of clouds, her dove-drawn chariot behind and above. Cupid and three nymphs attend her. Vulcan looks his soul out with longing. One smith displays a picture-embossed shield upon his anvil, but cannot keep his eyes from the beauty of the goddess of love. The smith at the extreme left holds aloft a helmet, but is likewise fascinated by the appearance of his master's gay wife. Even the smith on the extreme right, who is in the act of striking the hot iron, seems to neglect his task. As background, shadowy mountains on the right, and Roman ruins on the left, with ax and fasces lying on the ground, symbolic of the empire that was Roman.

Unlike most Beauvais-Bouchers, this tapestry bears the signature *F. Boucher, 1749*. It is on the marble chest at the left, out of which one of the attendants is lifting a golden



"Bacchus and Ariadne," a Beauvais-Boucher tapestry in the collection of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton



"Nymphs and Satyrs," pendant to "Bacchus and Ariadne," a Beauvais-Boucher tapestry in the collection of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton

pitcher, but it reads backwards as does the signature *F. Boucher, 1757*, on the "Vertumnus and Pomona" in the Altman collection. The reason for the reversed direction is that the signature was written direct on a cartoon painted reversed. The low warp loom on which Beauvais-Bouchers were woven reversed the direction of the design, making the left-handed cartoon come out right-handed as planned, and the right-handed signature come out left-handed. Incidentally, I might remark that the date is not that of the tapestry, but of the cartoon. The date of the tapestry, as Mr. Breck points out in the *Museum Bulletin*, is 1754, and it and its mate are part of a set of four made in that year for Baron de Thiers.

Incomparably brilliant are Mrs. Hutton's two "Bacchus and Ariadne" tapestries. Few Beauvais-Bouchers have descended to us in such perfect condition, with colors still as vivid as they left the loom, and with the tenderest gradations of tone and tint still preserved. The main tapestry pictures the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne; the other the wedding party of nymphs and satyrs, woven sometimes as separate tapestry, sometimes as part of the main one. In both of these tapestries Boucher is at his best.

Ariadne, daughter of Minos, King of Crete, fell in love with Theseus who came from Athens to kill the Minotaur. She helped him accomplish his mission, and then eloped with him. But Theseus abandoned her on the voyage back to Athens, leaving her asleep on the island of Naxos. Here came Bacchus, the god of wine, attended by nymphs and satyrs, to celebrate his secret rites. He no sooner saw Ariadne than he adored her, wooed her and persuaded her to forget the old love in the new.

A Suburban Cottage of Artistic Simplicity



This unconventional porch entrance makes an attractive approach to the house. The front door is of chestnut in its natural color. The window frames are of pine stained chestnut brown. The roof is of cedar shingles stained reddish brown. The terrace flooring and steps are broken flagstones



A small suburban house designed by F. Albert Hunt for William S. Sage, at Pelham, N. Y. On an irregular plot 100 x 91 Mr. Hunt has achieved a seven-room house of unusual character and attractiveness

The exterior wall finish is stucco, left in the natural sand and cement color and finished by hand with trowel

The house is built on a rock ledge at the end of a blind street. The entrance hall is on the rock level with street and the living-dining-room is eight steps below. The lanterns are of Spanish origin and hand-wrought. The leader heads are of copper and the window lights are set in leaded mutins



"Now when we advise a well-thought-out scheme of treatment it is logical and reasonable, and this is possible because the over-strained cult of the purist in period furnishing is no longer taking its careful eliminating way with the interiors of our homes"



Courtesy of A. Kimbel & Son

This pure Colonial dining-room is a good example of the successful fitting of a room with antedating furniture. The refectory table is Elizabethan, the chairs and spice cabinet are also early English, yet the assemblage is harmonious and pleasing

Assembling Unrelated Furniture Harmoniously

Interesting Results Are Obtained by a Careful Admixture of Period Pieces

By MARGARET G. LOCKE

IN the course of a recent talk with one of New York's exclusive decorators, a number of points of interest to the layman—or in other words to the man or woman who is furnishing a new house or refitting his rooms—were brought out. The *raison d'être* of today's decided departure from strictly period furnishings was given, as well as a convincing upholding of the present tendency toward much and varied color in a room.

Among other things, said this man who knows: "At this time the decorating and furnishing of the residence is a less exacting undertaking than it was a few years ago and the finished work is invariably more interesting. Now when we advise a well-thought-out

largely assisted by the war, which has sent to this country to be sold much that is rare, beautiful and authentic taken from the interiors of the old palaces, châteaux, villas, manor houses and cottages of Europe. To provide for these an environment that is worthy and to assemble properly such furniture, ornament and textiles, has proven an incentive to architect and decorator as well as to the fortunate owner.

"And thus it has come about that the decorator does not hesitate to assemble within the same four walls many representative pieces obtained in various countries and of differing periods. The happy mingling of English and Italian furniture is readily accounted for by

(Continued on page 68)



Courtesy A. Kimbel & Son

The dark oak and heavy lines of this Elizabethan table finds in the colorful antique tapestry a background fitting and delightful

scheme of treatment it is logical and reasonable, and this is possible because the over-strained cult of the purist in period furnishing is no longer taking its careful eliminating way with the interiors of our homes. That time is past and today we are freely mingling various types and periods within our walls, with results not only intriguing and beautiful but agreeable to live with, which after all is the supreme test of rooms which are part of a home and not of a museum or a club.

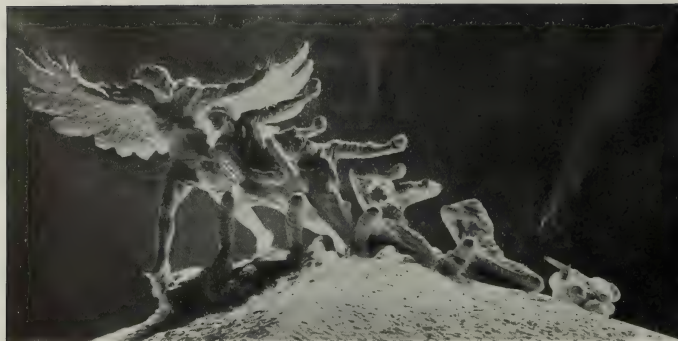
"Undoubtedly a better understanding and more general appreciation of the fine furniture and ornament of the old world has been



Here is a French commode-console flanked by French chairs of the same period and a mirror of contemporary design. Compare this effect with that of the opposite room



An English console of the 17th century conforms agreeably with the French mirror above it. The chairs, with needlepoint covering, are also English of a later period



"The Scythe of Death," heroic group at apex of the monument. The sculptor's final study

Italy's New National Monument to Her War Heroes

A Gigantic and Nobly Conceived Memorial by the Sculptor Eugenio Baroni

By CROSSLEY DAVIES

UNIQUE in conception, heroic in scope, picturesque in setting, the designs for the Italian State war memorial which have won first place in the national competition must appeal to every lover of monumental art. More than that, when carried out, Italy's touching salute to its illustrious dead will be one of the finest and biggest soldier monuments in the world's history. In every way it strikes the imagination. It sounds a note of true democratic patriotism and avoids the dissonance of any appeal to the mis-called glory of war.

Set as it is, by the rules of the competition, on the summit of the Monte St. Michele, where so many of Italy's sons died in the fight for freedom, it is a memorial that could have no parallel in America, England or Germany. To raise on such a site as this an American monument, the United States would have to choose some battlefield in France which, by the sacred christening of the blood of her sons, has become forever a bit of America, not merely a site but a shrine.

The great scheme, here described and illustrated, is the work of one of Italy's most noted

sculptors, Signor Eugenio Baroni. It has been approved by a national committee and it will before long be undertaken by the State as the best expression yet evolved of the nation's lasting tribute to those whose sacred bones paved the path to peace.

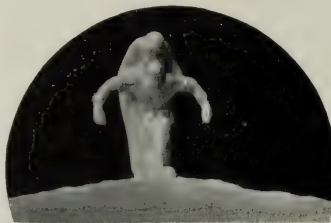
The main idea is simple as all great ideas are. A gigantic cross tops the mountain, symbol of sacrifice at the scene of the greatest sacrifice made by the Italian army. The central part of the cross is a sort of sacred crypt containing the bones of the slain and an altar where prayers for the dead may be said. Here

will be Italy's greatest shrine, a place for prayer and pilgrimage. The steps that lead up to the Ossarium, making approach slow, give ample time for meditation. There is here no Vanity Fair to distract or to demean. For here, amid the eternal hills, far from busy town and scrambling mart, sleep the nation's heroes.

The religion of Italy gives to this memorial its peculiar character. The logical Latin temperament permits a stark acceptance of the gruesome side of war that, perhaps, would be impossible in America. Yet this somewhat grim phase of the memorial is softened and sanctified by the belief in Prayers for the Dead, which is a cardinal doctrine of the majority of the people.

With a cross as the main outline of the memorial, the sculptor has designed statuary groups at commanding points, and it seems a natural development that these should have become rather like Stations of the Cross on a fine processional pilgrim way.

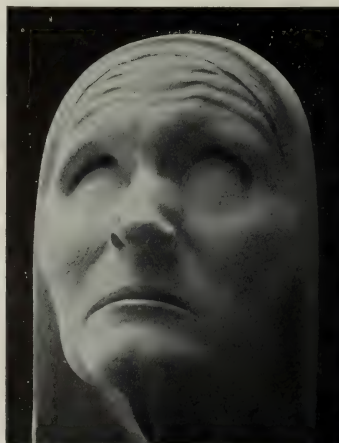
The conception is daring but justified; the Cross signifies so much, both of sacrifice and hope. It is the world's symbol for just that form of patriotism which unselfishly and with-



"The Fall," rough clay sketch for Station III.



A child feeding a soldier on his way to the front. Station IV.



A close-up of the mother in the group at right. A study of sorrow



"The Call to Arms"—Soldier taking leave of his mother. Station I.

sculptors, Signor Eugenio Baroni. It has been approved by a national committee and it will before long be undertaken by the State as the best expression yet evolved of the nation's lasting tribute to those whose sacred bones paved the path to peace.

It is an arresting design, bold and majestic. Its scope is truly national. Its sentiment is, as

out thought of the individual life give up all, even unto death, for a national ideal. And the way of the Cross is one of infinite dolor, marked by a variety of tribulations. So the Stations have a special meaning for the Italian peasant. To climb up the many steps that would lead to the national shrine and to meet on the way these Stations of a nation's Calvary

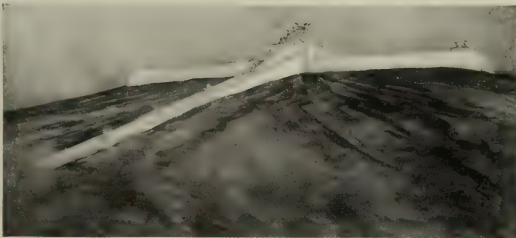
will give to the pilgrimage a religious atmosphere, the suggestion of being in some vast cathedral, built by Nature, and embellished by man. So the impression that here is holy ground, sanctified by the best blood of the people, is insensibly produced.

The majesty of the mountain top, the solemn stillness, the sense of freedom, the wide expanse of the countryside to be seen from the heights, should make for lofty thought. It should be like a refreshing spring for the world-weary pilgrim, should inspire to a finer and higher patriotism and an enlarged conception of the beauty of sacrifice.

Here on the summit of Monte St. Michele, one of the pivotal points of the war, the issue was mainly decided in the struggle against the Austrian. And it is eminently fitting that on this spot should be raised the nation's tribute to the men who set her free.

Signor Baroni says he has conceived this work as the result of his enthusiasm for and belief in the sacrifices and the feats of the Italian soldier. No one who looks at the designs will be surprised that he won the national competition. His first idea was to provide a house for the dead. The monument gradually assumed the form of a cross without deliberate design. To reach the chapel it was necessary to make approaches and so wings were added. And thus the Cross came into being. So, too, with the Stations. The artist did not set out to include them in his scheme. They came afterwards in a natural way, for he found it necessary to tell the story of the soldier and could not do it properly without also telling the story of the Mother. And so, group after group developed until the Cross and its Stations gave to the monument a full religious flavor, setting up on the holiest ground in all Italy the symbols of sanctity.

The size of the monument is heroic, for its cubic content is 163,000 cubic metres, with a length of 400 metres and a breadth of 200. It is not high because the mountain is so high that it forms all the pedestal needed. The actual Chapel of the Sacred Bones, as we may quite reverently term the central feature of the memorial, is 60,000 cubic metres. The artist has gone to great pains to get just the right proportions. He made special experiments on the mountain itself and also on certain hill fortifications. The well-known fact that even a small hut or shelter at the top of a mountain, seen from a far distance, looks as imposing as if it were a big and massive building built on the flat, led him to the decision that no height was needed. The Cross will be visible from afar off. As seen from the Isonzo, the river of heroic and terrible memories, the monument will appear as just a great white cross on the mountain-side. From the railway line Cormons-Capriava, at the little town of Gradisca, people will get a nearer view. They will see the long flight of steps with the four great groups, the central building, topped by the gigantic statuary with the winged figure leading



(Top view) The monument seen from a distance. Note the sculptor's achievement of a Cross laid upon the hilltop. (Below) A nearer view of the monument showing the stations of the Cross

Italy's sons to a new dawn, and the two Stations at the ends of the wings of the Cross. From Doberdo and Oppachiasella, at the rear, will be visible the back of the monument, and again the outstanding winged figure that may be seen from every point because its only background is the skyline,



"The Wounded"—a group at Station VI.



"The Demobilized Peasant"—group at Station VIII.

dominates the pile. From whatever side you view the memorial, it is still this heroic conception of the Spirit of Italy that sets the note of fervent patriotism. Here Hope strides above an open grave and new life springs from the ashes of the dead.

The statuary represents the epic of the war as felt and fought by the peasant soldier, the true representative of the people. The first Station is named "The Call." The soldier is shown in full war kit, bidding farewell to his mother, who, patriot, too, will not stay him. Simple, strong, broad, dignified, the work has a compelling restraint. The sad, statuesque mother, noble, immobile, and the son, moving forward, yet looking backward, torn by the conflicting calls of home and country, which yet are one, make a group of real power.

The second Station shows the son climbing to the height of heroism to which he has been called. Somehow in the bent back, burdened by the heavy full kit, and the appealing arms, there seems to be the whole story of the agony of the sacrifice, a sacrifice accentuated by the sorrow-stricken figure of the mother, who, now that her son cannot see her, gives way to her grief. She proudly bade him go but the parting is not made the easier thereby. And the sculptor graves it all in a few pregnant lines. More than this he manages in the upturned, eager face of the warrior, looking on to the task that lies ahead, to suggest the courage which sends this man from his fireside and his field, despite the bitter sorrow of parting, to face willingly discomfort and death.

On the way he falls beneath his heavy burden, and this is the subject of the third Station. In the agony of this hour he is sustained by his mother, who bends tenderly over him. Here, as in other groups, are both fact and parable. The mother is not only the mother of his flesh but also the spiritual mother, that Italy for whom he is to fight and by whom he is supported and succoured.

Again this theme occurs in the next Station, "The Bread." While he forsakes his fields, others take up the task of feeding the nation and the army, which is, too, the nation in arms. The children now feed their fathers. The new generation aids the old, while the old in the firing line protect the heritage of the new. Here is a fine parable. The artist links up in one simple incident the peasant in peace with the peasant in war. And the child who gives to him the loaf suggests the true business of man, earning his daily bread, which an unwanted war had interrupted. The soldier with his machine-gun and other implements of slaughter typifies the uselessness and destructiveness of war. The child with the loaf surely stands for the fruitfulness and constructiveness of peace.

Station the sixth is a grim reminder of the peasant soldier's sacrifice for the sanctity of home and homeland. Here, told boldly, brutally, is the most horrible and

(Continued on page 61)



Courtesy M. Knoedler & Co.

ANTHONY IN EGYPT—AN ARCHITECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION

William Walcot, whose work we have commented on before, and whose superb etching is reproduced above, is a fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects and of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. His first exhibition, held in London in 1908, brought him immediate recognition from art lovers. As a re-creator of the spirit of the past Mr.

Walcot stands alone. With brush and etching-needle he depicts the glories of ancient architecture, and by his magic, Greece and Rome and Egypt live again as once they were. As one critic has said of him: "He has so thoroughly saturated himself with the spirit of ancient days that his imagination works creatively, and he has filled up, as it were anew, the gaps of centuries."



Isotta Fraschini roadster-cabriolet, a four-passenger, eight-cylinder car with an American-made pearl-gray body

The Rising Cost of Motor-Cars

Prospective Buyers Waiting for a Drop in Prices Will Be Disappointed

By WILLIAM CARL CHAPMAN

AMERICAN motorists have been subjected to so much super salesmanship that they have become calloused and indifferent to even legitimate sales appeal. There seems to be a tendency among all automobile manufacturers to bend every effort toward saying the same thing at the same time, and trying to holler a little louder than their nearest competitor.

Add to this the inherent conviction among the executives who shape a company's advertising policy that fulsome self-praise is good merchandising and you have at least one reason why the motoring public does not instantly respond to every full-page advertisement announcing "the ultimate in motor car value"—"sensational values"—"unheard of values" and plain "values." Someone has cried "wolf" too often. And after all it's not what the merchandiser says, it's what the public believes that counts.

For the last four months motor car manufacturers have been proclaiming that never before has it been possible for one to buy such a good car for so low a price. And in general they were absolutely right. But the optimistic citizen sits back complacently and says a la Babbitt: "This is just another advertising stunt. I'll wait until prices come down."

Prices won't come down. Prices will go up. Mr. American Motorist, just remember that even if a manufacturer's statements sound a bit extravagant, he can generally prove what he says, because our best magazines won't take his



Rolls-Royce Salamanca cabriolet in dark green. The chauffeur is uniformed in the same color

advertising if he can't make good on his claims.

Anybody who decides to delay his purchase until automobiles are sold cheaper is due for a good long wait. Raw materials are going up. Tires are going up. Machined parts are going up. Steel is going up. On top of that every automobile man knows that the vast majority of our motor car manufacturers are operating on a margin of profit far too small for safety. Only companies with practically limitless resources and their selling expense reduced to the minimum will be able to consistently maintain the present price levels.

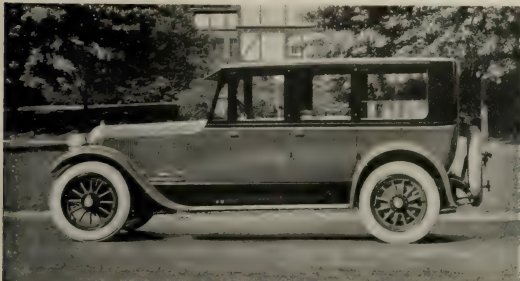
The trouble seems to have started during the historic slump of 1920-21. Whenever Mr. Ford decides to lop off a few dollars he stam-

pedes nearly everybody. Conversely, if he boosts the price of the faithful flivver it is frequently the signal for a sharp rise. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the owner of the Dearborn Independent has more money than he knows what to do with. No board of directors, or list of stockholders has to be consulted. He is in a position to ignore economics, public opinion, the Ruhr invasion, the coal strike, the demands of labor, the curb of capital and every other influence to which the average corporation is subject. If the motor world would treat Henry as a separate planet they would probably get along better. But even today there are several visionaries who hope to run him out of business by sheer competition. What was it the commander of the Texas said to his men at Santiago?

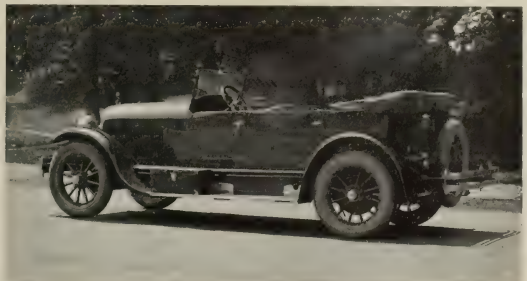
The motor car market is fiercely competitive. So many cars approximate each other in value that the difference of a few dollars often decides the sale. This has given rise to a policy of operating on so close a margin of profit that a huge volume of sales is necessary in order to show even a moderate return on the investment. And in order to maintain a low list price every effort is turned toward quality production. If the industry ever collapses it will probably be due to overproduction.

At present range of prices enormous production is necessary to achieve profit. Only a few companies, like Studebaker, Maxwell, Dodge, Hudson and some of the General Mo-

(Continued on page 80)



New seven-passenger Winton six sedan



A Jourdan "Blue Boy" touring car

Beautiful Garden Pools on the Great



Here the formal patterning of the pools is made more friendly by the thick flowering borders. A corner of the far-famed estate of Charles Templeton Crocker, Esq., at Burlingame

The vogue of the pool in landscape gardening is an evidence on the part of estate owners to add the always desirable touch of relief to formal gardening and long levels of greensward.



The pool has both an architectural and landscape advantage enhancing flower beds and pathways and establishing a foreground to receding vistas and reflecting tall trees and shrubbery.

The sentinel cypress trees repeat the proportions of the long, narrow pool with its luxuriant growth of lilies. This is a view of the estate of Charles W. Clark, Esq., at San Mateo

Estates of Well-Known Californians



*Here the classic pool fits into the basin of the hills, making it part of their contour, though sharply contrasted in its formality with their virgin strength.
The Carlston estate, Piedmont*



The wide, decorative pool in this instance makes a captivating foreground for the long, receding vista. Estate of George Newhall, Esq., Burlingame

HAMLET

Shakespeare's immortal tragedy of the Prince of Denmark appears in a new pictorial dress designed by John Austen of London

Reproduced by courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.



HAMLET: How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seems to me all the uses of this world!



OPHELIA: My lord, he hath importuned me with love in honorable fashion



POLONIUS: Affection! Pooh! You speak like a green girl!



QUEEN: Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

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OLD WINDMILL NEAR LEYDEN, HOLLAND

AN ETCHING BY THEODORE BLUM

Theodore Blum is one of the younger Dutch painter-etchers whose work is popular on both sides of the Atlantic. He has traveled throughout Europe fixing upon copper the most picturesque scenes and objects in the most out-of-the-way places. He first came into prominence through an exhibition of his works in Amsterdam and in Cologne. As a water-colorist he ranks

among the best of the moderns who, while not allied with the extremists, achieve their effects with boldness and simplicity. He is a sound draughtsman and possesses the gift of selecting the essentials of a subject and recording them with a sure touch and a nervous individuality of technique. This reproduction is published through the courtesy of Mr. Emil Hansel.

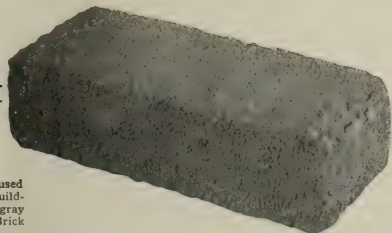
FISH BRICK



TYPICAL of Fish Brick construction is this new apartment house designed by Charles B. Meyers and owned by the Friedman White Realty Co. The building is erected on Riverside Drive at 158th Street, New York City, and commands an interesting view of the Hudson River.

The character of brick used in this structure is light-gray Cheneel Fish Brick. Here is another demonstration of the beauty of Fish Brick for large dwelling houses when character, artistry and durability are the chief demands. It is only one of hundreds of similar buildings which are constantly augmenting the architectural wonder of New York City and it proves again the range of Fish Brick—the brick that lends itself to every architectural need.

An invitation is extended to visit our showrooms, where we have on display Brick of all colors and textures.



THE Brick used in this building is a light-gray Cheneel Fish Brick

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Two Charming Camera Studies from Life

The Work of T. O'Connor Sloane in an Interpretation of the Nude

By ANN CARMEC

TOO often the camera artist seeks to imitate the texture of pigment on canvas. This striving to create in a foreign and non-malleable medium the effect of brush strokes is both hopeless and wasteful; also it lacks that prime essential of all art, sincerity. Mr. T. O'Connor Sloane, two examples of whose artistry are here reproduced, has never fallen into the pit of imitation; his work is sincere photography or it is nothing.

Nor does this imply that the artist in this instance is so narrow-minded as to believe himself above studying the great masters of painting. His conviction is that his camera and printing processes are sufficient in themselves to secure the precise results he desires. And unquestionably these results justify his reasoning and the stand he takes for the simplicity of his materials and the honesty of their employment.

In one respect, however, Mr. Sloane has a point of contact with the painter, since he concentrates his chief effort in the printing of his plates and in which procedure he uses pigment, in an old process, intelligently revived. It is this informed operation that gives to all his work its charm of texture and its richness of tone. Was ever flesh more cleverly rendered than in the larger of these two studies? In composition, too, this is masterly.

Perhaps the dominating note of this artist's



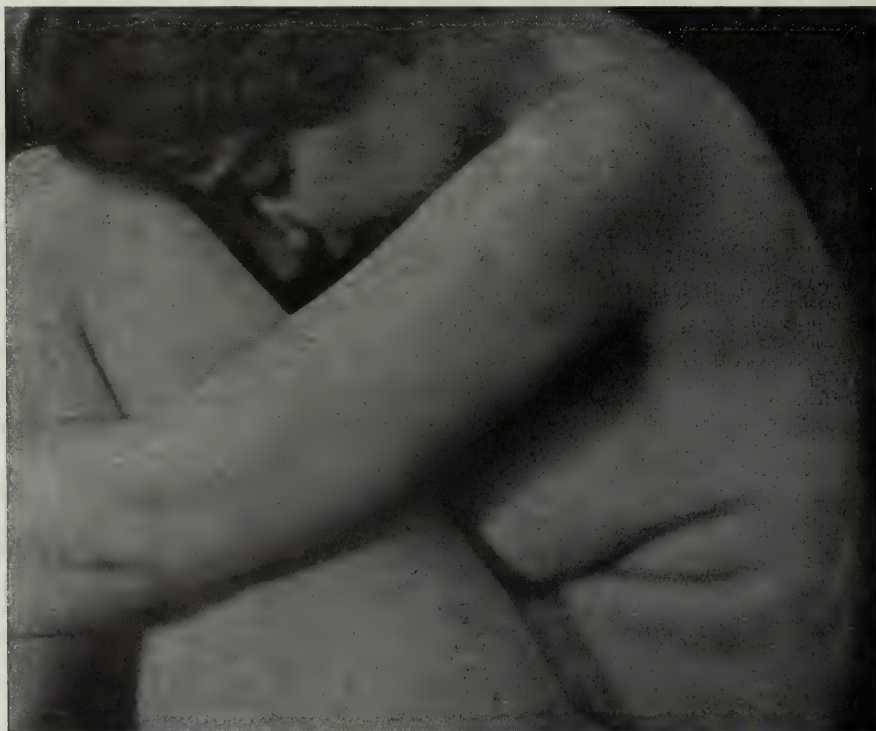
"Sylph," a study in light and shade

output is the sculptural character of his figures. They suggest a sublimation of Rodin, with something of the Greek spirit added. Especially in his portraiture has Mr. Sloane captured the movement and verve of the antique modellers in marble. I do not know

how close a student of the great friezes of the Parthenon this manipulator of light has been, but it seems to me that in each of his prints there is an echo of the classic *motif* and the fine play of the mobile body, whether clothed or in the nude.

One thing is assured, that in all his work here is an artist who has deliberately chosen a difficult medium of expression, but who has added to his technical knowledge of photography a quality not too frequently found among those who pursue the same line of endeavor. I mean the sense of form in planes and masses rather than the sense of line, which is man-created and does not exist in nature. He accomplishes with his lens what so few painters can accomplish with a brush, a broadly modelled figure in which the masses of light and shade present the object in its entirety.

Belonging to the new progressive school of men who "paint" with the camera lens, Mr. O'Connor has given much study, as have most of the great masters of all periods, to the depiction of the unclothed human form. The difficulty of rendering flesh textures is a constant challenge to the artist; the successful result is almost wholly a matter of deft posing and a knowledge of the relative values of light and shadow. It is a familiar axiom of the art schools that he who can draw correctly from the nude can draw anything, and the fact holds with equal truth in the case of the camera artist.



"Réverie," a study of planes and curves



*Famous old fable retold
in pictures on this
Toile de Jouy*

La Fontaine's "The Miller, his Son and the Ass" the theme of a unique print

AMONG the famous Toiles de Jouy executed at the end of the 18th Century there are none more charming than those which relate in pictures familiar myths and allegories.

The design for the interesting piece illustrated here was taken from one of La Fontaine's immortal fables. The artist—probably J. B. Huet—took the dramatic points of the fable of "The Miller, his Son and the Ass" and composed them charmingly. The design was then printed in Oberkampf's famous manufactory at Jouy.

Now it has been printed again in France for the exclusive use of F. Schumacher & Co. in this country.

This unique print together with others as interesting may be seen and purchased through your own decorator or upholsterer. In addition to prints Schumacher offers many other distinctive fabrics appropriate for decorating any type of room. F. Schumacher & Co., Importers, Manufacturers, Distributors to the trade only of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics, 60 West 40th Street, New York. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia.



F-SCHUMACHER & CO.



Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

PRINCESS MARY ERISTOFF *by* SAVELY SORIN

The Princess Eristoff is well known in Paris society and this portrait of her by the Russian artist Savely Sorin, whose works are now being exhibited in New York, is among his most successful character studies. M. Sorin is now in this country where he will draw the portraits of a number of prominent personages social and political.



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Five Costumes Make a Wardrobe

A Smart and Adequate Outfit of Clothes Chosen for the Woman of Moderate Means

By MADAME HAGUÉ

Head of the House of Thurn

PROBABLY at no other season of the year are clothes so provocative, so devastating to our peace of mind. *New clothes*, that is. *Old clothes* are dull, spiritless, as drab and uninspiring as the weather. But something—the stir of sap in the earth, the promise of warmth in the mid-day sun, the sight of daffodils on the street corners—something makes new clothes seem a matter of life and death. At the first hint of springtime, even if the hint has no corroboration by the thermometer, our wardrobes must be enlivened with something new and smart and youthful as spring.

Indeed, the urge is sometimes so strong that one is tempted to throw away everything one has ever worn, and array one's self with



"Riviera," a useful trotteur costume of softest brown wool jersey with crêpe blouse of warmer henna, embroidered, like the jacket, with silk threads

ing walks along the Avenue, or for wear under a topcoat when you motor into the country to seek out the first pussy willows. This one is a suit of beautiful brown jersey, woven soft and cozy as duvetyn, and flecked with a thread of white that makes it all look like newly turned earth with a breath of morning frost still on it. The suit has a youthful, straight skirt, with no trimming but a big plait laid over toward the left side to vary and yet to simulate the usual wrap-around. The jacket is embroidered with simplest blocks of in-and-out silk stitches. To complete the costume there is a lovely crêpe de Chine blouse of warmer brown, a deep henna,

showing the same pattern of embroidery, and the same young swagger air. It is a correct suit for present town and country wear; it is one of those eminently useful "general utility" costumes, enhanced by perfect lines and tailoring. Its name, "Riviera," gives some intimation of its smartness.

A more formal and decorative suit is "Sulphur Springs." It supplements the sport suit "Riviera," without encroaching on the province of an afternoon frock. "Sulphur Springs" is for those mornings of shopping that will end at some fashionable luncheon place. With its jacket on, one seems to be demurely tailored in black. With its jacket off, one is gaily bloused in gorgeous canary yellow.

The suit is of black rep, that finest and richest of serges. The straight, narrow skirt



Most evening gowns for elaborate gatherings are of brocade. "Traviata" is majestically draped to accent the beauty of the gold and blue fabric

a whole new trousseau of clothes for this lovely and restless season of April and May. What a glorious way it would be to celebrate the end of winter! To cast off the whole dull chrysalis of one's wardrobe, and emerge in splendid new guise to greet the other butterflies! The thought is too enchanting to dismiss.

What would one need to buy? The clothes of this spring are graceful, picturesque, gorgeous in color, marked with a simplicity that is in reality the height of elegance and sophistication. In other words they are tempting beyond words. If one started with a "clean slate"—with cupboards swept bare of all the too-familiar clothes of winter—it would take much fortitude to keep from ordering deliriously. I have chosen five costumes which, because of their smartness and their adaptability, combine to make a complete wardrobe for the woman whose means are not unlimited.

A trotteur suit, first, a suit for early morn-



"Orchid" is a graceful dance frock quite typical of the mode both in color (soft mauve) and in line (a hipward drape)



Formal costume suit of fine black rep, enlivened by a chic and startling blouse of brilliant canary crêpe: "Sulphur Springs"

hangs from a slip lining. And over the head goes the startling and lovely blouse. Heavy silk crêpe makes it, and a hundred golden-winged canaries must have lent their paint pots to brew the color. It is a yellow of great brilliance and luminosity. A hue for crocuses and daffodils to envy. The front of the blouse is embroidered in a big bold pattern in dark threads. The jacket is hip length, flat across the middle of the back, gathered under the brief belts that confine the fullness at the sides. It closes over toward the hip and shows a long collar that turns over with an easy roll. The edge of the collar, and the bottom of the coat, are finished with a soft fat cord made by shirring a tube of the rep over a cord as thick as your little finger. And the jacket is lined with the very silk that makes the yellow blouse!

For formal luncheons and afternoons of bridge I have created a charming new frock and named it "The Claire." It is of lustrous

(Continued on page 59)



The atmosphere of comfort, tranquillity and luxury of the home is greatly dependent upon the lighting arrangements. Good lamps are important as their influence is vital upon their surroundings.

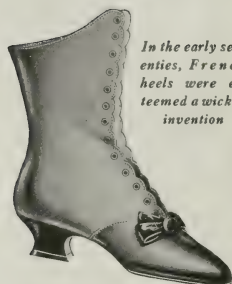
A few Farmer Lamps wisely chosen will lend an atmosphere of luxury to a mediocre room, a few mediocre lamps can turn a luxuriously decorated room into a thing of mediocrity.

Edward I. Farmer, Inc. offer for your selection this season, the greatest collection of lamps and shades ever assembled and are pleased to inform you that while strictly maintaining the high Farmer standard, the prices of their lamps and shades are materially lower, almost on a pre-war basis. The prices are no higher than you must pay for lamps and shades elsewhere.

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*Chinese Antiques and Arts
Lamps and Shades*



In the early seventies, French heels were esteemed a wickered invention



After a fashion-plate of the latter sixties



Sophisticated slippers in the mid-sixties followed these simple lines

An Interesting Evolution in Footwear

How a Modest Little Boot-Shop of Early New York Became an Institution

By RUTH LORD JENKINS

AT a time when a half-way house for the accommodation of the stage-coaches which still journeyed between Albany and New York stood at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-ninth street, when William H. Vanderbilt was pasturing his incomparable race-horses in a vacant lot on Madison Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, when the leading department stores of the day were still clustered in the region of Grand and Canal streets, an enterprising craftsman opened a small custom shoe shop on Broadway near Twenty-eighth street. The patronage which sought him out was essentially "carriage trade," the exquisitely-bred New York women of the mid-sixties rolled to his door in their liveried landaus and permitted themselves to be measured for the quaint boots and slippers in which they arrayed their amazingly small feet.

One is transfixed as she examines this old-world foot wear, the most elegant of its time. The soles were practically archless, the heels small, low and of no particular shape, merely small blocks upon which to elevate the wearer an inch above her normal height. Yet they were far from commonplace, these post-bellum shoes.

It is not, after all, difficult to fathom the reason for the simple character of these mid-Victorian boots and slippers: the ample skirts worn over hoop and crinoline in the fifties and sixties touched, even trailed on, the ground on all sides, in contrast to the bouffant skirts of the eighteenth century which were usually so cut as to show the wearer's feet.

The Second Empire fashions were considered in their day daring, loud, assertive, but their impertinences were expressed chiefly through hat, coiffure and bodice; zouave jackets rakishly braided, Garibaldi's of red, white or blue wash foulard, Russian coats colored and bordered with astrachan and outrageous pill-box hats gave their wearers a

boyish, hoydenish air, thought the critics of that epoch, despite the billowing, trailing skirts worn with them. The lively Empress Eugénie, it is true, introduced the fashion of looping the long dress skirt to a point even with the ankles. This innovation was accepted by the gayer element of Parisian society but was considered inexpressibly fast by the conservatives. However, it was in Vienna that the Empress of the French met with the supreme rebuff, for on assisting her and the royally-born Empress of Austria into a carriage, Franz Joseph pointedly cautioned his consort: "Be very careful, Madam. You are showing your feet!"

The Second Empire and its audacities fell with a crash. The sartorial devices of the Empress, the balls of the Duchesse de Mouchy, the concerts of the Comtesse d'Indry, the *poses plastiques* and acted proverbs at the Princess Labriboischoff's gave way to those activities that go with war and follow after it. Simpler dresses, less hampering skirts were needed and were worn by the women of Paris, and hence by the women of New York, for in those days the *beau monde* of the great city took their cue entirely and exclusively from France. As feminine feet became more obvious, feminine shoes became more ornate. The high French heel—frowned on at first as a wicked invention—became more general as time went on. High boots of black kid so fine that it turned violet at the slightest confusion and with soles as thin as note-paper were considered extremely elegant, as were also carriage shoes of rich brocade adorned at the tops with swinging silver tassels.

Throughout the seventies, eighties and nineties Francis O'Neil continued to make boots, shoes and slippers to special measurement for the exquisites of New York society; his descendants, however, interested in other pursuits allowed the business and its distinguished clientèle to pass into the hands of a woman employee. The name of Mary Ann Kirke

will be as familiar as a household proverb to many an established New Yorker who made her début, danced through a season or two and then walked to her marriage in rare slippers of Mary Ann's exquisite designing. In nineteen hundred the shop was transferred to the corner where the Hotel McAlpin now stands, and in her odd little room furnished with four chairs, remnants of a superb rug (the gift of a patron), a showcase containing shoes ready for delivery, sat Mary Kirke—knitting! Clients came at comfortable intervals, tried on their shoes, were completely satisfied, exchanged the courtesies of the day with the mistress of the shop, and then drove off in their broughams carrying with them oxford ties of patent leather with toes as acute as the point of a stiletto, beautiful arches and high, slender heels, or wonderfully turned slippers with ethereal toe ornaments.

The tremendous quickening which came with the advent of the automobile, alas, impelled patronage in other directions. Shoes were now often needed at a moment's notice as the resident telephones in New York increased from seventeen to a figure more closely approaching seventeen thousand, but the canvas-bound ledgers still existed as did the memory of the superlative Francis O'Neil, and—a group of young craftsmen who had been trained after his method. The shoes offered for the past three years by the revived firm, which now bears the name of Henning, have been stock models of custom quality and great variety both in cut and design, but it is realized that there are patrons for whom the old custom of making shoes after individual designs and to individual measurement should be re-instituted, although limited to a dozen or so of orders each week.

Old customs are, after all, delightfully persistent: is it not a most natural outcome that the Henning Boot Shop of today should design shoes for a limited number of Manhattan's most exigent matrons and débutantes?

TUT-ANKH-AMEN

SAS opened a new field for the imagination. HENNING, in advance of modes, has already assembled shoes for Spring wear in keeping with the Egyptian treasure-find.—

The tomb of the ancient Pharoah has disclosed treasures of exquisite beauty. They reveal motifs so new and yet so old, so beautiful and yet so simple and exquisite in design.—

This typifies HENNING'S Spring creations. To prevent immediate imitations or copies, we refrain from illustrating models at this time.

The true interpretations as expressed in these models combine taste and elegance.

"HENNING FITS THE NARROW HEEL"

HENNING
Custom Made
Boot Shop
575-577 Madison Ave. at 57th St.
FITTED BY CRAFTSMEN
NEW YORK

Fashion's Summertime Reflection on the Stage



An advance summer model afternoon frock worn by Miss Rosa Vera in "The Clinging Vine." It is of yellow georgette with round neck and sleeves edged with deep cream lace, a tube bodice and circular skirt



All bouffance, chiffon and marabout is this dance frock worn by Miss Victoria White of the Peggy Wood Company. The frock is double-skirted and is of pale grey chiffon, edged with marabout



Vivid jade green and white crêpe de chine are here combined in a jaunty sports suit of marked originality, worn by Miss Jean Ferguson of the Peggy Hoyt Company. The sports hat is green embroidered in white



This picturesque gown, worn by Peggy Wood in "The Clinging Vine," has a bodice of cyclamen pink satin with an Empress Eugenie neckline from which falls a berth of fine écreu lace. The skirt is of pink chiffon covered by triple rows of écreu lace



Courtesy of Henry W. Savage

A modern version of an 1860 model worn by Peggy Wood in the new musical comedy success "The Clinging Vine." With this costume Miss Wood carries a lacy parasol to match the gown. Another accessory of this extremely feminine outfit is a pair of "clinging vine" bracelets which have already become a fad among the débutantes



"Diamond Dew" is the name given by Peggy Hoyt to this lovely evening gown worn by Miss Wood in the last act of "The Clinging Vine." The gown has a bouffant skirt with strings of rhinestones about two inches apart. The bodice crosses simply at front



Thurn

Exclusive Fashions for Women

15 EAST 52nd STREET

NEW YORK

*Announcing Initial
Showing of Spring Models*

Frocks Simple and Ornate Worn by a Clever Player



(At left) A one-piece frock of navy twill finds its decoration in the bit of organdie that harmonizes with the standup collar and insert sleeves

(At right) A three-piece suit of Basha in a shade of cerulean blue has a quilted jacket and rose-colored blouse to accent its charm

(Below) The popular pleated frock in one of its loveliest interpretations of navy crêpe

Posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION by Miss Helen Menken of "The Seventh Heaven" company from models by the Messrs. Gidding

Photographs by Nicholas Murray



(Below) The keynote of this rose crêpe frock is the thread embroidery in quaint animal and flower design



(Below) Ornate in thread embroidery with a design of Persian motives is this unique one-piece frock



How to Play

"THE GAME OF A HUNDRED INTELLIGENCES"

How to Play Pung-Chow

also known as

Mah-Jong

Mah-Diao

Mah-Cheuk

Mah-Juck

and

Pe-Ling

By

L. L. Harr

"MAH-JONG'S (Pung-Chow) appeal to the Anglo-Saxon mind is that it contains the best in bridge, chess and dominoes." *VOGUE*.

This is the standard book—complete and easily understood—on how to play Pung-Chow, written by the man who introduced the game into the United States.

L. L. Harr, in this book, does for Pung-Chow what Foster and Elwell do for Bridge with their writings. It is the highest American authority, based on the best methods of Chinese play.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers

PUNG-CHOW

(MAH-JONG)

By **L. L. HARR**

PUNG-CHOW, also known as Mah-Jong, is the fascinating and picturesque Chinese game that has taken the country by storm. It has already replaced auction bridge in many of the smartest homes and clubs in the East and on the Pacific coast. If you enjoy a game that is stimulating, that calls for all your mental keenness, that can be at once a pastime and a subject of endless study, you should know Pung-Chow.

The Royal Game of China

The origin of this stately game is lost in the mists of centuries. For thousands of years it was the Royal Game, restricted to emperors and their friends of the mandarin class. To them it was known as "Pe Ling," taking its name from "the bird of one hundred intelligences"—the stork-like creature sacred in the Chinese faith and pictured in typical Chinese tapestries and embroideries. When some 70 years ago a social uprising threatened, one of the concessions granted to calm the unrest was the universal privilege of playing this game. It then became known as Mah-Jong. "Pung-Chow" is the name given the Americanized "Mah-Jong." It is the true and original Chinese game, but with English numerals added to explain the Chinese characters.

Harr is to Pung-Chow What Foster and Elwell Are To Bridge

The fundamentals of Pung-Chow—the mere "how to play it"—are simple, not beyond even youthful players, and may be learned in an evening. Then, you may spend the rest of your life mastering its thousand intricacies. L. L. Harr, the author of "How To Play Pung-Chow," and introducer of the game into this country, acquired his skill and knowledge of Pung-Chow through more than twenty years of contact with Chinese officials and business men. His book is definitive and authoritative. Players of Pung-Chow regard it as bridge players do the works of Elwell and Foster, for it is based on the best Chinese methods and its expositions of play are the result of years of study and experience with the Chinese masters, including Li-Hung-Chang, with whom Mr. Harr lived for two years. Every step of play is outlined and, with this book as a guide, there is no need to incur the expense of lessons, at exorbitant fees. Harr on Pung-Chow is all you need.

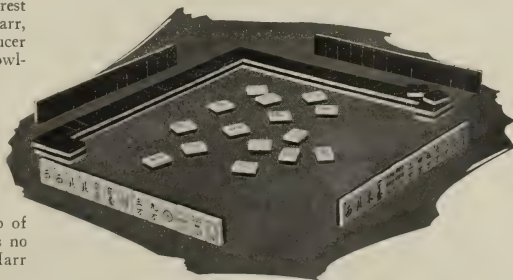
"Pung-Chow's appeal to the Anglo Saxon Mind is that it contains the best in Bridge, Chess and Dominoes", *Vogue*

Vogue then goes on to say: "For those who are tired of bridge, who in their heart of hearts cry out, 'The king is slightly indisposed—long live the king!' there is another game, equally fascinating, over which hovers not the benevolent, if didactic spirit of Hoyle, but the inscrutable Oriental shade of Confucius himself who played it many thousands of years ago."

Put a Pung-Chow set and a copy of Harr's "How To Play Pung-Chow" on your shopping list *today*.

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HARPER & BROTHERS ESTABLISHED 1817 **FRANKLIN SQUARE, N.Y.C.**

Three Advance Models of Individual Design



A charming summer gown of lace with delicate hand-made blossoms flowing across the belt-line and at the bottom of skirt. The lace hat with a wee bunch of hand-made roses completes the ethereal effect. Posed by Miss Marion De Lorne



A picturesque Ascot frock of brown taffeta and cream chiffon, with voluminous white broadcloth coat and collar of monkey fur

A Tolède frock of black and cherry taffeta adorned with a skirt of beautifully designed cluny lace. Posed by Miss Grace La Rue

The Evolution of Wallpaper

WALLPAPER was a product of necessity. Some sort of covering for the walls of the early European houses was absolutely essential to make the rooms livable. The Greeks and the Romans of the Imperial period had been lavish in the use of elaborately woven and embroidered draperies of wool and linen in both their public buildings and their homes in spite of the fact that their walls were of beautifully polished marble or carefully finished stone or plaster. It was, says Phyllis Ackerman in her book "Wallpaper," even more essential for the early Europeans, the Franks and Burgundians and the other successors to the shattered Roman Empire, to have some kind of wall hangings, because their climate was colder and their rougher, cruder walls more emphatically called for some mitigating covering. Woven materials, of course, were the obvious solution of the problem and so the magnificent tapestries of the Gothic period were gradually developed. Rich silks, too, were imported from the East for the purpose and later were manufactured in Europe. Wood paneling, also, came to be utilized, especially oak paneling richly carved and painted. And all of these devices, tapestries and silks and panels, were successful in creating an atmosphere of comfort in those rather rigorous rooms.

But all of these took time and skill and expensive materials, and so their price was high and they were beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy. "For the householders of more modest requirements, there were simpler woolen weaves, known in general as serges, but even these, because of the price of wool and the long labor of weaving them by hand, were costly. There was great need for some kind of wall covering that would make the walls look finished and warm and livable and still not have to cost a forbidding amount.

Paper fulfilled just these requirements. It gave an appearance of decorative finish and comfort to a room and still was relatively cheap. Once introduced, its vogue spread rapidly. Painted papers, block-printed papers, flock papers and finally roller-printed papers came into the market in ever increasing quantities. At first only a make-shift for the poorer classes, paper was soon seen to be so interesting and to have such decorative possibilities that it quite supplanted all other wall decorations. Through its own intrinsic merit it rose from its humble beginnings as the economical substitute for woven wall coverings and the more or less successful imitations of them to a level of artistic importance

where it commanded the services of painters and engravers of note. A few years ago there was a curious reaction against papered walls. It was partly an outcome of timidity. Shaken by the accepted indictment of our own bad taste we refused to venture into the perilous problems of pattern and of color. In evasion we extolled the beauty of plain walls and in defense cited the old wood paneling and, more especially, plaster. In calling upon this evidence we conveniently forgot that the panels of the Fifteenth Century were not unpatterned but were carved and gaily painted in gold and rich vermilion, and the panels of the Eighteenth Century

at their best were usually pictorial. When we fell back on plain plaster we ignored the fact that the old plaster was hand wrought and quite remote from the bald mechanical surfaces with hard or gritty texture that we have recently had the temerity to expose. With the characteristic irrelevance of a weakness protecting itself our timidity of taste also fortified its defense of plain walls by an appeal to the Craftsman movement, in spite of the fact that William Morris, the master craftsman, urged and fostered design and himself made some of the finest patterns for wallpapers produced in a hundred years. Now, bored by this self-inflicted barren-

ness, we have turned again to the interest of pattern and of color and are redeeming our walls from the mechanical monotony of flat paint. Wallpaper does contribute to decorative qualities that no other wall covering can give in quite the same way. It has, in some of its designs, a freshness and crispness that it shares in part with printed cottons, but which it can express even more directly than they. It gives a more personal character than a silk brocade, a more intimate and informal manner to the room, and yet it is seldom frivolous or trivial. It becomes a coherent part of the material of the room.

B. Altman & Co.

The Department for Interior Decoration

has assembled for the coming season a remarkable collection of

Decorative Furnishings and Fabrics

the latter embracing practically everything that is new in textile art

Suggestions and estimates for the installation or renovation of complete interiors will be prepared, upon request, by a competent staff

(Fourth Floor)

Madison Avenue-Fifth Avenue, New York
Thirty-fourth Street Thirty-fifth Street

Smart Accessories Which Denote Distinctive Fashion



A black twill coat of charming lines. Close fitting about the shoulders, with a skirt that becomes slightly circular and bell sleeves which follow the same silhouette. The attractive French gown has a plain short-sleeved bodice, with embroidered skirt banded with black velvet. Worn by Betty Blythe



By now every one knows that the pleated skirt in all shades of crêpe de Chine is the correct sports skirt for the summer. The variation appears in the over-blouse, which in this case is of heavy Indian red crêpe with trimming of white suède. The sports hat is of raffia. Worn by Zita Moulton



Ribbon, ciré and black, faces the medium-sized hat, winds about the crown and ends in a huge bow almost plastered over one ear, offering a becoming background for the face. For the tailored or street hat, ribbon has acquired new importance and is undeniably "toppy." Worn by Miss Jane Winton



Black taffeta with embroidered batiste has always been a favored fashion. In the above model, the bodice is entirely made of cream batiste with a lace yoke which forms little epaulettes



A soft tricotine frock for daytime wear becomes important with a sleeve treatment of narrow ribbon and cream net repeated in the oblique bodice and at the neck-line. There is a sash to make it still more youthful and a tiny hat with ornaments and a masque veil. Worn by Miss Jane Winton

Posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION
Models by Bruch-Weiss

Photographs by the Ira Hill and
the Aibin Studios

Five Costumes Make a Wardrobe

(Continued from page 48)

crêpe in a soft shade of brown, a brown about as deep as caramel but having in it some of the warmth and opalescence that makes the rich shades of beige so flattering to the skin. The dress is trimmed with cuffs and other simple strokes of silk in a darker brown. But its most captivating feature is in the sleeves—or the back. Perhaps I must say the sleeves *and* the back, for they are one in accomplishing a new cape-like line that is very graceful.

With such a frock, you will wear a new spring wrap like "Rizette." It is cut crisply from gros de londres, the modern lisse version of taffeta. "Rizette" shows a silhouette undeniably quaint and as undeniably new. Front and back are flat and straight as can be, but the sides flare in circular ripples from the hips. The model is typical of that chaste severity that is so magnificent. Richest material, correctest line, restraint, even in the use of trimming. This takes the form of whorls of narrow silk braid caught in loops, stitched by hand in ever-widening circles.

For informal evening wear, for small parties and impromptu dancing, many of the spring frocks partake of the character of "Orchid." This dainty gown is of that fine spider-webby crêpe called Crêpe Elizabeth, in a warm mauve like the velvet heart of the orchids of the florist.

There are no sleeves, a band of several strands of crystal beads finishes the edge of the deep arm openings. The skirt is not too narrow, the easy fullness drapes softly upward and over to the left hip, where it is held under a flat ornament of emerald and amethyst and crystal beads. From the ornament five slender silk-and-bead tassels flutter down, playing a pretty

hide and seek in the drapery that hangs below the hem line.

A statelier evening gown for "les grandes affaires" is of brocade—of course! This one is brocade inspired by mediaeval fabrics; the gold is softened almost to bronze, the blue is aged to a mellow tone, the pattern is reminiscent of the floral and leafy designs of fine tapestry borders. "Traviata" I have christened this statuesque gown; it is draped with subtle artistry to make the wearer tall and magnificent. In the back the neck line is high; it swoops to the waist in front to reveal a gold corsage embroidered and beaded in the colors of the brocade. The skirt drapes quite tightly to the left hip, where an extra wing of drapery hangs in studied folds, with one point almost touching the floor. A sash of brocade winds about the hips and contributes its final length to the cascade. And in the back a long slender jabot of brocade flutters from one shoulder to hem.

A sumptuous evening wrap you must have to complete the beautiful picture of such a gown. A new wrap called "L'Opera" is in the same luxurious spirit. It is a straight cape of only moderate fullness, fashioned in luscious pink-and-silver brocade. The pattern of this heavy fabric shows a figured band of silver between stripes of blossomy pink; the stripes used up and down to lend height and dignity to the wearer. The collar is composed of thin cords of silver set one above the other, and topped with a deep band of darkest brown fur. The lining is of plain silver.

There is your spring wardrobe, complete from breakfast to breakfast. What, spend no little moment in bed? But of course not; if one had these fascinating clothes to wear, a moment could not be wasted in bed!



White Studios

CHERUBIN—The divinest of debutantes could look for no lovelier frock than this of grey blue taffeta with its quantities of filet lace and its piquantly placed flowers. Original creation of Boué Soeurs, worn by Genevieve Tobin.

At smart places, one catches many a
scent of the new perfume of Boué Soeurs,
QUAND LES FLEURS REVENT

BOUÉ SOEURS

9, Rue de la Paix Paris
NEW YORK, 13 WEST 56th ST.

The only Rue de la Paix House in America



The Summer Chapeau Makes Its Début



When the hat is not trimmed with flowers, the lace veil becomes a fascinating bit of coquetry as well as of smart fashion. The formal hat for afternoon during the spring and summer will offer the most picturesque possibilities. If the veil is not short and impudent, it will float in a fragile spray to the hip or even to the hem of the frock



Although bright colors prevail in Summer millinery, an all-black hat is an absolute necessity and has an individual appeal that cannot be shaken. All net or dotted net needs no further ornamentation than a smart wide bow at the back of the short brim. Which reminds us that the brim is very smart when turned up abruptly in the back, usually mounted with a bow of flowers



(At right) Altogether winsome and smart is a mushroom sports hat of silken knit fabric with a tinsel design of copper to match the perky tuft or short ostrich attached to the side of the brim. This type of hat maintains simplicity, yet retains the essential points of fashion's demand

(Top center) Again the bridesmaid finds inspiration in the large-brimmed hat of flesh-colored chiffon with a becoming arrangement of cabbage pink roses and thick green stems. There is always a new appeal in the flowered hat, and this season it is in gorgeous colors

A charming suggestion for bride or bridesmaid is the pale rose-colored transparent hat of tulle with an irregular large brim and a crown of tiny flat roses



The flimsy brim is likewise edged with the roses. Worn with a pale green silken gown with a deep bertha of tinsel-embroidered lace, the effect is enchanting

Posed by Miss Doris Kewton
Photos by the Albee Studio

Posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION
by Messrs. L. P. Hollander Co.

What is Design Worth?

(Continued from page 21)

cations of manipulations of looms, printing machines, or jacquard card-punching machines, which are all controlled by the design, and this in addition to the normal cost of labor, material, equipment and overhead. Do such considerations explain the cost of commodities in the industrial arts? They will not help us understand why a farmer must sell a hide at \$7.50 and buy back one of the ten pairs of shoes made out of it for the same price. But they should suggest a means toward approximating the cost of design in most commodities under conditions favoring the "normalcy" we voted for in 1920.

To calculate the cost of design is like reckoning the cost of kindness; it is an ineffable quality like good will in business. You may think you can set it down on paper in dollars and cents; in fact, you may assign it an arbitrary value in percentage of general production costs, if you like, and as business men do, to satisfy the banks and boards of directors.

The engineer erecting a bridge knows the strength of his steel and can determine to an ounce—barring material flaws—the load his structure will carry. Yet he multiplies his required materials by a factor of safety so that his structure will be that much stronger than the maximum load it is destined to take. His work is good in proportion as it is both useful and safe.

In industrial art the designer's work is good in proportion as it is both useful and attractive. The design he uses operates as just such a factor of safety by which the carry-

ing power of his raw materials is enhanced.

While the value of design in the never isolate that factor and determine its monetary value, such calculation would certainly show that the average price paid for design is less than its value in relation to the product it helps to make.

While cost accountants could whole process must remain relative and all-pervading, the cash payment for the commodity called a design on paper need not therefore be held down to a starvation minimum. We have often listened to manufacturers' complaints that "no good designs are to be had," and sometimes, knowing our man, we have added, but not audibly, "at eight-fifty each."

To be sure, supply and demand are inextricably bound up and demand should long ago have produced the requisite quality and supply of designs. Somehow it has not happened that way, for which there are certain reasons, to state which might put a sting in the tail of an otherwise innocuous article. And again, somehow we feel that part of the reply to the question, "What is design worth?" could be found in a fundamental interest on the part of purchasers of designs in the makers of designs and the schools that are struggling uphill to produce them.

What is design worth? It is worth whatever the designer will take for his drawing. Also it is worth the entire price of the finished material. And again, it is worth nothing. Only Einstein could figure it out with the aid of a slow-motion film.

Italy's New National Monument

(Continued from page 35)

the most senseless phase of war. In a little group of three, one blind and another trying to describe to him that which he can never see again, pointing to some view with a mutilated arm, there reappears the mother, now a mother of sorrow and sympathy. It is a powerful conception.

The wings of the Cross will contain halls where pilgrims may meet and there will be wide terraces. At the intersecting point there will be a big hall in which will be ranged, as if in military formation, all the bones of the slain. The hall will have a glass roof and only the priest will be allowed inside where, in the center will be an altar. In planning that vulgar curiosity shall not desecrate the sacred place, Signor Baroni has, with a touch of inspiration, arranged that those who would look inside the "bone-house" through the glass roof must kneel.

The fifth Station represents "The Scythe of Death." It has

many meanings. It is many times life-size. The grouping is impressive. The modeling is full of action. The figures almost breathe. Against the skyline, on the mountain-top, the effect will be dramatic.

But there is more than this in the splendid gesture. The Scythe of Death, sweeping a path to freedom, is a simple image that needs no emphasis. Yet there is surely, apart from the artistic choice of situation, more than this in the selection of this group for the central place. Here is a fine allegory, whether designed or not, of the way in which Italy, in her victory, has risen to the heights.

Thus, though Signor Baroni does not shrink from the grimest aspects of war, he does not leave his tale half told, but ends with an inspiring note. Their sacrifice he tells us, in effect, was not in vain. In the freedom they have won for their children they live again.

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Two Fashion Fantasies in Seasonable Evening Wear



The silk evening wrap shown below clings charmingly to the figure and is set off with a voluminous collar of chin-chilla. The garment has the allure of suave flowing lines, and the constantly varying folds created by the movements of the wearer break the light and add new tones to the color

*Posed for ARTS & DECORATION
By Travis Banton
Photographs by Harting*



Ultra-smart and decidedly fetching is this flowing evening frock designed along the simple lines of Greek sculpture. The very simplicity of the draped contours makes an effect at once bizarre and intriguing. In sharp contrast to the plain surface of the costume is the long necklace and the highly decorative jeweled breast ornament. While the figure here posed is frankly the result of the artist's imagination, the suggestion it offers is of value as showing the possibilities of broadly draped fabrics arranged in unaffected lines

An Ideal Decorative Scheme

(Continued from page 11)

be used to cover the furniture and the bedstead.

The bathroom may be painted in two shades of green and the tiling of white.

For the cost say, \$1,000.

The Servant's Bedrooms, cupboards and baths may be estimated at \$1,000, with another \$1,500 for hardware throughout, with fire-place accessories and sundries making a total of \$23,000. This figure does not allow for the Service Section which with the plumbing fixtures would be cared for in the general building contract.

In the outline sketched here it will be noticed that there is nothing extravagant either in detail or expenditure. The aim has been to build a home of a restful and pleasing type, and whatever omissions there are have been due to a strong feeling of restraint. It must be remembered that in all houses there are being made constant additions in the way of pieces of furniture and pictures with their extra colorings, so that there is seldom much fear of the various rooms lacking in wealth of color, generally it is the space which is missing. Take for example the Living Room, should it need a stronger note one can come along with more colorful pillows on the sofa, dress up the mantel shelf, etc.

In carrying out decorative work, as in preparing any important matter, there surely can be no real reason why the task should not be undertaken by an expert in this line and results have shown that it generally means a better and less costly method than that of any other.

for some brighter color scheme. The floor can be of blue colored tiles, left dull or matt finish, a black marble base and the walls panelled in the plastered wall surface, up to say, the height of the door architraves. This panelling to be enamelled in bright colors chiefly blue and the space above together with a domed ceiling to be painted a pale blue, representation of a sky. Perhaps space could be arranged for a dressing table.

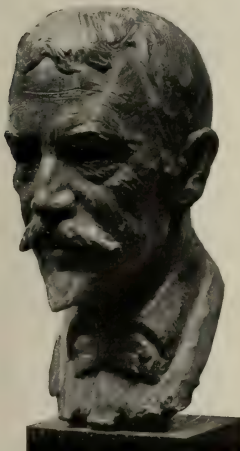
The Master's Bedroom can be similar except that it may be painted in a deep buff color with the mouldings picked out in lighter tones. His bathroom can be lined with plain buff colored tiles with special attention given to panelled mirrors in conjunction with both natural and artificial lighting.

I would not use chintz of any kind in the Main Bedroom but confine myself to blue and rose or blue and yellow-colored silks, but in the Master's Bedroom chintz of a rather well-covered design can be used for both curtains and comfortable chairs.

The cost of these two bedrooms and bathrooms may be put down at \$3,500.

In the Guest Bedroom one can depart from a more conventional type by having plain plaster walls painted a deep parchment color and left in a similar way to a piece of real parchment. With this there would be a rather simple wooden mantel and overmantel with the wood left in the natural wax finish, the overmantel panel, perhaps, containing a pleasing landscape.

The curtains to be of green silk, and a chintz with many colors, can



A new bronze bust of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, author and publicist, by Jo Davidson

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Society Goes the Pace at St. Moritz

(Continued from page 17)



PARIS—IN EARLY SPRING—
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The famous Chevalier van Riemsdyk has come from Holland and the medical specialist Dr. Georges Loewy has run up for a few days from Paris. The rich Beit family is well represented; also the Comte and Comtesse de Sieyès from France; Lady Beresford Whyte, the Duchesse de Choiseul, the Earl of Cadogan, General Kentish—a great sportsman, enthusiastic in his conversations with me over American athletics and chief of the British Committee in connection with the Olympic Games in France next year; Mme. la Comtesse d'Hautpoul and M. le Comte de Montesquiou, the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos del Campillo of Buenos Aires, Mr. and Mrs. Nat D'Ayer, and Lady Diana Manners, in the latest style tinted wig in lieu of a winter hat. Dr. Cuno Hofer of Hungary and Herr Rudolf von Goldschmidt-Rothschild of Frankfurt, Lord and Lady Grinthal, and their relatives the Misses Diana and Pamela Beckett, the Hon. E. Harmsworth, youngest member of the House of Commons and nephew of the late Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Graham White and Miss Ethel Levey, Miss Maxime Elliott, Mr. Leonard Merrick the novelist, Baron de Reuter, his Highness Rao Gaekwar Bahadur, Maharajah of Baroda, the Marquis Bourbon del Monte, his Serene Excellency the Prince Cantacuzene, Sir Philip Sassoon, who was one of Mr. Lloyd George's secretaries, the Duc and la Duchesse de Albany Berwick from Madrid, the handsome young athlete the Earl of Westmoreland, the Lady Idina Gordon, Donna Josephine Garibaldi of Rome, and a great many more "of lesser degree, in sooth a goodly company," are here gathered in the jolliest democracy of pleasure-seekers that can be found anywhere on earth. Here is plenty of rank but no accentuation of it. Only this morning I saw a rising young London surgeon giving a good talking to a noble lord for bad playing in curling on the ice, and the peer taking his lesson with becoming modesty, anxious to improve his style.

When color cinema photography has been more perfected, the outer world may get some idea of the iridescence in flamingo costume which seems to dominate the young female—and some ladies no longer in the first bloom of youth—when they come out to the sports in the Alps. With a background of towering, ragged, snow-capped mountains and a fantastically architected village and caparisoned horses prancing along jingling their bells, there is something pantomimic in the

bright, close-fitting garb of the sport ladies.

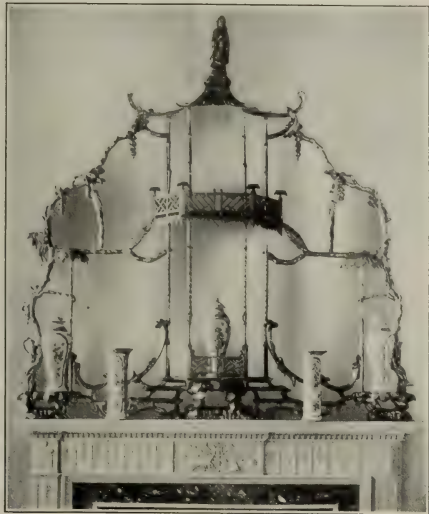
Of course, there are women brecked and putted and heavy-sweated, who really mean business when they go out with ski upon their shoulders. But I have a cynical suspicion that some of the bob-haired damsels, slim, graceful and divinely fair, when they appear in what seems like an adapted bathing costume, tight-fitting to reveal the figure, lively canary in color or jade green or with purple trousers, ruby jacket and jaunty little caps—girls with color on their cheeks, healthiness in their eyes and laughter on the lips—are thinking much more of their appearance and the gentle sensation they will create at Hanselmann's, where many of us crowd in for tea in the afternoon, than of the efficiency of the garb for ski-running.

Skijoring—that is great fun! You get a horse, swift-footed, weighted with nothing more than reins and traces, over the trace a close net to keep out of your face the snow kicked up by the scampering steed and then you and your best lady friend, with ski well-bound, hold on to the trace and away you go along the mountain roads, over the paths clinging to the mountain-side following the winding tracks through the fir woods. It is a little hazardous, for the horse goes as though in a race, but oh, so thrilling!

It might be thought that with the strenuous pleasures of the day the evenings would be quiet and people would go to bed early. Not at all. It can almost be said that when evening comes St. Moritz really wakes up. There are dances every night and fancy dress balls at least twice a week—a riot of colors when you get four hundred people gyrating like a demented flower garden—to the call of acrobatic jazz bandmen with revelry and carnival uproar at supper, when midnight comes and then on with the dance till three or four in the morning. The effect of this high altitude is that one never gets tired.

You must be left to imagine the high jinks at a ball arranged by the Cocktail Club and the impromptu cabaret show at the Carlton got up by Nat Ayers, Graham White and Ethel Levey with Lady Diana Manners giving an imitation cinematograph performance by shadowgraph—very funny.

Maybe in future years St. Moritz will eclipse this merry winter season. It has certainly been a success. Formerly it used to be a correct thing in London to say, "Oh, I am off to the Riviera." Now people have been saying, "Of course, we must go to St. Moritz." The pace of life is fast, but it is jolly and bright.



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And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

ENGLISH DECORATION AND FURNITURE OF THE LATER XVIIITH CENTURY (1760-1820). An Account of Its Development and Characteristic Forms. By M. Jourdain. Profusely illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons.

I HAD always intended to write an article on the poetry of furniture, on which I should dwell particularly on imagination in furniture and household decoration. It may be said that furniture is the common sense of man, and the manner in which he decorates his abode betrays his imagination, or the lack of it.

But after an evening spent with this magnificent book (which in printing, illustrating and typography does honor to the house of Scribner) I found that, alas! M. Jourdain had said all the things I wished to say, and so much more that I cannot see how any reader of ARTS AND DECORATION can possibly do without this book.

Never before as in the pages of this book had perfection of line so delineated itself to me. Here was a staircase like a musical scale. Here was a door before which touch tapped unceasingly. Here was metal work as delicate as the patterns of old lace. Chandeliers that seemed to crystallize the command of "Let there be light!"

There is a fine chapter on "The Development of Furniture." I would have called it "The Poetry of Inanimate Things." I ran the fingers of my mind over the smoothness called mahogany, harewood, satinwood, rosewood. There is restraint in these lovely old English designs. I realized from this book as I had never done before that interior decoration means pleasing the soul. The decorator is the director that brings out the music of everyday life. He touches silence with color and line and new intellectual vistas are born.

In M. Jourdain's introduction English society in the second half of the eighteenth century is described. There are chapters on interiors, sculptors, modellers and designers of ornament, materials and processes, decorative painting, the chimney-piece, halls and staircases, metal work, the lighting of rooms, plaster, doors. In fact, nothing more exhaustive on this period has ever been done.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Doubleday, Page & Co.

AFTER reading this book I am quite convinced I have always been right about women. First of all, they are unlike men (as Mencken and Nathan, the Gallagher and Shean of literature, would say); they have forgotten

how to play (except at one sacred game); the robes of their psyche are long and clinging, and whatever they do must forever seem a pose—God bless 'em! Now, it is just because they cannot get down into the running pants of men that they cannot compete with us Lords of Miscreation.

Here in an Old World castle by the sea they struggle—four of them—to be articulate. The four women are thrown together for a month—without a male (which should be against the law). Now, there is a dark-skinned one with freckles among them who was almost masculine—I mean she could see (Imagination, you know, is masculine). The occultists tell us that whatever you visualize will eventually come to pass. She had a trick of visualizing whatever she wished to happen. In the clear, beautiful atmosphere of Italy this is no doubt easier than in foggy London or muggy New York. Anyhow, away from the sordidness of the English town she lived in she dreamed true.

But why, oh, why, didn't these women dance along the beach and bathe like Naiads in the blue waters? Are there no pagan Pollyannas? And why didn't they dream over the balcony like Juliet and sing quaint songs of other days in those dark and silent rooms? Why didn't they drag from their hiding places old tapestries and brocades and attire themselves in dull gold ornaments and lace to look like the portraits in the hall?

But here!—here!—I'm telling you what these charming women should have done instead of what they did do, which I must confess is poor criticism. Well, I want you to read the book. It is one of the most charming of an arid literary winter.

EBONY AND IVORY. By Llewellyn Powys. Preface by Theodore Dreiser. The American Library Service.

THE Powys brothers are a rare throw of the intellectual dice. John Cowper Powys wrote two of the most remarkable books of essays I have ever read. He has ecstasy—which is rare in Anglo-Saxondom. His brother Llewellyn is more sedate, but a prose poet and thinker of a rare type.

"Ebony and Ivory" is made up of a series of short sketches, tales and essays that Mr. Powys put together sometimes in South Africa and sometimes in England. Mr. Powys is a stock-farmer as well as a man of letters. In 1914 he went to British East Africa, where in a few years he absorbed the very soul of Africa—Africa the enigmatic, the frightful.

The cynicism of Mr. Powys is (Continued on page 71)



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By A. L. Churchill and Leonard Wickenden

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The House-Owner's Book is written by house-owners for house-owners, in the simplest possible terms, and is based on the assumption that the purchaser has no technical knowledge, and does not want to be bothered with technical arguments and theories. In a word he is not interested in "why?" but in "how to do," and he wants complete, practical, easy-to-follow information. And the House-Owner's Book aims to cover everything that a house-owner would be likely to want to know.

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How the house should be heated—hot-air, steam, hot-water, vapor, vacuum, gas-steam?
About ventilation, water-supply, drainage?
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Assembling Unrelated Furniture Harmoniously

(Continued from page 33)

the fact that nearly all the forms and ornament of furniture of the Tudor period was strongly touched by the Italian Renaissance, as was much of the Flemish and Spanish furniture of that time."

Charming groups of well-selected pieces or single articles of furniture may be placed in a modern room where too close adherence to the one period idea should be lifted. For instance, a Colonial house quite correct architecturally, with its rooms fitted austere with much beautiful and dignified mahogany furniture of the period, will lack a certain livable and colorful charm which the introduction of some well-chosen pieces of early English furniture will bring to it, giving not only added beauty and variety but making the room more agreeable to live in. Among certain pieces to be recommended for such rooms, the beautifully lacquered and richly colored cabinets, consoles, commodes and chairs of the William and Mary school will, any of them, prove acceptable and give added accent to the rooms in which they are placed. Now and again a French piece of the early eighteenth century will fit well into the picture.

Any antedating or contemporary furnishings that contrast or harmonize with the other fittings of the room should be considered and tried together, for it is as true of this as of the other arts that each departing generation has left to the succeeding ones something of its best, to be sought and cherished by these later comers, and they in turn will leave their impress to go on to the next in line. Now and then in the cycles has come a period of wonder-workers in the arts and in craftsmanship, and these have established the periods which the world acclaims. It is the turning of the wheel: yesterday, today, tomorrow. Regarded from this standpoint, it seems unreasonable that we should exclude from the modern house, fitted and furnished after some established style, the beauty and service of times and of countries other than the one in hand, because, forsooth, we are composing an Italian or a French or a Colonial interior.

However, all this does not mean that there is no dominating motif in the treatment of our rooms today. Without that, chaos would obtain. The architectural style of the house will often establish this. The detail of its interior will obviously follow it and thus is laid a basic line of treatment. And on this characteristic fundamental base, much that is interesting and beautiful though apparently unrelated to the rooms, can be introduced.

THERE is at this time a decided renewal of interest in using the old French furniture. A decade or so ago this furniture was much in evidence in the fine houses then built, which supplied more or less correct backgrounds. Of late years there has been a growing disinclination to use the furniture of the Louis' unless the settings were absolutely right. But now with the influx of beautiful things taken from the many dismantled châteaux of France there is again a keen interest in embodying them in at least some of the rooms of the house. This furniture demands a background and assemblage that is definitely of its period. In this regard it is less flexible than others, the Italian for instance.

Indeed, the Italian house in its several phases has in the last few years received much favorable exploitation; and of the numerous Italian and near-Italian homes which have sprung up in all parts of the country many are interesting and beautiful. This, of course, is especially true of those which adhere to the pure Italian type although, quite contrary to the requirements of French architecture, it has been found that the Italian style lends itself to adaptations without entirely losing its identity.

This adaptability of Italian architecture applies also to the interiors. So closely allied is Italian furniture in character of wood and of form and general treatment with the English Tudor type that it is possible to intermingle the English and Italian acceptably and freely. Many fine and true reproductions of Italian furniture as well as many genuine antiques can be bought in this country. There are a number of excellent importers whose standard is high, who can be depended upon to find the right piece for their patrons.

Among other vividly interesting departures, architecturally and decoratively speaking, the flair just now for Spanish exteriors and interiors is uppermost. The splendid old furniture against the dark or neutral walls of the Spanish interior is illuminated and made brilliant by draperies and swags of vivid colors, which are fairly thrilling in their intensity. Perhaps the very difficulty of acquiring Spanish antiques and fabrics makes their collection particularly alluring, though such work is slow in Spain. One is directed and redirected and lured on and on, more often than not with disappointment at the end. As, for example, when one is face to face with the owner of the exquisite and desirable lengths of marvelous embroidery, or of the heavy brocades of gorgeous color and quality, of

(Continued on page 70)

Two New Books on Art

The Beauty of Italian Villas

OUT of Tuscany has issued a stream of beauty and charm that has had a marked effect upon modern life within the past fifteen years. By it the world has awakened to a new appreciation of that marvelous Italian genius, to which our modern civilization is debtor in countless ways. Nowhere is it so well expressed as in the many villas throughout Florence and Tuscany.

In his superb volume "Villas of Florence and Tuscany" (J. B. Lippincott Company and The Architectural Record), Harold Donaldson Eberlein, whose architectural writings in *ARTS & DECORATION* are well known, has achieved a work that is at once a book of reference and a book of delightful reading.

To all lovers of the beautiful, as well as architects, decorators and landscape gardeners, this valuable work on villas can be highly recommended. The three hundred photographic illustrations by the author show these villas to the best advantage and from unusually artistic angles. There are five chapters of text and illuminating introductions to each villa described in the pictures. The book is beautifully bound in blue buckram and gold with a frontispiece in full color.

A History of Wallpaper

IN her new book "Wallpaper: Its History, Design and Use" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), Phyllis Ackerman, whose writings are familiar to readers of *ARTS & DECORATION*, has produced the only work in the English language on the subject of wallpapers. Not alone has Dr. Ackerman written an absorbing story of the rise of an art and an industry, but a story of the progressive unfolding of the decorative possibilities of paper as a wall covering.

From a concise, readable history of wallpapers, the author goes on to describe the manufacture of modern papers, early American wallpapers, problems of design, textures in modern paper and decorative problems. Here for the first time an authority, who has worked practically in the decorative arts for years, applies laboratory results in the psychology of color and well-grounded theories of aesthetics to the problems of interior decoration. There is a chapter on the modernists which must be of value to anyone interested in the new art movements.

The present revival of interest in wallpaper as a decoration, and especially in the old patterns of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries, makes the publication of this book particularly timely.



Table Service of embossed "Queen's Ware," by Wedgwood.

"Had Josiah Wedgwood produced no other kinds of pottery than his table wares in the perfected cream-coloured earthenware, or 'Queen's Ware,' as it was christened by permission of Queen Charlotte when he was appointed 'Potter to the Queen' in 1763, he would still have been known to the world as an able and distinguished potter, for his plates and dishes, tureens and sauce-boats, cups and saucers, jugs, teapots and general table ware, made in such vast quantities in this particularly English material, have never been surpassed in that combination of utility with elegance which must always be regarded as one of the outstanding merits of his 'useful' wares."

—*"Josiah Wedgwood and his Pottery," by William Burton, Funk & Wagnalls, 1922.*

Today this ever-popular and unusually serviceable ware is being made in the same place, in the same designs, and by the same skilled hand-processes as the "Queen's Ware" of one hundred and sixty years ago. Its translucent coloring—a deep rich cream softly relieved by the delicate shadows of the embossed pattern—gives dignity and restraint, while slight variations in workmanship, so characteristic of handcraft, lend a subtle charm of human interest. Its neutral tone assures perfect harmony with any color scheme.

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WEDGWOOD

The Treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen Outshone!

An article of great timeliness and of vast importance, both from a human and archaeological viewpoint, and in which the author, a scientific excavator of antiquities whose name is well known throughout the art world, tells of his great achievement in bringing to light a series of astounding revelations of early civilization, will be one of the illustrated features of

ARTS & DECORATION for APRIL

A THIRD of LIFE

By Perriton Maxwell
Editor Arts & Decoration

¶ Here is a book which, primarily a work of fiction, contains more real facts about the dream state than most scientific treatises devoted to psycho-analysis, and in addition to its abundance of entertaining data is a captivating romance, a powerful story in which love, money, crime and the struggle of a fine, upstanding hero to achieve success against overwhelming obstacles, carries the reader along to a satisfying climax.

¶ If you are fond of a good story well-written and like your fiction to mean something, here is a book you will read, enjoy and talk about. This is not an ephemeral novel written only for the moment and forgotten as soon as finished. It is a book that while entertaining you, will also startle you with its daring, compel your thought and serve as a theme of many a discussion.

¶ In this novel Mr. Maxwell has chosen a big and vital theme—one which at the moment is the dominant subject of discussion throughout the intellectual world—psycho-analysis—and the influence of dreams upon the actions and character of every-day people. The book is illustrated with photographs of extraordinary dreams.

Richard Le Gallienne writes: "I have just finished reading *A THIRD OF LIFE* and I hasten to say how much genuine pleasure I have derived from it. Accept my sincere congratulations on your achievement of a masterpiece of fiction based on the soundest of scientific data."

Benjamin De Casseres in *The Forum* says: "*A THIRD OF LIFE* is doubly fascinating because it is both a 'thriller' and a scientific exposition. There is never a dull page in the book, and the actions of the characters are never lost in the big theme, nor is the theme ever allowed to usurp the movement of the story. It is the kind of a book that will keep you up all night."

Gene Stratton Porter writes: "You certainly have fulfilled your claim that the book is unusual both in illustration and subject matter. I read it with fascinated interest. It is extremely well written and I hope it will have the great success it deserves."

Frank Bacon, creator of the stellar rôle in the record-breaking play "Lightnin'," wrote just before his death, from the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago to a friend in New York: "You must buy and read Perriton Maxwell's novel *A THIRD OF LIFE*. I have just finished it and I want to tell you that I read it through without laying it down, and what's more, I am going to read it again. I don't know Mr. Maxwell, but if I ever get near him, I'm going to. I cannot help but believe this book is destined to be popular for a very long time."

The New York Herald says: "An amazing, original and thrilling work of dream fiction, *A THIRD OF LIFE* is at once a novel and a philosophy."

Dr. Frank Crane in the New York Globe: "Besides being an interesting story, it is a sound and wholesome volume. With a thousand opportunities to run off into foolish and dangerous by-paths, it has stuck to its main contention and has carefully guarded against any suggestions of morbidity that might do harm."

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SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.
Boston, Mass.

Assembling Unrelated Furniture Harmoniously

(Continued from page 68)

which one has heard so much and one realizes that everything that has been said is more than justified, it is hard to be most ceremoniously and politely informed that the material is definitely "not for sale." Such exquisite fabrics, such wonders of color—antique but in perfect preservation!

However, a few of these materials have been secured by an enterprising New York collector and decorator, he scarcely knows how. These now are to be found in the displayed wares of the man who triumphantly brought them home.

A PAIR of priest robes are in evidence, in color an astonishing tender green that is a marvel of brilliancy and softness, with figures in dull gold, pale rose and blue, the wide skirt finished with a dim and ragged gold fringe, each robe having a cape embroidered on ivory-colored satin in pale and beautiful tones. As wall decorations in a large room one can think of nothing more lovely and dignified, especially if complemented by four Venetian chairs with apple-green brocade seats which also came from Spain, where they had been imported more than a century ago.

The adapted Spanish type of house with flat, tiled roof, with patio and deep-set windows, oyster-white, deep cream- or sand-colored walls, was for a number of years the favored architectural style for the residence in Southern California. With this architectural treat-

ment of the Spanish house there is much leeway allowed the decorator in its furnishings. Two or three pieces of typical Spanish furniture are, of course, most desirable. There are many really good reproductions made. And while the knowledge of an expert can readily recognize the difference in form and ornament, the Spanish pieces are not easily separated from certain Tudor and Italian styles by the general public. A few such pieces and a screen or two covered in the beautifully tooled and enameled leather typical of Spain, will supply an excellent starting point for the color scheme and assemblage in fitting the rooms. The furniture should be heavy in line, of dark wood, deeply carved. Vivid splashes of color in flame and purple and orange serve to lighten and make alive an otherwise perhaps too sombre interior. Ecclesiastical banners, gorgeous priests' robes, brilliant draperies of rich brocades—all are desirable adjuncts to a Spanish room.

With the garnered ideas of the Old World as well as the clever ones of the New to draw upon, with a wealth of magnificent old pictures, old furniture and ornament, with tapestries and rugs soft and rich as jewels in color and value pouring into our markets, is there any reason why the decorator should fail to find the most compelling things with which to complete the wonderful house the American architect has planned?

"Diana of the Uplands"

A Note on this Month's Cover Reproduction

AMONG the modern British artists who early revolted against the namby-pamby prettiness of the so-called "literary school" of painters with their intolerable and childish efforts at story-telling on canvas, the man whose painting is reproduced on the cover of this month's Magazine stands forth with conspicuous charm. In "*Diana of the Uplands*" he has accomplished first, a sound piece of draughtsmanship and a fine bit of brushwork and secondly, a simple but spirited composition. He has the breadth of a Sargent and some of the decorative appeal of Brangwyn.

In all the work of G. W. Furse we find him content in the portrayal of large out-of-door themes plus the interest which figures in fine landscape surroundings naturally lend to any picture. He has no humor, no sense of the dramatic, none of the elements which make for a truly notable work of art. But lacking in these qualities he possesses others which

win our admiration. He paints solidly and with a sureness of touch that can come only from a mastery of the artist's tools. His landscapes, though always subordinated to his figures are, nonetheless, part and parcel of the picture; one does not feel that he has created a mere background as a foil for the focal point of his composition. Indeed, in many of his canvases the scene might stand alone as a fine example of observation and an achievement in the rendition of one of nature's moods.

While it may not be strictly just to place "*Diana of the Uplands*" at the very head of all this artist's accomplishments, it may be fairly stated that he never painted a better picture nor one that found so wide an approval among art-lovers. The original hangs in that overflowing storehouse of English treasures and Mecca for all traveling Americans with a taste for art—the Tate Gallery in London.

And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 66)

tempered by awe. His tales are told with the incisiveness and grim impersonality of a De Maupassant or a Tchekhoff. They inspire piety.

I have not read a book of this kind in many moons—simply because they do not exist. Fine prose with the thrill of life and moon-mystery—that is "Ebony and Ivory."

Theodore Dreiser—always quick to appreciate what is "different" in literature—has written a preface.

THE INTERPRETERS. By "A. E." (George W. Russell). Macmillan.

I HAVE always been strong on the new Irish literary movement. If our imaginative and tremendously alive friends who live over in the Emerald Isle will only stop shooting one another for about fifty years or so and turn their destructive forces into creative channels, they would give us some mighty poetry, prose and music. Come, Mike and Terence, call it off. Mars is not one of the Muses—and they have always been calling you from the mountain tops.

"A. E." is one of the leaders in the Irish renaissance. He is a great master of prose, a seer, a poet, a prophet. He is the genius of the Ould Sod. "The Interpreters" is a conversational allegory of the future. The Big Talk is laid in a jail where some fine revolutionists have been thrust. The big war is on—the final war between the working classes of the world and the super-captains of industry. We are left in doubt as to the outcome, but it is all threshed out in the jail cell in a wordy battle among poets, cynics, captains of industry and Culaín, leader of the "people"—a sort of colossal "Jim" Larkin.

I think Leroy, the satirist-cynic of the movement, has the best of the argument. He believes in the "cause," but wonders why he believes in it. We only substitute one tyranny for another, he says; but the scrimmage-instinct is a healthy one.

Behind the arguments lurk the spiritual, other-world mood. "A. E.'s" thesis is that world politics is only a materialized form of spiritual, or cosmic, politics. He is a Platonist. He says: "I was not interested in the creation of characters, but in tracking political moods back to spiritual origins, and 'The Interpreters' may be taken as a symposium between scattered portions of one nature dramatically sundered as the soul in a dream."

This is a golden book—and ought to be a best seller among the gods.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. By P. P. Howe. George H. Doran Company.

I HAVE never read a line of Hazlitt. Some day I am going to take him up, with Walter Savage Landor, Joseph Hergesheimer, Jeremy Taylor and "Gil Blas." Men are beginning to interest me more than ideas. So I read this life of "Bill" Hazlitt with great pleasure. Mr. Howe has spared no pains in unraveling the threads that ran through the troubled life of perhaps what the London Times calls the greatest of our miscellaneous authors, and he follows him from the cradle to the grave.

There isn't much imagination in this book, but it is good journalistic biography.

OCCASIONS. Essays on Divers Subjects. By Holbrook Jackson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. JACKSON is a fine paradoxist—which is the art of turning like things into opposites and opposed ideas into like ideas.

He gives us in pungent prose his opinions on laughter, profanity, cathedrals, towns, gardens and bibliomania. There are two or three original gems in the book—such as the chapter on "The Pathos of Profanity," "The Advantage of Being Prejudiced" and "Standing by Posterity."

You may get the flavor of this fine book from the following:

"Profanity is the homage paid by disillusion to faith. It is more attractive than faith because faith carries no surprises. Above all, profanity bears with it the pathos of eternal rejection. Profanity, like virtue, is its own reward."

If you love Max Beerbohm and "Gil" Chesterton, you will like this book. To me, paradox is the final word in thinking.

HOT-CORN IKE. By James L. Ford. E. P. Dutton & Co.

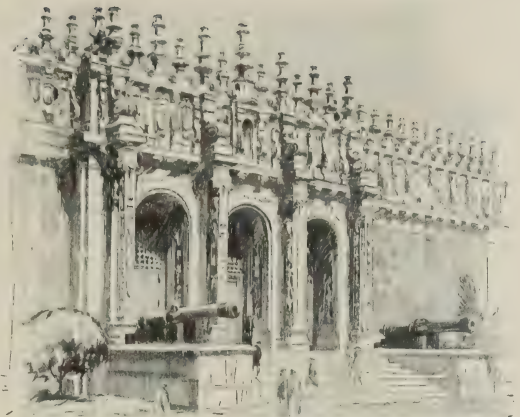
THIS is a racy story by my old colleague on *The New York Herald* about Lil' Ol' New York.

It is laid in the old Eighth Assembly District ("De Ate") of a past generation and in Coney Island when it was only a little year-round beach colony of clamdiggers, wastrels and "way-worn sinners" with their primitive dance halls and wide-open saloons firmly ruled over by the autocratic John Y. McKane.

"Hot-Corn Ike" himself is a quaint original with an unholy acuteness in ward politics. He is of the ilk that only James L. Ford can describe.

This is a book for all good New Yorkers. I nominate "Jim" Ford New York's official historian.

(Continued on page 73)



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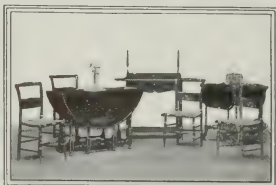
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Human Sacrifice on the Altar of Music

(Continued from page 13)

tors from the brokers' cages and the warbling clerks from behind the delicatessen counters. Already policemen have been yanked from the very wheels of traffic into the limousines of prima donnas, and shop-girl Clyties have leaped into limelight and headlines, only to disappear like the ignis fatuus that tempted them. Whether so much missionary energy in behalf of stark, unenlightened native genius will make the palpitant beneficiary more or less savage when the last hand has finally been dealt, is easily guessed.

It is unquestionably wrong to exert too much influence upon young persons in the precarious matter of selecting a vocation, but, whatever be their talent or libido, pocketbook or sublimation, the fact that about one out of every 20,000 of the present students of music, judging by past records, will earn enough from music to keep a servant and a five-thousand-dollar car. If it is to be assumed that more music will be provided, that a larger proportion of talent will be developed, that a greater outlet for the present reservoir will be built, that more money will be paid the artist, let us look about us and realize that conditions do not warrant this sort of enterprise. The test of utility lies in current and possible demand. Although orchestras and mechanical music increase in favor, there are unmistakable signs of a corresponding decrease in the percentage of performing individuals, particularly in the concert field, where competition with other forms of entertainment is an uphill battle.

TODAY in New York it costs \$700 or \$800 to give a recital at one of the three best halls. To sell enough tickets to fill any of these places is virtually impossible, except for a McCormack, a Schumann-Heink, a Titta Ruffo or a Galli-Curci, so it is customary for the manager, artist and accompanist to entice with complimentary tickets as many amiable acquaintances as might omit the movies on that evening. How long before the rest of the country will become as blasé about song, piano and violin playing? "Aren't you coming to my recital?" and "When is it?" should be inscribed over every conservatory door. It brings to mind the fact that out of a class of 300 students which metamorphosed just a few years ago from a prominent Eastern conservatory only three have remained as professional musicians and none have earned as much as \$2,000 in any single year since graduation.

Of 497 children in a Brooklyn public school, constituting twelve classes and ranging between 7 and 14 years of age, 119 are studying

music under private instruction outside school hours. Practically one in every 4 children of the middle class families prevailing in this district is thus being "equipped" either directly for the musical profession, or "to fall back on music" or to have an "accomplishment." It is assumed in any case that the required audience will not be lacking when the time comes, willing or no. In another school of a slightly poorer neighborhood, out of 315 pupils between the ages of 12 and 15, 85 are studying music independently of the school curriculum. Of the 85, which represents 27 percent of the total in this case, 64 children are taking piano lessons, 12 violin lessons, 6 vocal and 3 other musical instruction. In fashionable schools the quota of musical students increases. On the other hand, among 900 children in a school of the East Side, Manhattan, none are studying music outside. These youngsters, however, are nearly all from Italian and Chinese families among the poorest in the entire city.

Taking into account lack of opportunity in certain groups of the population, the foreign poor, smallest paid laboring elements, residents of remote rural sections and negroes, the representation of music students among 4,000,000 of the population has been considered as one-half of 1 percent. From this low average, the number of music students per million population increases in proportion to the wealth of the community, and fluctuates according to ages, the greater part of the estimated 3,000,000 pupils being less than fifteen years old. The more meager the circumstances the deeper the intent toward professional competency and reliance upon the saleability of the talent, thus rendering the hardships of subsequent failure all the more serious.

While the students of instruments seem more particularly destined for mediocrity than the singers, the fact is that good scholarship and ability in the case of the former is more readily turned to account. Steady employment is more easily obtained by instrumentalists than by vocalists, outside the studio. The dazzling rewards of opera lure tens of thousands of aspirants of both sexes, who flock to the large cities to spend from one to five and even ten years and usually much hard-earned money gaining enough voice and prestige for a favorable hearing. The novices are mostly young women, about 1 in 5,000 of whom will ultimately win the coveted opera engagement, as a rule to repent thereafter. The

(Continued on page 74)

And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 71)

Art, Children and Travel

WHEN I used to do the Fifth Avenue galleries I always looked for Childe Hassam. He always sent me to dreaming. A great magician, Hassam. In the distinguished American Artists Series Frederick A. Stokes Company have got out a handy book, compiled by Nathaniel Poussette-Dart, reproducing Hassam's best work. It is a splendid book about a great American artist.

The same company have got out a companion book on Robert Henri. His work is entirely different from Hassam's—a mixture of influences, mostly Manet and Goya. His faces of the poor are unforgettable.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have got out a magnificently made book, "American Water-Colourists," by A. E. Gallatin. It is a critical essay on Whistler, Homer, Sargent, Marin and others. Thirty plates illustrate the volume, eight of them in color. A masterpiece of the printer's art.

In the same series comes "Julian Alden Weir," by Duncan Phillips. It is the most comprehensive and sympathetic work I have yet seen on Weir.

I have written so much about children in my life that I never know what to say about children's books any more. Some day when I attain the Utopia called Leisure I will write for children exclusively. If you are a "fan" about boys and girls, I recommend "Through the Cloud Mountain," by Florence Scott Bernard (Lippincott); "The Adventures of Brownie, and Other Stories," by Miss Mulock (Lippincott), and that book of books for boys, "The Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter.

C. E. Andrews went to Morocco. He discovered many things there which I never heard of before. It's all in his book, "Old Morocco" (Doran). Books are the best traveling, anyway (see Aesop's fable about the fox and the grapes).

The Second Empire

I WILL end my little monthly blurb by putting my finger on the greatest book (at least to me) of the year—or of many years, for that matter. It is the "Second Empire," by Philip Guedalla. (Putnam's). Here is one of the greatest and most original of historical and literary masterpieces in English. It concerns Bonapartism and Louis Napoleon. The style is ironic, satiric—only Anatole France could have done anything like it. It is a feast of cosmic reason and light. Do not tell me you are a bookman if you have not read Guedalla's "The Second Empire."

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simple or magnificent it possesses an unsurpassed dignity that makes it especially suitable for rooms of a somewhat formal character.

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Human Sacrifice on the Altar of Music

(Continued from page 72)

whole tragedy and the heartache of the ambitious girl student can never be adequately told. If it took a lifetime and a shipload of gold to make a single bracelet to be worn at one bad performance, we might find an adequate simile for the waste involved. Nothing short of war itself produces more colossal and futile expenditure of energy. Nowhere else in the human scheme is youthful initiative so utterly defeated.

The immediate causes for this long, persistent following of lambs to the slaughter are several. The majority of the sacrifices are ignorant of their qualifications, as well as of what constitutes saleable talent. A general misunderstanding of the market and the managerial business prevails, for only a small number of applicants seem aware that even extraordinary ability, unsupported by capital, constitutes no inducement for a manager. The preliminary costs of advertising for a performing artist run into thousands of dollars as a rule, while the chance of sensational discovery and a hearing "at court," with spontaneous admission to the lists, is so remote as to be practically negligible.

FOR that considerable number of individuals who undertake musical study for diversion, solace and amateur gratification, no lament is uttered. Their tree bears its promised fruit, even though its greenness poisons a few neighbors now and then. Whether bad music is worse than no music depends upon the sensitiveness of the public ear and the height of standards. The happy folk who make up the choral clubs and church choirs at least help mightily to keep voice teaching conductors and organists in their jobs. Amateur orchestras, string quartets, music study clubs and community singing afford natural outlets for musical natures, and hinder as much as they help the commerce of music. Without these zones the musical art best flourishes as a luxury, and, as such, most surely guarantees the perpetuation of its finer aspects.

Continuous effort is directed by the National Federation of Music Clubs and musical journals toward developing genius and nationalism. Prizes are put up for good compositions and gifted individuals are encouraged where possible. As the supply of singing talent alone is already actually hundreds of times greater than the demand, as one can easily discover by attending try-outs for musical comedy rôles and church solo positions, a more practical uplift work would be examinations to classify and eliminate beginners who plan careers. There are un-

fortunately few persons among those qualified to pass judgment upon natural ability who are apparently willing to give a candid opinion, even to prevent a life of misdirected effort. One has merely to observe the appearance and disappearance of advertisers in the musical papers for a few years to reach some conclusion as to the relative number of survivors, to see how much of the supposedly "finished" material passes through the mill never to reach the sluiceway of active competition. Incidentally, the blame frequently laid at the doors of hasty preparation is well deserved, for, compared with the thorough systems of instruction abroad, American training on the whole seems more spectacular than sound.

A LONG the roads that lead to the musical charnel house are signs bearing astounding figures showing the huge salaries paid to great artists. How many? The burdened climber doesn't pause to inquire, lest he who reads may run. Faint heart ne'er won fair salary. He is spurred on by the praise of comfortable friends. At times he halts, wondering if he is not confusing his ability with his desires, but he remembers that if he only wishes anything hard enough he's bound to get it some day—if not in this world perhaps in the next—and he hurries on. Better extinction than life at a desk. He scans the broad horizons. The dawn is long past and now midday is come and gone. From a lofty peak he looks across the wilderness that lies between him and his goal. He bursts into song, scarcely knowing why, and the sound of his voice nerves him again. He loves to hear his own ringing tones. When he is alone they seem to sound their best. But, what is this? A stranger answers his call. A mightier voice this! What discouragement! Keen eyes observe him and a kindly tongue tells him he has taken the wrong route. He must go another way. He must retrace his steps. . . . The time passes. It is late afternoon. The pilgrim is far from his lofty summit and the woods are thick about him. He lifts his voice now and then, but there is no answering echo. No longer the subtle cajolery of his friends ring in his ears. It is nearing sundown as he approaches a river spanned by an old wooden bridge. The road has been trodden by thousands of feet, and here is a toll-gate and a little house, where a wan-faced woman brings a warm stew for supper. "It is my journey's end," murmurs the singer, and he puts up his sign "Toll—Ten Cents." And there he waits for the young voyageurs and for the quiet dusk.

The Libraries of Antiquity

SUCH scattered data as we have of libraries in Egypt, dating from as early as the Sixth Dynasty, are fragmentary and not entirely reliable, although we have reason to believe that collections of books existed in that country from a very early date. So says Professor Wyss of the Zurich University. The first library of which we have definite information is the cuneiform collection of writings of the Assyrian king Asurbanipal, who reigned from 668 to 626 B.C. Although these books were written upon clay, they formed a true library, and afford evidence of the beginning of a true library-organization.

Tradition ascribes the first Greek libraries to Polycrates of Samos and Pisistratus of Athens. The latter is said to have appointed a commission to edit Homer's poems. The Greeks knew nothing of the library of Nineveh; their name for "library" originally meant a bookshop. Presumably, the word received its new significance at Alexandria in the days of the Ptolemies. This argues against the existence of Greek libraries of the earlier date.

The largest library of the ancient world, that at Alexandria, is said to have been promoted by Phalaris; the actual founder was either Ptolemy I, Soter, or Ptolemy II, Philadelphus. Possibly the father had gathered a fine private collection and the son threw it open to scholars as a real library; for it occupied quarters in the Royal Palace.

This library marked a new epoch in history. It was the first scientifically administered institution of the kind, and upon its existence depended the scholarly labors of the students at the Museum. It was here that classical philology had its cradle, and linguistic study received its first impetus.

From the beginning, there was a second library at Alexandria, though much smaller in extent. It occupied the temple of Serapis, and its relation to the larger library resembled that of a city library to a university library.

Under the direction of distinguished scholars and able organizers the larger institution grew with what we may call American rapidity. Its history during this period has become better known through a papyrus discovered a few years ago. The eagerness of the library authorities to secure new books and rare books sometimes led them to adopt devices that would not be countenanced by modern ethics. So keen was the rivalry with the library at Pergamon, that the Egyptians tried to hamper the latter's growth by a rather futile embargo on the exportation of papyrus. Thereupon the people at Pergamon invented the book-material which received its name from their city—parchment.



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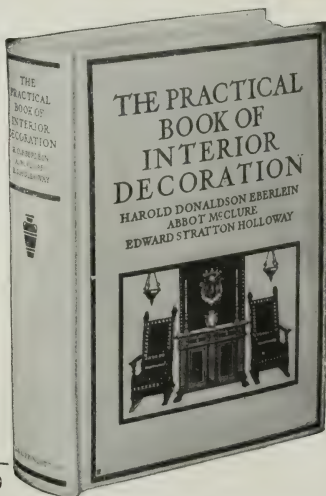
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Bringing Dead Paintings Back to Life

(Continued from page 27)

If the *eau flamande* is not sufficient—and this is sometimes the case with old pictures—any good neutral soap, free from alkali may be applied, after which it should be rinsed off carefully and the canvas wiped with a soft cloth, and finally, the chamois skin. Then the picture should be hung in a draught, in a light place, not in the sunlight, until it is thoroughly dry. In this connection, great care should be taken never to apply too much water to the canvas. One of the diseases most prevalent among oil paintings, known as "bloom," is caused by dampness. "Bloom" makes its appearance first as a kind of bluish veil or vapor overspreading the whole or a part of the picture. In its first stages, the remedy is quite simple. The varnish should be polished with a silk handkerchief or a chamois, and a regular temperature should be kept up round the picture, which should be guarded against sudden exposure to heat or damp. If the "bloom" still persists, and turns from blue to yellow and finally to black, the painting should be taken to the restorer for treatment. At this point, the painting itself is attacked, and sometimes even the canvas.

It is the writer's opinion that the amateur should not attempt to apply other than these simple home remedies to his canvases. Sometimes the dirt which we thought was only on the surface has in reality been varnished over before the canvas came into one's possession. In such a case, a thorough cleansing involves the removal of the top layer or layers of varnish. Though it is possible for the amateur to remove the varnish and apply a new coat after cleaning, the process is fraught with danger. If the artist has used varnish as a medium mixed with his tube colors, as is sometimes done, a solvent applied to remove the protective coat of varnish may also attack the pigments, and the greatest trouble will result, because the paint itself will come off the surface. In a normal case, however, the professional restorer removes the old varnish from the picture, working with a pad of cotton wool in each hand; one, with which the picture is rubbed first, containing a solvent—methylated spirit—with a little turpentine; and the other, which is afterward passed over the portions of the canvas which have been rubbed with the other pad, containing turpentine only. In this way, the methylated spirit acts upon the varnish, while the turpentine washes it off, at the same time neutralizing any continued effects of the solvent. As this operation advances, the var-

ious strata of old, discolored varnish are removed and the original tints of the painting are brought to light.

It was my privilege to call upon one of the finest restorers in the country and to go with him through his studio and workroom. He told me of having had intrusted to his care an old painting so blackened with accumulated dirt and age that one would hardly have suspected it of possessing any great value. By application of certain solvents, however, layers of dirt and varnish were removed and a painting of the sixteenth century, executed in the most glorious of colors, was revealed. This is only one of many romances which the restorer is constantly happening upon.

The above method is applied in the removal of mastic varnishes only. Another method of removal is friction, when the resin is reduced to powder by prolonged rubbing of the fingers. One finger is used at first, then two, or all the fingers, or even the whole hand, on a large picture. The friction is kept up with a circular motion until the varnish whitens and turns to powder. When this powder begins to impede the operation it is brushed off. Great care has to be exercised not to injure the delicate glazes and scumbles beneath the varnish. As soon as the restorer feels that the varnish has all crumbled, he stops. This method of removing varnish can only be practised on smooth, even pictures, painted on copper, panel, or a well-stretched canvas. On a badly stretched canvas, or a picture in which the impasto is full of inequalities, the cavities between the ridges of paint escape from the work of the fingers. Sometimes the painting is submitted to what is known as the Pettenkofer treatment. This consists of placing over the picture a shallow wooden box which has tacked to its bottom a layer of absorbent cotton overlaid with cheesecloth. This cotton pad has been sprinkled with alcohol. The vapor evolved from the alcohol dissolves the mastic on the surface of the picture, forming once more a spirit-mastic varnish. This, on exposure to the air, hardens and leaves a shining coat of resin.

In case the canvas has been torn the restorer ravelles the edges of the tear to make it less conspicuous, applies a patch behind it with wax, presses it with an iron and cleverly touches up the surface of the canvas with colors matched to the original tints of the painting. If a painting has become blistered or blackened in a fire, it must be treated judiciously.

(Continued on page 78)

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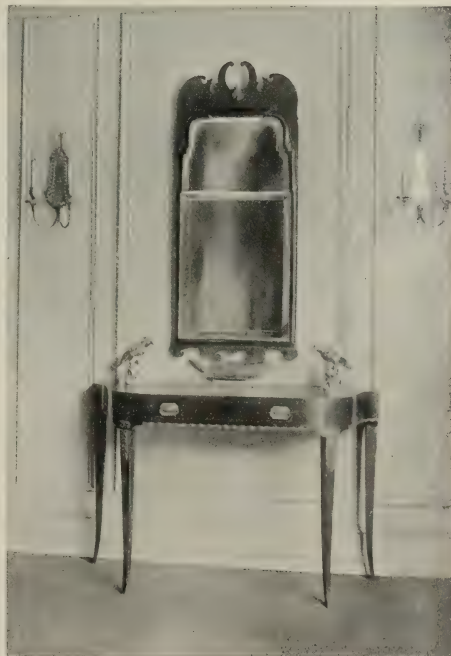
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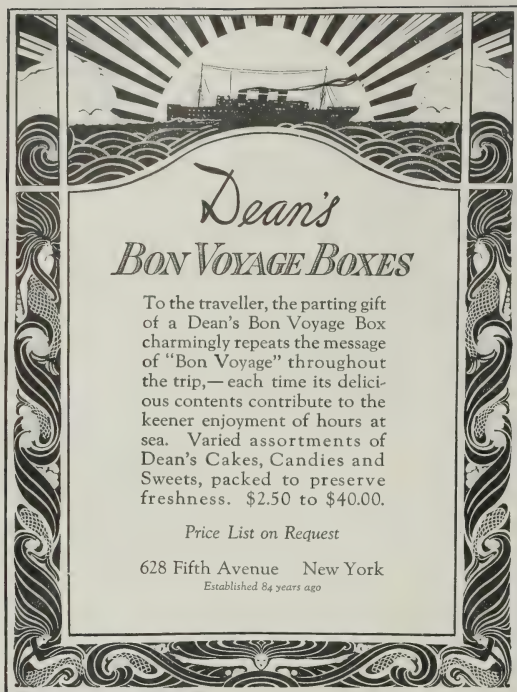
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Bringing Dead Paintings Back to Life

(Continued from page 76)

ly with special oils. The relining of an old canvas is another operation which calls for special care.

Perhaps the most delicate of all the operations which a restorer performs is the transference of a picture from one canvas to another. This process was invented in the seventeenth century by a Frenchman named Picault. It is adopted when the original canvas is absolutely rotten, or when the paint is peeling off the entire surface. The canvas is removed from its frame; a thin sheet of tissue paper or gauze is pasted over the surface of the painting; after this first covering has dried for about forty-eight hours, it is overlaid by a series of papers pasted one upon the other till they form a kind of cardboard strong enough to support the painting. The canvas is slightly moistened with a wet sponge. If the canvas was sized before it was primed the size yields, and the old canvas comes away easily. But if there was no size the canvas must be rubbed away with pumice-stone until it is entirely removed, leaving the very thin layer of paint to be imposed upon a new canvas. This is done by a certain preparation spread upon a canvas which is stretched on a frame several inches longer and wider than the painting. If the painting was executed on a wooden panel a stronger padding of paper will be required to support it during the operation; and the panel is removed, first by sawing it away in

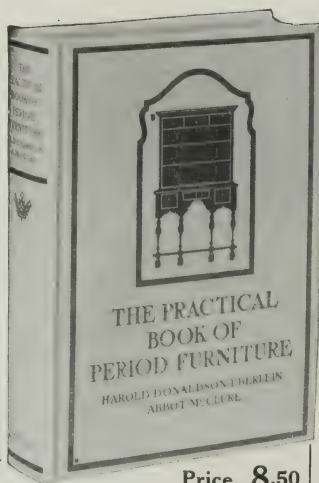
small squares, then by working on it successively with a chisel, a plane, a file, and finally, sandpaper, until the painted layer is reached. Sometimes a wooden panel has become warped. Then it is put through a process known as "cradling." This consists of shaving the panel down until it is pliable and pasting strips of wood lengthwise of the panel.

Thus it will be seen that the restoring of a masterpiece is an intricate proceeding, and one which should be attempted only with reverence for the work of another, supplemented by a knowledge of the best scientific methods. Each restorer has his own processes, which he has evolved by patient practise and experience. Needless to say, he would not, if he could, disclose the secrets of his profession; and it would be just as difficult for him to delegate his work to another as it would be for the surgeon to direct another in the performance of a serious operation. If you have a precious painting which needs attention, hunt up the very best restorer you can find. Good restorers, as we have said, are few and far between. Probably the safest source of information concerning a careful restorer would be the nearest museum of art. Much damage has been done by unintelligent restorers; and it is therefore imperative that a thorough investigation be made before entrusting a painting of value to doubtful hands.

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Memories of Elihu Vedder

(Continued from page 9)

the universe. He had not kept pace with the "movements" of his time. Impressionism and post-impressionism, cubism and futurism, had all passed him by, though he had noted them as ephemeral phases of art. At the bottom of his heart he was less a painter than a philosopher; brooding, aloof from men, on life and dreams.

Those whom he admitted to his intimacy admired him greatly for his fearlessness and intellect. But few, if any, found much inspiration in his paintings, while none would have pretended to compete with him as an interpreter of thought. His outlook was intensely personal. His brain was of a rare and curious kind. He was a queer combination of mystic and satirist. Nor in his satire did he spare himself. Once someone who was calling on him praised his Washingtonian panels, and he—derided them. He much preferred such quaint achievements

of his own as "The Questioner of the Sphinx" (a poor effort, from the standpoint of the colorist, but a work with an idea to grace it) and "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent" (the model for the serpent was a stranded eel, much magnified and improved by the suggestion of the evil eye).

An amateur one day had made a cheap remark, after looking at some rather baffling pictures. "I don't profess to know much about paintings," said that wretched person, "but I know what I like." To which Elihu, who was far from patient, tartly answered, "So do the beasts of the fields."

Elihu Vedder was a native of New York. Born in the middle of the Romantic '30's, he had lived almost to the age of 86. He had studied, first in Brooklyn, then in Paris. But he was wedded to the ways and life of Rome. And it is there he will be chiefly missed.



THE illustration shows the exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of seven exquisite examples of hand-wrought metal work from the Oscar B. Bach Studios. The group includes a bronze mirror and console-table, a pair of indirect torcheres of delicate wrought iron and bronze with hand-made glass bowls and marble bases. On the console are two bronze candlesticks and a small sculptured metal centerpiece. Each piece is an individual, unique work of art.



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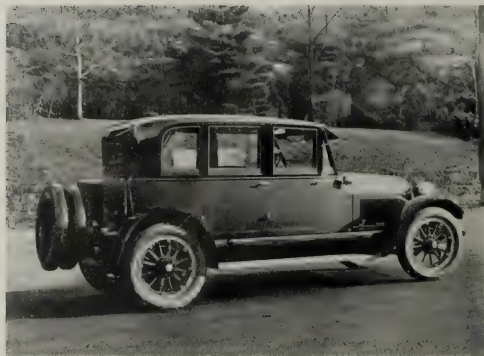
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The Cost of Motor-Cars

(Continued from page 37)

tors units can afford to operate on the scanty margins that present prices allow them, and it is reasonable to assume that even these companies are not going to do it any longer than is absolutely necessary.

The present market prices may prevail until Spring, but certainly not much longer. Already we can see signs of the upward trend. Locomobile recently boosted the line \$2,000. This is hardly significant, because the high-priced market is influenced but little by price. The 1921 reduction of Locomobile prices failed to stimulate sales. This latest increase will not hamper them.

But Buick, Maxwell, Durant and Hupmobile are up from \$40 to \$160, and it is only a question of months before others will follow. The increases are generally applied to sport models and roadsters. The sport models are perhaps higher because of added equipment, the roadster because the demand is falling off and it costs more to build them. Formerly the man who bought a so-called "business car" took a roadster. Now he takes a small closed car. The roadster is now used only by the man who wants some-

thing distinctively sporting or the crab who is afraid someone might ask him for a ride.

Tire companies, while not increasing their retail prices, are lowering the differential between the price to the manufacturer and the consumer. This will of necessity be passed on to the public. It is impossible to cut the dealer's discount any further. He makes little enough as it is in these days of over-allowances for used cars. Labor costs about as much as it did until the draft was in full swing, and the labor shortage in some lines of business is reflected in the automotive industry. And the good old overhead is right where it always was. It is probably as high for a company of limited production as it is for a company producing 50,000 units annually.

The price increase will be gradual because of keen competition. Price slashing is contagious, but high prices develop more slowly. Nevertheless, it is coming because of sheer economic pressure. If you want to buy a motor car at the lowest figure consistent with its value, do it now. Six months from now it will cost you considerably more.

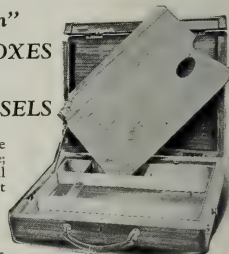


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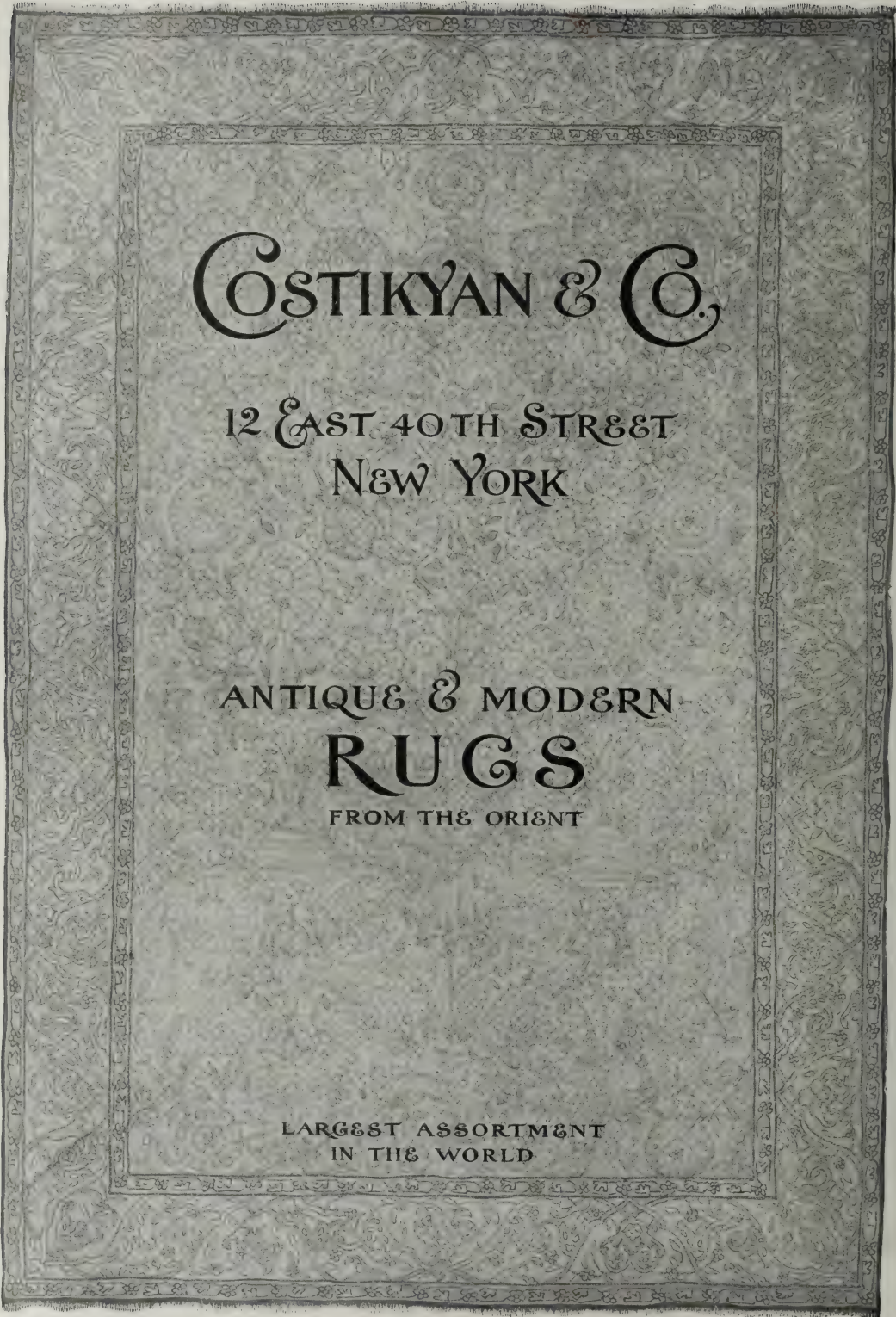
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Pen Portrait of a Sardonic Painter

By ARTHUR SYMONS

(Here is a full-length character sketch of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, unique among those painters of our century who were haters of reality, dreamers of strange visions, rebels against the conventions of modern civilization. In his literary dissection of this strange character Mr. Symons has given us the soul of the man; an etching at once full of glowering black shadows and shuddering, profound subtleties. This powerful piece of writing is one of the superb monographs in the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, notable for its contributions to contemporary art estimates and ripe in its scholarship.)

I MET Lautrec, for the first time, in the Moulin Rouge on a night of June in 1890; he was seated at the special table that was always reserved for him. With him was La Mélinite, who had the beauty of a fallen angel; she was exotic and excitable. No one who was acquainted with Toulouse-Lautrec could ever forget him; nor have I ever seen a man so extraordinary and so sinister. Every night one came on him somewhere in Paris, chiefly in Montmartre, in the streets, in the cafés, in the theatres, in the music-halls, in the circuses. He walked, his huge head lowered, the upper part of his body, which was in perfect proportion, leaning heavily on his stick; he stopped—owing to the difficulty he had in walking—stared this way and that way; his black eyes shone furiously—eyes that amused themselves enormously; he began to speak in his deep, biting voice, and always in some unimaginable fashion—jests or jokes or bitter sarcasms, or single phrases, in which each word told: simple and brutal, mocking, serious and sardonic.

His tragedy was that he imagined a few hours of sleep were enough for him—a ruinous expenditure of so prodigious a constitution; which led him also into that "expense of spirit in a waste of shame" which is bound to have an evil effect on such temperaments as his. Lautrec, as far as he could, got in this world all he wanted, for he had willed it intensely and persistently; it came—fame and success. He had conceived a great end, and he worked towards that end without deviating and without tiring. His power of creation seemed to him inexhaustible.

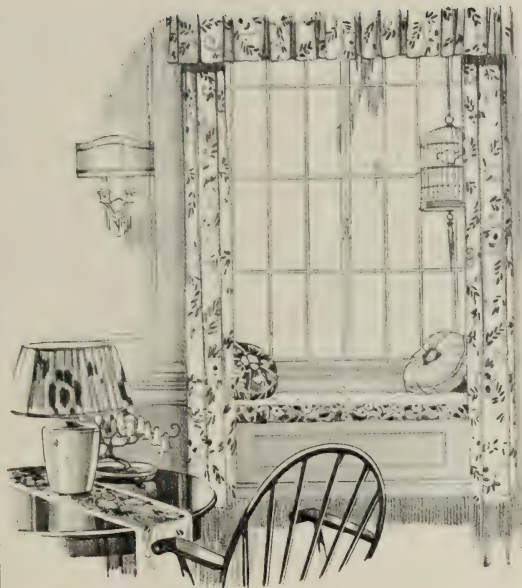
Son Portrait, par lui-même, seizes one almost literally by the throat, so absolute is this creator's image of himself: a face ravaged with nerves, a face that had tragic beauty; a face malignant and diabolical, sinister and sardonic, with the huge mass of tormented hair that straggles across his high forehead; his tenebrous black eyes; his black moustache; the ironical curve of the lips; the virile nose, strong chin; in a word, the pure aristocrat. Yet the deeper I gaze into this face that surges out of the void the more vividly and violently arises the glittering genius of this evil-starred man. So intensely alive is this marvelous image that lives, breathes, vibrates

to every sensation, that has in it all the untamable violence of the animal, the nerves that distort, the cruel craft that connives in all forms of sin and of vice—that, were one's imagination strung to such a point that it might for one instant awaken the dead to life—Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec would be beside me and La Mélinite in the Moulin Rouge.

LAUTREC began what is called his journalism in *Le Courrier Français*, September 26th, 1886, with a design, *Gin Cocktail*, a scene in a bar. There are two barmaids, rather like Manet's, behind the counter; a jockey and a swell are seated on two stools; both are *blasé*. Only there is something in Lautrec's sardonic vision which reminds me of Browning's *Le Byron de nos jours*, whose two jaded Parisians are not intrinsically interesting; they seem to have come to him by strange accidents from the ends of the world; they are characters in themselves of little interest. Lautrec's gift is shown by the way in which he accepts such a situation as this, apprehends it, under some intricate cobweb of illusions, and reflects over it an artificial light which he constructs and breaks over this chosen situation.

In June, 1920, I turned over Lautrec's lithographs in the Bibliothèque Nationale; there are more than three hundred of them. The first I came on was *Exposition du 20 Avril au 3 Mai*, 1903, 52, Rue Lafitte. On the cover is a superb nude woman—sensual, sublime in depravation. She stares at one with a gesture like one of Rodin's women, the woman-animal with sleepy eyes; and in her is some of the perversity of Baudelaire. It is interesting to compare these versions of a subject which so many artists have treated, always in a spirit of perversity, from Hieronymus Bosch, with his swooping and crawling abortions, to Rops, with his woman of enticing flesh spread out mockingly upon the Cross, from which she has cast off the Divine body. In one of these lithographs a man with his arms on a table has almost the naked face of Balzac: it reminded me of a Daumier.

Daumier's genius was immense; Baudelaire, with his infallible instinct, attributes to him "the strange and astonishing qualities of a great genius, sick of genius." (Continued on next page)



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Pen Portrait of a Sardonic Painter

(Continued from previous page)

Essentially dramatic, his effect is the angry assault of the nerves on his matter—in which he is so curiously like Lautrec—and the tilt of the lance against the windmill: in a word, a Cervantes who paints. In both, the moralist is always awake; both are haunted by the sense of sin, of sin's punishment of guilt and of crime; both are violent, both satirical. "And it is in Baudelaire's praise of Daumier that I find what might almost have been written on Lautrec. "Daumier's design is naturally colored. His woodcuts and lithographs give one the sensation of color. His pencil can convey anything it likes to—black over white. He knows how to divine color like thought, which is the sign of a supreme art."

As for *Elles*, they are astounding. Here is a *cocotte* before a mirror, doing up her hair; a man's hat lies on a table beside her bed. In another a woman stoops over a bath: she pours in water out of a tin can. The effect, in these pale colors and in the body's outline, is amazing. A splendid half-nude girl shows one breast as she bathes herself; she reminds me of a Degas. Next I come on a girl cruelly caricatured, huddled against her bed, half out of it; she has sullen sly eyes. This, apart from the caricature, reminds me of a pencil drawing of Blake I have before me. In this drawing Blake himself is seen in bed, one arm and hand laid on the bedclothes, in somewhat the same pose in which she, lovely and slender, with her hair down her back, sits on the edge of the bed, with one leg curved over the other, the foot just touching the knee of the other leg, in a wonderful stooping gesture.

SUPERB and unsurpassable is Lautrec's design of a dainty girl in bed, lazy and luxurious, full of sleep, sombre and sensual. *Étude de Femme* is exquisite and cruel: this purely outlined impure girl, thin, irritating, in the act of slipping off her chemise, with a kind of daintiness, before she gets into bed.

I have been turning over the pages of *L'Escarmouche*, a satirical journal edited by Ibels and Georges Darien; it began November 1st, 1893, "Ce numéro 20 centimes, 15, Rue Baudin, Paris," and came to an end on January 1st, 1894. There are eleven numbers. . . .

Les Folies-Bergère of M. Prudhomme, a thing Petronius must have seen in Rome, seen and laughed at, using it in one of the lost chapters of his *Satyricon*, after some revel with Nero and Agrippina and Messalina, shows three masked *cocottes* dressed in shameless costumes, huddled together in a vivid pose (all in black

and dead white) who endure their ghastly existence. Behind them a half-veiled naked statue stands in a half-innocent attitude of frightened shame. It is a Molière in masquerade.

Sarah Bernhardt dans Phédre is terrific—she, a shadow of guilt made mercenary by lust of forbidden love, and furious by her anguished sense of unachieved desires. Guitry is one huge black heap, such as one imagines in that oppressive heat when August twilight merges into night; he is not even the mockery of a malignant shade; but, as one struck suddenly with an intense horror of her, his blood surges into his cheeks. And she, this perverse Jewess, poses, wide-eyed; her eloquent lips seem about to utter Racine's frenzied lines.

Au Théâtre Libre: Antoine dans l'Inquiétude, is magnificent. He is designed with beaked nose and huge wary eyes, his coat up to his shoulders, hand in pocket—in tensely living; an ardently designed woman holds up a lighted lamp a yard from his face. The whole thing gives one a sudden shudder, a sense of suspense at this tragically dramatic moment of the play, when certainly a crime is going to be committed. Here in the narrow room, where the very air breathes murder and all hangs on the suspense of the next moment, these two figures surge out of the void; and, as it were, with some far-thoughted reflection of the blindness of Fate, and of Death's ignobility.

Baudelaire dismisses Ingres with this scornful phrase: *Ingres est dénué de ce tempérament énergique qui fait la fatalité du génie*; so Lautrec might have found in this sentence something ominous, something foreshadowing, without perhaps his actual knowledge of it, what can be suicidal in such men of genius; the inability to escape from the soilures of gross contact; to escape from one at least unwearied torture—not the eternal torment of the damned—but of being unable to overlap the barrier which shuts one in upon one's self—one's abominable, animal, adorable and despicable self, which, even in the fervor of our blood, asserts itself—asserts itself to the point of setting before us, literally before us, that abyss which separates "the expense of spirit" from the "waste of shame."

Lautrec's self-indulgence of the spirit and of the flesh was notorious; but never in the whole course of his brief and tragic existence did he lower himself in his own esteem; never did he abdicate that supreme command of his material in which he proved himself consummate. He had the vices of his generation; let that pass. That he possessed a certain

(Continued on page 88)



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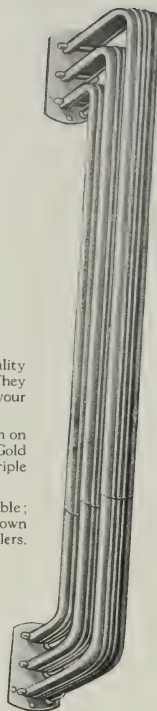
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Can Charm Be Learned?

By ELIZABETH ARDEN

A WHIMSICAL story—and later a delightful play—was written a season or two ago about a "charm school." The idea tickled the imagination of the world. Who had heard of a charm school? Readers chuckled incredulously over the amusing thought. A school for charm—as though charm could be taught! Fancy a classroom full of giggling sub-debs all learning to simmer in a row!

But there is a charm school and charm can be taught. It is not a school of bare scholastic rooms, but a suite of boudoirs, dressing-rooms, foyer, exercise rooms—all done in such exquisite decorations that one longs and learns to move and peak and live as befits these luxurious surroundings. And most of the students are not sub-debs, though sub-debs—bless 'em! the blatant, awkward dears—can learn much here.

Most of my clients, for it is my own charm school I am telling you of, are women of the thirties and forties. Women who feel their youth and their confidence in their youth slipping from them. Women who realize, when their freshness is waning, how much of happiness is waning with it.

They come to me in moods of blackest despair; some tragedy looms from the horizon where their loveliness is setting. Or they come shyly, a little fearful, only faintly hopeful that they can have this boon to loveliness.

Can charm be learned without self-consciousness? But yes, of course, because charm is founded on complete self-consciousness, awareness, perfect realization of your own hidden sweetness, perfect confidence in your own vividness and power.

Charm, you must know, is not a studied effort to please. It is spontaneous, the sparkle on life that is gay as champagne, the radiance that reflects the zest of being. The lessons in charm, then, must begin with putting the whole body in glorious condition. When a woman comes and gives herself into my hands, she is in reality opening the door to a new and splendid life. For I will teach her how to set the blood to dancing gaily through every tissue; how to lift each organ to its proper place and strengthen it and rouse it to normal functioning; how to stimulate the secretions of those glands which contribute so mysteriously but importantly to health and youth; how to eliminate those wastes that poison the muscles and make us old. Half of charm is health, pulsing, effervescent, magnificent health! Health that makes the eyes twinkle, the hair shine, the heart sing. Such health as few women know until they set about consciously to capture it. And when you have it, you have

half of charm. That is the first lesson.

Nor is charm to be obtained by studied posturing. Charm is graceful, purposeful gestures, smooth silken movements. It is not movement at all; but repose, a relaxation of taut nerves, a cessation of feverish and meaningless actions. And so the next lesson in charm is relaxation, a soothing delicious letting down. It adds years to your youth because it saves you, conserves your vitality, husbands the vivaciousness the you fritter in purposeless movements. Many times, even when you lie down, you do not actually rest or relax. Muscles must be taught to obey this command: other muscles that shirk the tasks must be schooled to share the burden that wearies the useful tissues. All this you can learn in my charm school.

And then your skin! You knew I was coming to that, didn't you? For the skin's beauty is an unalienable factor of a woman's charm. Can a lovely skin be "taught?" Why, yes, that is the easiest lesson of all!

The skin is a tissue. It lives and demands nourishment. It pinches with neglect; it blossoms with attention. It changes always and so you can change it for the better.

Like all tissues it has three fundamental needs. And the condition of our lives are such that without help, these needs often go long unfulfilled—to beauty's grief.

The skin must be cleansed, cleansed of its own wastes and secretions, and cleansed of the dust of each day's living. Water and soap are cruel means of cleansing. Warm water is very relaxing to the tissues; cold water cannot reach or melt the oil excretions of the glands of the skin. As for soap, it is a too harsh cleanser for the fragile tissues of your loveliness. It will coarsen and roughen the skin. Those flaky patches where the skin peels and powder shows so horribly are the result of the alkaline content of soap.

Yes, for cleansing you will learn in my charm school of something much more gentle and more effective than soap. It is a cleansing cream, so light it liquefies with the slightest warmth of the face, so melting it cannot possibly stretch or pull the tissues or distend the pores. It seeps down into the crevices, and there dissolves and dislodges all the impurities that burden them. A thorough cleansing of this sort is very important to prevent and correct blackheads. At the same time the delicate oils in this cream supply the needs of the skin, replacing those natural emollients that are parched by wind and sun and

(Continued on page 86)



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Can Charm Be Learned?

(Continued from page 84)

dried by powder. This cream, therefore, is much more thorough in its work than soap and water, much kinder in its method, and much more cosmetic in its effect. Use it regularly to keep the skin soft and supple. That is one of the elementary precepts of the "complexion class" in "charm school!"

A second need of the skin is toning. Circulation grows sluggish through the surface tissues. The sudden changes of our temperature, cold winds and hot, dry rooms, tend to check the flow of blood. Normally the skin gets little exercise. It needs stimulating. Pat it, tone it, firm it—all with an invigorating skin tonic. By quickening the circulation of blood through the skin, this excellent preparation hastens the removal of wastes and poisons from the skin cells. This, quite logically, prevents eruptions and ugly spots of congestion, and clears and improves the complexion. A second purpose this skin tonic has. It is a mild astringent, and so it serves to firm and tighten the skin and to keep it smooth and youthfully unlined.

For a face past its twenties there is a special astringent more positive in effect. This is a splendid preparation to brace the sagging muscles of an aging face. It is the medium of that wonderful "tie-up" treatment that makes a double chin vanish like snowflakes before an April sun. You can use this same special astringent to give yourself a refreshing and effective afternoon treatment. Cleanse the face with cleansing cream, pat it a few minutes with skin tonic to awaken it to eagerness. Then make a firm pad of absorbent cotton, wet first with cold water and then with special astringent. Mold the face with this, particularly along the lines of the jaw and on the throat. Then tie this pad of cotton on the throat and chin with a towel or cheese-cloth band, or better still with a close-fitting, well-tailored chin strap. Lie down for a half hour or more and rest while this effective astringent lifts and strengthens the muscles into firm, youthful curves.

It is a wise woman who does not wait for a double chin and a flabby throat and deep lines from nose to mouth. These are the end of the story. It began years and years back. And if these treatments had begun long ago—there would have been no story of wrinkles and multiple chins.

Gravity, worry, hurry and our bad habits of grimacing as we talk, all work together to pull the facial muscles down. How soon this causes obvious lines depends on your disposition and the natural fullness of your face. But you can postpone the evil day of wrinkles almost indefinitely if you set about

to counteract the effects of gravity and worry and sadness while the muscles have still their youthful elasticity. Lift your mouth corners and your cheeks. Learn to mould the muscles in the firm, upward curves of youth. There is a way to hold and restore the lovely contour of the face and neck. And the way can be taught. It is another of the easy steps to charm, a lesson given every day in my salons.

This same special astringent you should make generous use of if you are reducing. One of the greatest dangers of taking off fat too quickly lies in its effect on the facial muscles. Their fatty deposits gone, they fall, and the skin falls with them in loose folds that add years to your appearance. But in my charm school I expend as much effort in keeping the skin smooth as in taking off weight. And this astringent is a splendid means to tighten the tissues that have been outgrown.

The third need of the skin is for nourishment. The skin functions, uses up food and demands more, like Oliver Twist. The blood—if it is in good condition, and if it gets to every cell—supplies this nourishment. But there is many a slip. The skin has need of supplementary food supply to keep it always smooth and fair. We can furnish this extra nutriment, and the skin will accept it if it comes in acceptable form. The skin's taste is finicky, though. "Just any cream" is worse than none at all; for many creams not only do not nourish the skin, but they burden its pores with heavy greases that cannot be absorbed. And these are the surest cause of blackheads.

I have made my skin foods carefully, therefore, and I know that they are of immaculate purity and in a form to be easily assimilated. One is splendid for a thin-lined or aging face, for it fills out sunken tissues and keeps the skin full and smooth. By providing the tissues with all the elements which they require, it preserves their youth and strength and firmness and is therefore an excellent preventative of any sign of age. This skin food is the basis of the famous skin treatments given in my salons. It should form a part of every woman's home care of the skin.

For a full face I have made a second food that nourishes without fattening. It will keep the complexion smooth and velvety without contributing to the fatty tissue underlying the skin.

There are the first three precepts in my lessons in loveliness for the skin. They are simple, are they not? And I know that they are effective. Have I not proved that charm is accessible to you and to everyone? Then I am glad!

Shaw Scolds the Writing Craft

BERNARD SHAW is at it again. This time he vents his spleen on the followers of his own trade of letters.

The general committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre has been in difficulties lately, which leads Shaw, in the London Observer, to make some characteristically withering comments on "the sad case of Shakespeare." In spite of his "better-than-Shakespeare" remarks many years ago, Shaw is a profound admirer of the Bard to whom he once referred as "my famous rival," and the clumsy treatment his memorial has received lowers the modern dramatist's opinion of literary men in general.

This is his complaint against those who write for a living:

They can lay down the law beautifully on their writing-pads in their studies, with nobody to contradict or interrupt them. But get them round a committee table and they are impossible. They know nothing about that parliamentary procedure of motion and amendment without which a meeting is only a mob.

They are full of ideas generally, and often copious and eloquent in expressing those ideas; but as to confining themselves to the particular points under discussion, and disposing of them one after another by a series of amendments, the strongest chairman cannot keep them to it. If they are called to order, they regard it either as a personal attack or as what they call "red tape."

Being energetic and important people, they cannot be set on by nobodies can; and in the end they throw the meeting and themselves into such hopeless confusion that when at last a vote is taken neither they nor anyone else knows what is at issue, and as often as not they carry what they have been opposing or defeat what they have been advocating.

Nobody takes Shaw seriously these days. He can be depended upon to take the opposite side of any popular idea or ideal. He dotes on controversy for controversy's sake and takes the limelight by doing a double somersault for the delectation of the crowd. He is the arch buffoon of letters, the infant terrible of parlor politics and though age has slowed down his passion it has not in any perceptible degree sweetened his temper or broadened his tolerance.

Strangely enough, he is, personally, a mild-mannered man. All his spleen emanates through his pen. His "Me and Shakespeare" manifesto of some years back set the world to laughing; it was an exhibition of the Shaw ego arrayed in cap and bells. One can never believe that he issues any statement about anything except with tongue in cheek.

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Pen Portrait of a Sardonic Painter

(Continued from page 82)

amount of hidden-away virtue under his vices is to me incontestable. He had an equal passion as a man and as a creator. Passion let run to seed: that must have occurred in some of his most morbid years. It is certain that he was subject, as Coleridge was, to certain literal spells, not acting along any logical lines, not attacking the nerves, not intoxicating, but like a slow, enveloping mist, which blots out the real world, and leaves us unchilled by any "air from heaven or blasts from hell," but in the native air of some middle region. I have referred elsewhere to the serpent; perhaps Lautrec went on creating just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body and seems forever twisting and untwisting its own strength.

WHAT is cruel in Lautrec is what is literally Latin in his race. He desires beauty with the rage of a lover; he desires ugliness with the hatred of a lover; and to him Sex is the supreme beauty. The visible world does not always "exist" for him as an entirely satisfying thing; studious of the origins of emotions, he finds them wholly in the physical action of the senses. Lautrec might have said with d'Annunzio: "I would that I could live the whole of life, and not be only a brain," the Italian confesses, in his desire to fuse life, sensual life, and art, the art of the senses.

The cruelty of the nerves, the exasperation of the nerves: these are the two primitive qualities that tear at us on both sides—as much in their reaction as in their recoil. For some of us imagination takes the place of virtue, vice takes the place of imagination. To be "magnificent in sin": that is to return to the poisonous age of the Renaissance—the age of Cesare Borgia, of the Medicis, of Vittoria Corombona, of the implacable princes and the unscrupulous hired assassins. To them no degradation was possible: guilt changes

them but never degrades them; one's sin must be deliberate; one must march straight to one's end; and the means must be mortal.

LAUTREC had an ardent thirst for perfection; he hated stupidity with less lust in his disgust than Flaubert's; he had an intense vivacity as a story-teller; he saw always the unimaginable—that it needs more than the magic of his words to give life to. In taverns such as the Weber he would make his way between the tables with his diminutive stick, hoist himself up to the slippery bar of the counter. In the Moulin Rouge one would see him, the smallest of the avid group around the Chahut-dancers, adoring them.

His *technique* consists, not only in his original fashion of seeing and of visualizing, but in his seeing things, not so much in subdivisions nor in shades, but in masses, so that when he seizes on some form of infamous flesh with peroxide of hydrogen color; when he paints green where there is no green; when he gets some particular tinge of green into his flesh colors; when he uses more curious tinges of green mixed with the red of rouge on women's painted faces—it seems as if this morbid painter were anticipating the color schemes of the grave. Lautrec can be as lyrical and as literally erotic as Aristophanes, for he combines in an extraordinary fashion the complexities of modern life as they turn from comedy to tragedy, and from tragedy return to comedy. In his world there is no acceptance of anything but of the fact of having been suddenly awakened into some form of rebellious existence and so to await God's judgment—as if this were to be weighed in the ultimate scale of the balances of the wrath of God. Lautrec once said to me in Paris: "Do you know what it is to be haunted by colors? To me, in the color green, there is something like the temptation of the Devil."



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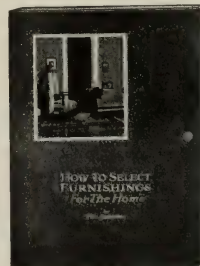
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Native Painters and Art Philosophy

(Continued from page 29)

by writers and weak artists, rules which they think will fit all future necessities. In consequence their mind has turned backwards to emulating past performances, instead of letting their personal world take its essor in their work. But imagine what would have happened if Michelangelo had been directed to apply to his art the principles of Botticelli? He probably would never have become the great artist he was. Fortunately genius does not look backwards to emulating past styles or rules made by critics. Genius is driven powerfully to realize itself. In this process new laws of harmony arise spontaneously through the act of creation.

If the public wants therefore to study art it has to begin to familiarize itself with the process of creation. But can this be done, or is it worth while for the people to approach art from that angle? I do not think so. To understand art with one's intellect is a long and painful process, impossible of complete fulfillment for reasons I pointed out before. Besides, efforts in that direction have usually weakened the intuitive capacities, which we possess.

To appreciate art we have to be emotionally and mentally alert and not addicted to hero cult. Each work of art is a new experience and cannot be measured by a former one. A spontaneously reacting public is the greatest necessity in order that creatively inclined men, of whom a number always exist, will keep their self-confidence. America like any other country has an abundance of talent, but self-confidence being lacking it never arises to complete self-realization and disappears or bows to the popular ideas of what art should be. It is just this lack of self-confidence which characterizes the art production of the United States.

I quote the opinion of an art historian, Samuel Isham, in his history of American Paintings, who begins his first paragraph with the following sentence:

"The fundamental and mastering fact about American painting is that it is in no way native to America but is European painting imported or rather transplanted to America and there cultivated and developed and even that not independently, but with constant reference to the older countries, first one nation or school, having a preponderating influence than another."

This statement represents the exact truth. America has produced a special type of artist: the migratory painter. From Benjamin West until today the migration goes forward and backward, bringing back to this country undigested ideas, theories and meth-

ods foreign to its nature. Many men remain on the other side and become thoroughly Europeanized, without being able to become really creative.

The more America becomes powerful the more her artists lose confidence in themselves; a curious sign, which it would be worthwhile to study and explain.

Few artists remained here during the 18th century and their work is not estimated at its real value, although it is the only original manifestation of art known to us. Who has an idea of Blackburn's work? An artist of keen penetration and deep human understanding, he creates with the vigor of a Hogarth or a Goya.

No compromise with European contemporary fashion weakens the conception of Ralph Earle, who possesses the calm, self-reliant ease of an Ingres—to make another comparison. But there were others. Reuben, Moulthrop, Joseph Badger and a number of anonymous artists have left works to us, which we recognize as characteristically American. Little appreciated in their time because of their lack of pictorial fluency and those mannerisms so much in favor at that moment in England and France, they are still today judged with the same ignorance as before and called Primitives.

But let us not forget the delightful art of the small artisans, unpretentious and genuine in its spontaneity: The painting of the New England clock maker, the small paintings which we find in many houses near the Eastern coast. America possessed in them a folk-art as fine and promising as Europe ever produced.

Imagine Europe to have disappeared through a cataclysm in the 18th century, and American artists would not have been able to study methods abroad. Do you think art would not have flourished here? It would have been more vigorous than through a continuous infusion of new elements into its system. It would have developed out of a characteristic New England art into a distinctly American art. The migratory artist made artistic independence impossible. Europe's artistic activity overwhelms him and he follows all the creeds in favor at the moment. His work is therefore a compromise between his own feelings and those of some other artist. The result is a skillful and banal revival.

And yet he should not have forgotten the lesson learned by the Netherlands, which lost their artistic mastery by emigrating in the 16th century to Italy in the belief that the art of that country could be transplanted to the North. The France of today has alone a

(Continued on next page)

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"The Sacrifice," from the painting by Maurice Sterne in the American collection of Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.

Native Painters and Art Philosophy

(Continued from previous page)

logical continuity in its development because its artists did not emigrate to other countries to study. What American artists could therefore have learned from France is a lesson of conduct and nothing more.

Read the life of Corot and you will see that by going to study in Italy he was never tempted by the museums; he painted the exhilaration which Rome and its people evoked in him. He saw Italy as a Frenchman and was not influenced by Italian art.

This amazing self-confidence permeates French art and made the regeneration of a purer art possible. The American artists who went overseas in the 19th century did not see that it was the mentality of the French artists which made their growth possible. They only saw the results and thinking they could be reproduced again they experimented with styles to achieve works of a merely decorative value.

No genius appeared. Only one exceptional talent. And that was A. P. Ryder. This artist was out in the mass of clever arrangers like a giant among dwarfs. A visionary, a poet, he symbolizes the aspirations and passions of the human heart in romantic paintings. An experimenter in color, his work lacks the solidity which his ideas possessed. But in spite of this defect his work is carried to completion through his visionary powers. Samuel Isham fills his history of American Painting with more than one hundred names for the 19th century. But would

they stand the test of comparison and analysis?

Meyer-Graefe mentions in his "Development of Modern Art" about one hundred and fifty artists for the whole Western world and in the final analysis he rejects about fifty. There remain therefore by his estimate about one hundred for the whole white race.

This to many seems probably unfair. But has the 16th century produced a greater number of artists? Certainly not. We may therefore take Meyer-Graefe's estimate as fair and just. Anybody can on this basis calculate how many real artists are in our generation in America. If there are twenty in our midst, we may congratulate ourselves.

If we compare with this conclusion the popular idea that artists can be produced "en masse" by art schools and other institutions the discrepancy becomes ludicrous.

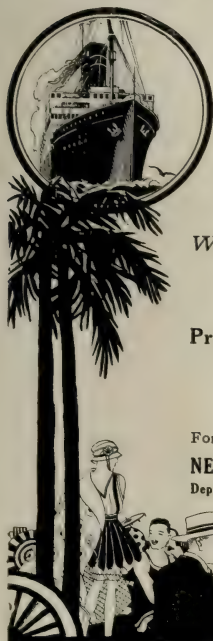
But why should America be more favored by the muses than many other countries who have old traditions and have not much different results to show? The premises on which artists have tried to create art prevented its development.

No doubt, no other nation in our time has tried more than America has done to give an opportunity to art and artists. It is entitled therefore to success.

But highly financed institutions will throw only innumerable professionals into a confused world and propaganda will not establish art appreciation. If only a frac-

(Continued on page 94)

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Native Painters and Art Philosophy

(Continued from page 92)

tion of the interests for raising art-students would be given to the men who have proved their capacities, art would progress more rapidly than it does now. It was through the untiring efforts of Alfred Stieglitz, that a number of artists who had self-confidence had their first chance to grow here. He has paved the way for a more healthy and far-sighted attitude to the artists.

The International Exhibition of 1912 was the second blow at the migratory artist's prestige. It convinced many that it was not possible to emulate other races and countries in their particular way of thinking, feeling and creating and that it was better to stand on one's own legs.

Since then mental independence has become a wider fact than it has been in one hundred years.

New talents have appeared continuously—men unspoiled by the formulas of schools. A folk art understandable to everybody without critical interpretation is arising—an art strangely akin to the New England type mentioned before—and yet as modern and representative of the America of today as anything ever created since the days of the Revolution.

To protect the growing flower and give it an opportunity to spread is essential. Collections are in formation which contain works of the modern artists and the time is not far that every house will be opened to them.

A pioneer in collecting French modern artists, Mr. Adolph Lewisohn has with the same human interest followed the rise and growth of the American artists of our time. Unaffected by the controversies for and against modern art, he has assembled a number of art works which he felt were expressing something significant. Fully alive to the possibilities of our time and to the future, he is a typical example, how art collecting can be pursued as a beautiful adventure.

At the head of his American collection we find A. P. Ryder represented with two works: "Mending the Harness" and "Farm Yard." A curious character in our positive time, he resembles somewhat the French romantics but will never be mistaken for one of them. An observer of the simple in this land, he speaks their language with the emotion of regret. Seeing the passing away of human qualities and thoughts, which possessed their charm but which disappear gradually and inevitably in the formation of a rejuvenated world with new ideas, feelings and aspirations, he expresses his longing for the return of the dead.

Four brilliant water colors by Winslow Homer show this clever artist, working with contrast of

light and dark. W. Homer tries to overcome the handicap of his emotional limitations by able arrangement of his color schemes. F. W. Twatcham's "Venice" in the Lewisohn collection is a virtuoso's conception of a familiar subject. Facile handling of the brush, tonal warmth, give his work a certain quality. But those artists are highly dependent on the topographical aspect of their subjects, a mental attitude which limits the development of their undoubted talent.

A figure of originality in America is Maurice Prendergast. His "Beach" in the Lewisohn collection is as gay and youthful as a folk-song. In the enjoyment which drives him to expression he makes us forget that there are theories in art.

Arthur B. Davies is represented with one of his well-known Arkadian landscapes luminous in color and subtle and delicate in the balance of its composition.

Maurice Sterne has in the Lewisohn collection six works: Four sketches from Bali, the sacrifice of Anticoli, a vase of flowers, and a bust of Senta, one of the E. Duncan children. Sterne's continuous growth since he started twenty-five years ago is familiar to everybody. Gradually evolving out of a traditional conception he creates finally paintings of deep observation and human understanding. His recent turn to powerful sculpture opens new vistas for his future.

A sculptor of great originality is Hunt Diederich. "A Spirited Group of Jockies" in the Lewisohn collection is a work of very great plastic feeling.

Of Kenneth Hays Miller, Mr. Lewisohn possesses a painting representing wood-gatherers. He sees beyond the obvious into the struggle of man's actions. Clearly reasoning he stands between the past and the coming world hesitating. Abbot H. Thayer's portrait of a girl with cap is true to an excellent tradition but tries vainly to reach the monumentality which was intended.

Stirling Calder the sculptor has in the Lewisohn collection a small group, "Lovers." He interprets in spontaneous grouping and with great charm the conflicting emotion of passion. Mary Cassatt ("Mother and Child") in the Lewisohn collection is the recorder of healthy motherhood.

Besides these artists Clagett Wilson is represented with a family group arranged in brilliant colors, Paul Dougherty is represented in the Lewisohn collection with a large landscape and three water colors. John Sloan with a tender and concretely observed study of a working girl. Sargent with a landscape composed in clever dots of colors suggesting the

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It might perhaps be possible to draw general conclusions out of the works which are represented in the Lewisohn collection. But it is better to take a broader view and take in account the works of other artists, who are doing something significant at this moment.



"Civilization"

The Groping of Gropper

(Continued from page 15)

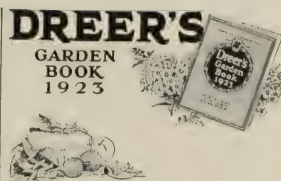
types, watercolors, tempera and oil colors, and in every one of these he revealed another facet of his versatile temperament.

His pen and ink sketches show spare and simple lines, full of meaning and restraint; his etchings contain some of his best ideas, extraordinarily virile and withal delicate and full of power like vibrating copper wires. His lithographs exemplify his imagination in composition, which is almost antique in the treatment of masses and shadows; his paintings although somewhat sombre and muddy have undergone a very noticeable evolution since his trip to Cuba. His palette has cleared, he has rid himself of the blacks, the greys, the terre de Sienne, the bottle greens and brought forward ultramarines, light purple, greens, pinks, yellows. The same happened with his monotypes. He experimented with sandpaper and succeeded in giving a coarse-

grained texture to reproductions which suited certain types of drawings.

Although young Gropper has not been outside of America, he reveals in his work a tremendous masculine originality which is so foreign to the average American native artist. There is something cyclopean, Dantesque, with a touch of the Rabelaisian in his work. One misses the smug, correctly garbed dudes and precieuses of smart magazine illustrations, the candy-box beauties, the hot-house madonnas of the popular artists.

Gropper has a great future before him, if he is true to his best ideals. A generation ago he would have had to emigrate to Europe like Whistler, Sargent, Cecilia Beaux; at present the public is more receptive to original work and is more likely to accept his remarkable individuality as expressed in his voluminous output.



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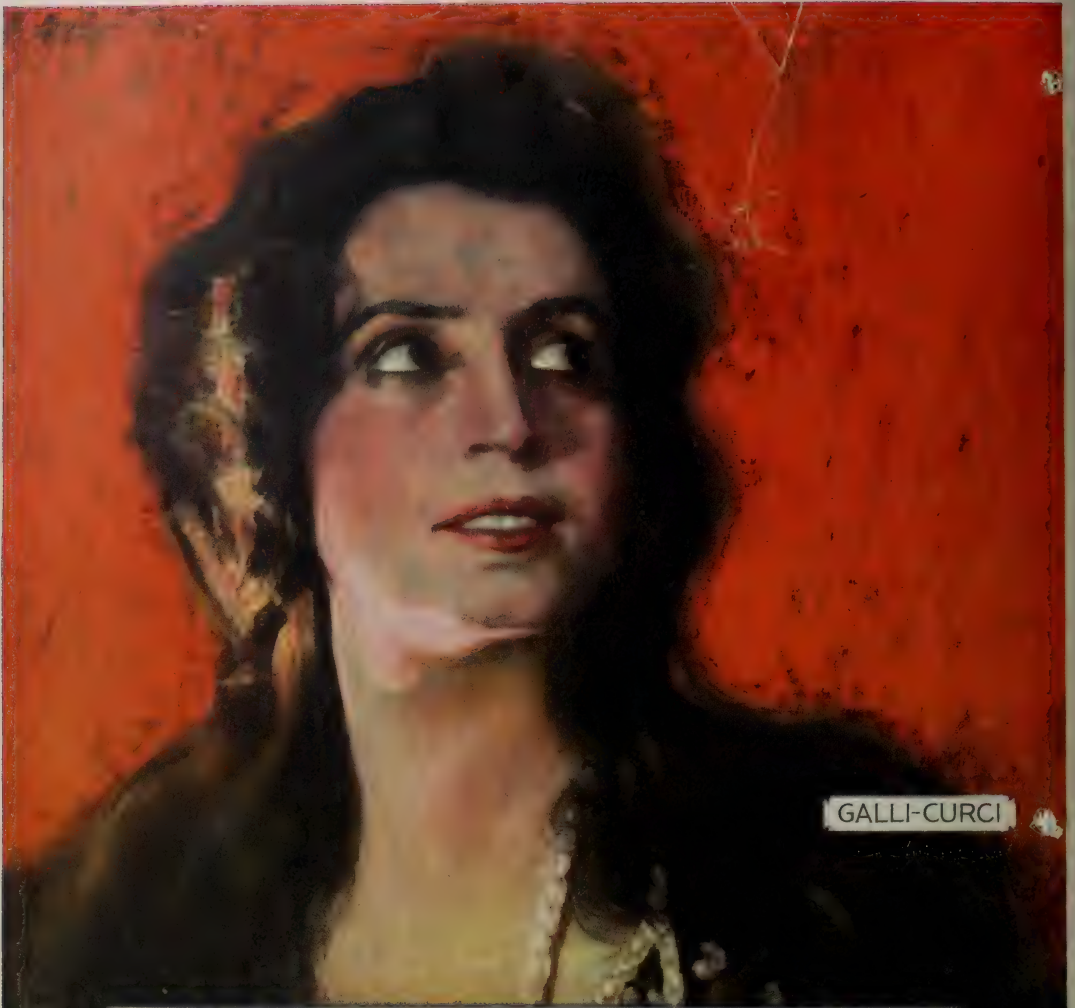
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Clive Bell, foremost authority on modernistic painting and author of the much discussed "Since Cézanne"



H. G. Wells, without doubt the outstanding literary figure of Great Britain, will appear in the pages of ARTS & DECORATION during 1923. He has his own theories about art and to those millions who have read his "Outline of History" this will be a significant and engaging prospect



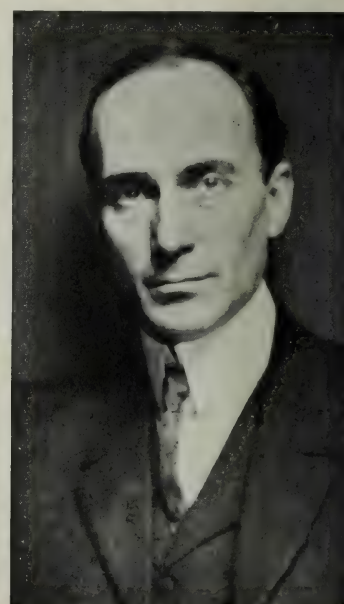
G. K. Chesterton, whose world-wide fame rests upon a solid foundation of penetrating criticism



Benjamin De Cassères, literary critic, who will conduct our regular book review department. He is the author of "The Shadow Eaters" which has aroused widespread discussion



Richard Le Gallienne, internationally famous as poet, essayist and critic, will be a frequent contributor. His articles in this magazine have been extensively quoted and commented upon



Carlo De Fornaro, artist and author, will contribute articles on new personalities in the graphic arts. His sketches of the caricaturists have been greatly enjoyed

Noted Architects Represented in Arts and Decoration

Thomas Hastings, of the famous firm of Carrère & Hastings, is one of America's most distinguished architects. Among his more notable achievements are the Ponce de Leon and Alcaza hotels, St. Augustine, Fla., the National Academy of Design, in New York, and the New York Public Library. He is a graduate of l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris (1884), a member of the Commission of Fine Arts, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor



Mr. Hastings will be a contributor to ARTS & DECORATION during 1923 and will write upon architectural subjects as only he can, with his thirty years' experience in the designing and construction of important public buildings, as well as a score or more of the most beautiful homes in America. Mr. Hastings is a great admirer of ARTS & DECORATION and considers it among the best of the great magazines with an educative and cultural influence



Whitney Warren is architect, artist and politician. He is also a graduate of l'Ecole des Beaux Arts and senior member of the firm of Warren & Wetmore who have created many important buildings. It was to Mr. Warren that the Belgian Government turned when the work of reconstructing the Library of the University of Louvain was determined upon. He has, perhaps, more decorations and honors conferred upon him by the French Government than any other American in his profession



Dwight James Baum is the youngest architect to receive the gold medal of the Architectural League and is a man of rare versatility and an acute artistic temperament. Many of his more important new houses will be reproduced in ARTS & DECORATION during 1923



John Russell Pope is foremost among the younger men in whose hands the future of American architecture is safe. He was fellow at the American Academy in Rome (1895) and received the Architectural League's medal of honor in 1916. He is a graduate of l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris (1900) and is architect of such notable structures as the Scottish Rite Temple, Washington; the Terminal Station, Richmond, Va., and the residences of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Ogden B. Mills and John R. McLean

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Paul J. Baumgarten is among the foremost in his profession of interior decoration. The great homes which he has adorned have given his work the stamp of perfect artistry and authority



Elsie de Wolfe is known on two continents for her notable accomplishments in interior decoration. She is an outstanding figure in her artistic profession



George Leland Hunter is the foremost authority in this country on ancient tapestries. His attributions are accepted by all tapestry experts

Noted Fashion Authorities in Arts and Decoration



Baroness Jeanne d'Etreillis is head of the House of Boué Soeurs and her creations are the talk of the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue. Her advance styles and importations will form an important feature in future issues of ARTS & DECORATION



Mme. Carolyn Hagué, head of the great House of Thurn, is famous both here and abroad for her exquisite conceptions in feminine attire. She will contribute regularly to this magazine giving exclusive information concerning new modes



Mr. James C. Pape, head of the House of Henning, ranks among the foremost designers of women's footwear. He is decidedly the artist, the creator. His influence and leadership in the creation of shoes of unique construction and admirable design is incalculable. To Mr. Pape, more than to any other man in his profession, belongs the credit of showing the way in styles of feminine footwear

The specialists in every department of woman's attire who have been engaged to write for ARTS & DECORATION are supreme in their spheres. The art of dress is among the most important esthetic endeavors of today and in no other direction is the good taste of America so evident as in the fabrication of feminine costumes. Those who will keep our readers informed on this subject deal with the advanced styles

APRIL, 1923

Vol. XVIII. No. 6.

"The Judgment of Paris"



Painted by A. G. Warshawsky

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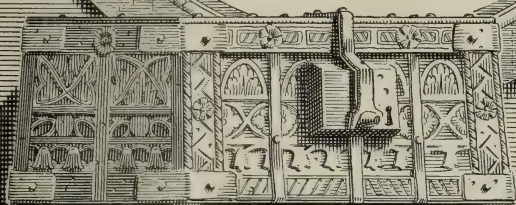
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MISS MARIA HARDING, COUSIN OF THE PRESIDENT

Miss Harding inherits her Spanish coloring and temperament from her mother, who is of fine old Castilian ancestry. In this hitherto unpublished portrait the artist, Mr. Orland Campbell, has presented his sitter in the Spanish spirit; the mantilla, fan, comb and the chain with its gold and enamel pendant, are all carefully chosen and studied with a view to their harmony with the subject's personality. This is the painter's chef d'oeuvre. In richness of tone, brilliancy of color and simplicity of design it is among the finest portraits of the year.

ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts



Innumerable shop-fronts like this, along the Street of Abundance, with their marvelously preserved mural picturings and wall advertisements, have been slowly, almost painfully, unearthed by Dr. Spinazzola in his new Pompeii excavations

Pompeii and My New Excavations

While the World is Marveling Over the Treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen Found in a Single Tomb, Here is an Entire City, With Its Incalculable Wealth, Brought to Light After Nearly Two Thousand Years

By DR. VITTORIO SPINAZZOLA

POMPEII is more than a buried and resurrected ruin. Under the new excavations it is in many ways the greatest of all chronicles. For it is now the only city handed down "unspoiled" through the centuries. It, indeed, suffered in the first century of the Christian era the supremest of tragedies, but in all the ensuing ages it was spared the vandal violence of wars, and has escaped the ruthless antiquarian and the unscientific spade. Other cities of antiquity have been stamped out, or at best a few crumbling arches and columns left to attest the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, and the dimmer traditions of Luxor, Karnak, Babylon and Ur.

The demolition of these ancient cities and civilizations, whether due to natural convulsions or the collision of races, or to spoliation by archeologists has been in many cases complete. It was the aim and boast of conquerors from Joshua to the Huns and the conquistadors of Spain to leave not one stone

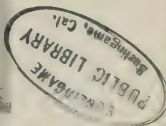
EDITOR'S NOTE: The great work of Dr. Vittorio Spinazzola, foremost of European archaeologists, who has finally restored Pompeii, has been herculean, but he has been assisted by the peculiar cosmic circumstances, which while destroying, also preserved the ancient city. In its catastrophe Pompeii was buried in a few moments of time; its daily life was arrested suddenly. There were no processes of slow decay; the city was buried rather than crushed, the incredible mass of soft material which fell, preserving even the smallest objects.

The purpose of the great excavator has been to keep intact everything as it was found. He has been able to reproduce the semblance of the life that animated Pompeii and the beauty that adorned it.

Travelers who have visited the old excavations at Pompeii remember the conglomerate spectacle of ruined walls and streets. But the new restoration, reconstructing the fallen roofs, replanting the gardens, clearing the streets, opening the shops, and even making the fountains flow, has succeeded in giving to the world a Roman city as it actually existed in the first century after Christ.

upon another in a ravaged city. Nature seemed to show the way in the utter effacement of many places; and scientists and tourists have completed the spoliation.

In the new excavations at Pompeii the work proceeded upon the scientific knowledge that in the burial of the city it was effectually embalmed. The inhabitants, overcome by noxious vapors, were then buried deep under the soft falling ashes of Vesuvius and thus the city, arrested in all its busy life in the 79th year of the Christian era, slept throughout the centuries so that now the Street of Abundance and the other thoroughfares disclosed in their entirety, and the shops and villas giving up their dead, tell the story of the famous city of Campania as it was in the days of Sulla, of Caesar, of Vespasian and Titus. It is a history invaluable because it is utterly purged of partisan coloring. There has been no opportunity during the ages that have come and gone since the great catastrophe for anyone to tamper with the record. There





The walls of the principal buildings are veritable billboards, chiefly electoral posters containing claims, proclamations and political arguments of the most virile character

have been no soldiers in Pompeii since Sulla's day! Peace has brooded there.

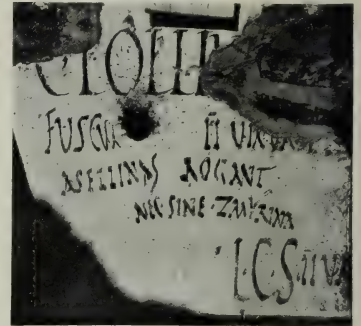
It is thus unique among the cities of the world. Europe in all this time has been and still is the fighting-ground of nations but all these struggles spared Pompeii. It was unaffected by the descent of Ulric and Attila, Rome declined and fell, but Pompeii remained as it was in the days of the Caesars. The empire of Charlemagne and the struggles that followed his career did not touch the city that was to be handed down as a faithful story of the ancient world. The Crusades passed it by, and in fact by the time of the Middle Ages it was forgot. The World War left it unscathed.

I have found the trunk of a great tree planted ages ago, doubtless by a peasant utterly unaware that its roots would find their way along the walls and streets of a great city, preserved by the elements below.

Thus it is almost as if some witchcraft of the calendar has led us back to antiquity. It

is a conscious or subconscious realization that Pompeii is particularly supreme among all the ruins of the world that has given it the fascination possessed by no other immemorial site. It is obviously not the tragedy of the city alone that has held the imagination and interest of mankind. As a catastrophe alone the extinction of its population and the burial of the city was great, but not by any means isolated among catastrophes. There have been great plagues, great fires, mighty earthquakes, vast floods, as in China for example, sweeping away people by the thousands, eruptions in Japan, and similar cataclysms and tidal catastrophes throughout the earth, but nothing either in the traditional vengeance by fire which swept the cities of the plain or any of the incredible toll that warfare exacts has attracted the attention that Pompeii compels; and now, under the new excavation, Pompeii is the one city to which we can turn today for an impartial and superb story of Roman civilization

as it existed nearly two thousand years ago. It was to disclose the beautiful fact that Pompeii is the world's unchanging, its truly Eternal City, that new excavations were first begun in September, 1911. Instead of excavating for a plinth or a frieze or a few entablatures or a few more monuments of ancient deities, this work has been to unearth a city and to tell the life of a people just as they laid it down in the year of Pompeii's overthrow. It is not strange, therefore, that not only the world of archeology but readers and students in all lands have been and will be stirred by the wonders of the revelation. The excavations—along new lines, new processes—have disclosed the fascinating human side of this antique city. Hitherto we have approached ruins, particularly when the tragedy of a great loss of ancient life has been involved, in a spirit of awe, if not reverence. And while that is fitting in the solemnity of all ruin, eloquent as it is of the brevity and uncertainty of life and the transitoriness of man's monuments, it has made it difficult for us to realize the intensely cheery, happy and



One of the painted wall inscriptions in which Asellina and Smyrina recommend the election of Caius Lollius



A section of the Street of Abundance, Pompeii's Fifth Avenue, showing the manner in which the excavations under Dr. Spinazzola were made

natural characteristics of a forgotten people. The streets and shops of Pompeii are now unearthed in their entirety with the preserved though pathetic bodies of shopkeepers and their customers, the merchandise on counters and shelves, the coins in the cashier's offices, the revelation of system in an arrangement of factories, and conspicuously the persistent, racy, epigrammatic and even flamboyant advertising everywhere.

We have altogether a new Pompeii, a city whose methods in many ways were modern, showing that civilized man in the first century of our era carried on his business, his social affairs, and his political campaigns very much in spirit as they are conducted in New York, London, Paris or Milan. In fact the up-to-date excavations (the excavations conducted at Pompeii being in themselves a recognized science) in disclosing with remarkable fidelity the instantaneously arrested life of this ancient city give eloquent emphasis to the enduring wisdom that in the annals of the race a thousand years are as one day. In its resurrection, plus the necessary restoration, the world will see in reality the Street of Abundance, with the alluring shops as they were of old, the advertisements that everywhere greeted the passers-by, the trafficking, the promenading and the gaiety as revealed in marvelously preserved mural picturings.



The façade of the upper stories frequently consisted of delightful little columns. The difference between the Pompeii of the encyclopedias and the resurrected city of Campania, is the difference between the mile-posts on a highway and the life that has traveled it



Under these loggias, porches and balconies ran the sidewalks which, from the Gate of the Sea to the Forum beyond, were crowded during social and business hours by both the fashionable and general population of Pompeii

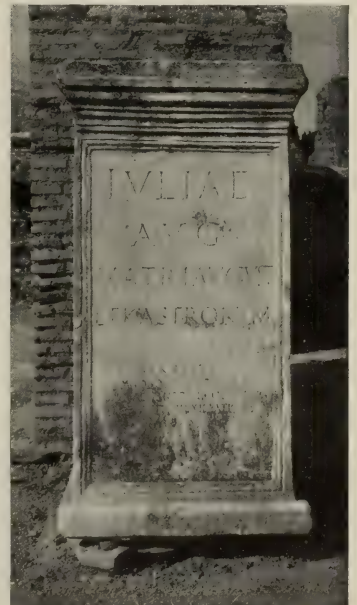
It is not essentially an anachronism to say that the famous Street of Abundance of Pompeii is contemporary with Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Piccadilly and the Rue de la Paix. Other famous ruins have yielded their treasured memorials for exhibition in the world's museums; and for a time this seemed to be the threatened destiny of Pompeii. Fortunately, as I shall presently explain when I come to narrate the processes in our new archeological work, we stopped all this in time. So, safe from the hands of the spoilers, we have been able to work out in its simplicity, its entirety and its sublimity, the story of a city which in microcosm is a record of the Roman Empire.

In disclosing the city as it was, instead of merely unearthing fragments, we have dissipated innumerable fallacies regarding ancient civilization. I shall have occasion to revert

to the new conception now made clear concerning Pompeiian architecture, for the total disinterment of this city from the Gate of the Sea and the Forum to the Gate of the Sarno and the Amphitheatre, and revealing, as I have said, the whole of the splendid Street of Abundance, otherwise called by the Latins of that day "Decumanus major," the city's main artery, gives us a city in outline and detail totally different from the ancient city of tradition. The line of demarcation for example, between the careless, incomplete and unscientific excavations at Pompeii that have been carried on intermittently for a century or more, and the parts completely disinterred and restored since 1911, is sharp, and strikingly reveals the utter misconception of what Pompeii really was. Henceforth pilgrims to Pompeii will behold a spectacle such as cannot be seen in any other part of the world. It is the difference be-

tween a few dreary memorials and the romance of a vivid people. Pompeii, in its many gleaming colors, in its gardens, its flowering balconies, and even in its tinkling fountains has become again the Pompeii it was before Vesuvius broke forth.

I will speak in detail of the artistic, the picturesque phases of this city which has slept through centuries; but I wish to turn first to the practical side of a people whose humanity makes them kin to us. We have found that the loggias upon which the windows of houses opened and which covered and protected the pavements of the streets were built by the Pompeiians for very practical purposes, as well as for adornment. True, these loggias



Marble tablet dedicated to the Empress Julia Domna, in the barracks of the Virgiles

are beautified now and were in the past with many two-metre columns surrounded by Doric capitals, for the spirit of the inhabitants found expression in the art of the Greeks who had influenced the Roman cities at that day. Extending from these loggias were balconies and porches and there the people exposed flowers and shrubs growing in pots, or put water jugs and amphoræ there. Others again used these extended balconies as convenient places for the brushing and sunning of their carpets. By careful excavation we have found these objects, not on the balconies, but on the street level directly under them where the whole mass had sunk under the weight of the volcano's downpour. In fact these extensions from houses and villas and shops skirting the great streets throughout their length and almost spanning them, formed a double street, one above the ordinary thoroughfare; and we are able to deduce from the objects that were displayed upon these upper levels that the inhabitants enjoyed to the full at the time of the city's overthrow household and neighborly greetings right and left and across the little gulf that looked into the street below.

Under the loggias, porches and balconies ran the sidewalks, which from the Gate of the Sea to the Forum and beyond, were crowded during social and business hours by both the fashionable and general population of Pompeii, as the shopping and promenading thoroughfares of all modern cities are. Upon these pavements, under the porches, as beneath the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, the famous arcades of Turin and of other European cities, faced numberless shop-windows, artistic entrances to many mansions, and, of course, the walls of intervening buildings. All the shop-windows had painted signs; every wall was a billboard. And all these with the supporting pillars of the porches contained not only advertisements of everything for sale and fabricated in Pompeii, but electoral posters containing claims, proclamations and political arguments of the most virile character. Pompeians, no less than politicians of today, knew the value of the direct, personal appeal. The painted poster signs, the business announcements of shops and factories and the election legends—all the writings on these ancient walls and windows and pillars—now, after the lapse of ages, tell anew their own story to the world. For just as the over-arching balconies protected the prodigal lettering when Pompeii lived, so the mantle of lava has preserved it through the later centuries. Inch by inch, with scrupulous care, the excavations have disclosed it all for our deciphering.

Imagination has pictured much about Pompeii, but the real record revealed at last by the city itself brought to light, shows that only a shadowy outline of the significant civilization of the Romans has hitherto been conceived.

The difference between the Pompeii of the encyclopedias and the resurrected city of Campania is the difference between the mile-posts on a highway and the life that has traveled it!



Entrance to the Castle. Underneath the inscription over the doorway is the name of the architect, Baccio Pontello

We have indeed linked Pompeii with the living. The pick has proved more potent than the pen.

In August of the 79th year of the Christian era an election contest was being waged in Pompeii. It was a campaign for municipal offices. That much has been known, but the full significance and intensity of the fight are now finally disclosed. This Campanian city had been in existence for several centuries. Class distinction had arisen.

In the Street of Abundance, as its name implies, wealth dwelt and walked, but in its shadow went slaves. The excavations reveal the intensely interesting fact that several merchant princes had multiple shops in Pompeii. One of these, Umbricius Scaurus, sold among other products, as the advertisements tell, the "blossom brand of tunny jelly," but the jars bear the telltale Latin legend, "as put up by Eutyches, slave of Scaurus." Many patricians owned villas in and around Pompeii. In

seasons, no less a Roman than Cicero sojourned there and enjoyed to the full the delights of his gardens cooled by breezes between the mountain and the sea; but serving him, and tending his vines and olive groves were men and women who wore the bands and badge of slavery.

In Pompeii there were many other social and industrial inequalities and disabilities, and those who suffered them were promised deliverance through political change. Whether the confidence and optimism of the candidates and voters of Pompeii were delusions and on a par with the assurance and credulity of other ages and of today, none can say, for before polling day, Pompeii and its politicians, patrician and wageless slave, shopkeepers and the people of the street, all slept in a common hecatomb.

Particular appeals, we find, were made to those who had the power to influence merchant and labor guilds. Politicians, in Latin, no less ingeniously than in English or Italian, addressed themselves to the man with a pull. Thus on one of the villa walls unearthed we read this appeal to Trebius: "Arise, O Trebius Valens, and see that Lollius Fuscus, who is a virtuous youth, be made edile;" and on a near-by pillar is the cry: "Thou sleep-est, O Trebius"—an inscription destined to be that patrician's epitaph, through a city's catastrophe. To the same citizen friends of a rival candidate made their appeal in these words, recalling to Trebius obligations rendered aforetime by the aspirant: "Arise Valens and appoint edile, Lucius Popidius Ampliatus, remembering that he favored thee when thou wast a boy." Another inscription urges the merits of the same candidate in a sentence whose counterpart has served in campaigns and political conventions in every age throughout the world. It reads: "Lucius Popidius is an honest man and his supporters in the election do not hesitate to proclaim him fully worthy of the honor to which he aspires."

In translating the election "literature" unearthed we find that all classes were concerned in the contest. It was customary for clubs to pledge their support publicly, the names of officers and members subscribed. The Paridians, a club of *clacuers*, stood for Popidius. This group took the name "Paridians" from Parides, a popular actor of Pompeii. Whether their paid applause had given him his vogue, we do not know, but their support was not rejected by Popidius. In some cases candidates crossed off the names of supporters, not wishing to be identified with them. For example, the barmaids of Pompeii, of which there were enough and to spare, individually and in groups came out and electioneered for their favorites, and we find such names as Aselline, Smyrina, Egle, Primilla, Maria, Specle and Cuculla signed to more or less impassioned support on the walls of wineshops or in front of them. In the case of these supporters, the candidates have crossed out their unwelcome fealty. We must guess the reason why.

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A Pompeian bar-room or thermopolium where hot drinks were sold. Here everything has remained undisturbed and in its place, exactly as it was A.D. 79

"As a man Molnár is without a single charming characteristic. He cares for no other man, nor is he even interested in any other individual than Ferenc Molnár. In his supreme egotism he is greater than in his literature. He has no friends, and he desires none."



"A few of my newspapers are worth mentioning," says Molnár. "The first of them was 'Haladás' (Progress), of which four copies were published—in manuscript. This was followed by 'Eletképek' (Pictures of Life) . . . of which as many as twenty copies were printed"

The Real Molnár—Author of "Liliom"

A Penetrating Sketch of the Famous Playwright by One Who Knows Him

By ADORJAN OTVÓS

Illustrated with a portrait drawn from life by AUREL ROSKO

FOLLOWING the success of the fashionable Hungarian playwright's two latest plays, numerous studies and so-called personal notes found their way into the columns of the daily press. But these articles were neither "studies" nor genuine "personal notes;" their "intimacy" was nullified by the fact that those who had met Molnár revealed little more than that the author wears his monocle on his right eye, while the "studies" told us that he is the second most popular man in his country, the most popular being the Regent Horthy.

The truth about the monocle is, of course, priceless. And to become the most popular man in Hungary it was not necessary at all for Molnár to have written "Liliom" and other plays, for this "distinguished" position could have been achieved merely by committing a little crime now and then.

Ferenc Molnár's career as an author is decidedly interesting. As he confesses, with charming simplicity, in his autobiography, he prepared to become a lawyer. And this is quite natural. Not that it is natural he intended to become a lawyer but that he did not prepare to become a writer. This is the only profession one cannot choose, to learn which one cannot register in any university. He who resolutely, cold-bloodedly enters upon a literary career never becomes a successful author; he remains a mere dabbler.

From the day Molnár began to write he had to overcome various difficulties. These difficulties were within himself. First of all

he wrote with his eyes. His observations, his sketches, written with incomparable humor, suddenly made him one of the most distinguished humorists. The everyday life of the Budapest citizen, the servant girl, the roughneck, the child, and finally the incomprehensible, ever enigmatic woman, were mostly the subjects of his observations.

Yet Molnár is a serious man. He hurried to lay aside his position of the "most distinguished humorist;" a painful job which one cannot imagine a self-respecting man undertaking.

Conquering the difficulties which inseparably accompany a famous humorist, he soon ranked among the wittiest of essayists. Then he wrote "The Devil." With one wide gesture he scored not only a literary success, but became one of the strongest rivals of the commercial playwrights. "The Devil" was played innumerable times in all the languages of the world. But merely to be "successful," merely to collect the royalties—that did not satisfy Molnár.

At first he wrote using his talent of keen observation. Then he began to use his brains, piling idea on idea. Finally he added his heart, which he used very sparingly so far (except in his beautiful novel "The Children of Pál Street") and wrote "Liliom." "Liliom's" fate, triumph, value is now well-known to everybody.

Is there anything more difficult than to correctly gauge the greatness of a writer, a poet, to ascertain the real importance of a man who lives in the public eye? So-called posterity, which will place certain great men

on that shelf where they belong, found a cunning way to compare the great men of a certain nation to the celebrities of other countries. Hence the definitions: Gainsborough, the English Van Dyck; Rabindranath Tagore, the Kant of the Orient, Tchaikowsky, the Russian Beethoven, and Ferenc Molnár, say the critics, the Hungarian Bernard Shaw.

This method of measuring greatness is nothing else than laziness on the part of the critics. Those who accept this theory of comparison are, to put it mildly, superficial, because Goethe cannot be the German Shakespeare as well as Shakespeare the English Goethe; there is no English Goethe, and a German Shakespeare is inconceivable.

We must take a stand against those who compare Molnár to Shaw, or even mention him with Shaw. The pose in which Shaw appears is the pose of superiority. Bernard Shaw has no humor, no satire, only superiority. Shaw chooses this attitude of superiority believing himself an infallible authority; he is not averse to quoting himself as a classic. (See "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Fanny's First Play").

Molnár hates all self-styled literary movements. We frequently find in his short stories the expression: "as the writers would say . . ."

As a man Molnár is without a single charming characteristic. He is so far from the conception of "a good man" (such as he often describes in his own works) as to make him almost unique among his fellows.

One of his most characteristic traits is his
(Continued on page 81)



This living-room is a joy to its possessor. The sumptuous effect of the 17th century red brocatelle covered walls is relieved by the old English stone mantelpiece flanked by book cases of Flemish Renaissance carvings

An Exemplary Decorative Scheme

Smartness and Comfort are Not Necessarily Incongruous

By PAUL J. BAUMGARTEN

A SMARTLY-DRESSED woman stepped daintily out of her town car and sauntered in one afternoon at three o'clock, saying "I have a new apartment to decorate and furnish. I want the scheme to be everything of the very latest, the most up-to-date effects you can accomplish. My husband and I entertain a great deal. Show me what you can do."

We talked for an hour. She promised to come back in a week to see my scheme and upon leaving admonished me; "Remember I want it to look very smart!"

The following morning at nine o'clock (yes, I was there) in walked a plump woman in black, well-dressed but not strikingly so. I showed her to the most comfortable chair I could find. She, too, had a new apartment. But—"You know, my husband and I are comfortable, home-loving people, and while I don't want to use any of my old things at all, and while I want the best taste in decoration I can get, the effect must be homelike and comfortable." I was to get up a scheme, and her parting words ended with: "But be sure it's comfortable and looks like home."

Now, here is an extraordinary fact! These apartments were so similar in essential plan that they might have been one over the other in the same building. Had I been selling gowns, shoes, millinery, or facial massage, I should have said, in the words of a famous modiste "You can't be stylish and comfortable too," but being merely a decorator I was able

The reputation of Mr. Baumgarten as an interior decorator is so far flung that this article he has written for ARTS & DECORATION will be read with the attention and appreciation it merits.

Though lightly written, the observant reader will realize that such a description involves many years devoted to the study and practice of diverse arts and will doubtless find therein ideas of genuine value.

This is the second of the series of important practical articles on interior decoration written by well-known experts. The information presented in these papers will be of a character unattainable in any other form.

It is believed that these articles are unique in their purpose and achievement—to tell in plain language and with actual figures the decorating cost of houses both large and small in town and country.

to make their homes both smart and comfortable.

These problems are like a game of chess, only that sometimes instead of only one, there are several opponents represented by members of the family and their friends. But in these particular cases I was fortunate, since they were couples without families and the husbands did not count except to foot the bills; also they were giving me practically a free hand. I'll admit right here that they were both ideal cases. But to return to the problem. Each apartment had an entrance hall about

9' x 13'; a living-room about 22' x 32'; a dining-room about two thirds as large, a generous bedroom, with boudoir and bath en suite, and a guest-room with boudoir and bath en suite.

Now to work. The entrance hall needs a console and a pair of chairs. The console is of wrought iron with a black top, and the chairs are a pair of old French things in subdued needlework. These three pieces are necessary because people always have to lay things down in an entrance hall, no matter how many servants there are to take them away and they might just as well put them on good looking furniture while they are about it.

The walls, leaving the original mouldings as they are (why spend money on the land-lord's walls?) are painted a greyish green in mottled effect. Oh yes, we need a mirror over the console. It has a carved frame painted several shades darker than the wall. The comfortable lady likes it because it helps to lighten the hall: the smart lady likes it to look into for a last glance before going out and because not having a gilded or etched glass frame it is something different. The floor is covered with a carpet of green and white squares in a marble effect. For the homelike lady we place a rug over it showing a two foot margin because it is a little too garish to suit her simple taste. The town-car lady thinks it the smartest thing she has ever seen, but she also got the rug later, to keep the white squares white. A wrought iron,

painted lantern with saxe flowers finishes the scheme. This lantern is good to look at, day or night. Why hide your light, in such a position, under a bushel of patented eye-saving, indirect scientific contraptions?

The cost, including painting, floor covering, console, mirror, chairs and ceiling fixture is less than \$1,500.

The living-room has two large windows on a long wall, facing two big doors and there is a mantle-breast on the short wall facing the door to the dining-room. The walls of the living-room are hung loosely in antique red damask, almost like curtains, except that they have but little fullness. The town-car lady thought it was quite the most original thing she had seen, especially as all her friends have panelled walls painted in various tones of grey or cream; and the comfortable lady is most particularly pleased because the material has intrinsic value and can be removed from the building. The stone mantelpiece (or an imitation one if you like to save cost) at the end of the room is flanked by two open-shelved bookcases. Here again we made for both comfort and style. One said to me, "How lovely! My husband and I like to have all our own books right at hand," and the other left an order with a bookstore for the best looking bindings she could find.

We have now a background that calls for only the best in furniture and accessories. An old Persian rug, a long table at the side of the room, a pair of tapestry love-seats, some needlework chairs, a grand piano and an old Spanish barqueno converted into a music cabinet, are some of the necessary furnishings. The hangings are rich old embroidery with sufficient red to recall the color of the room. The ceiling in this case being only ten feet high was too low for ceiling lights so we obtain a marvelous effect by means of a copy of a 17th century bronze appliqué lamp. The rest of the lighting is obtained by side lamps.

The whole effect is one of comfort and hominess owing to the strong old red coloring and the use of soft old materials, such as velvet, tapestry and needlework. At the same time what could be more desirable and up to date for the lady of the town-car than to be the proud possessor of some veritable antiques? There is an old tapestry over the mantelpiece. The comfortable lady had some old family portraits which we had reframed. For the smart lady we selected a Franz Hals and a Van Dyke. Imagine the effect of these against that marvelous old red wall!

The cost? Yes, it is high and there is no absolute estimate that can be made, since a great deal depends upon the selection of the furniture. But I may say that one of the ladies spent over \$12,000 on the room, and it could have been done for either half as much or twice as much. She wondered about putting such expensive material as the old damask on the walls. It cost about \$2,500. I told her that she could take it with her when she left. In the meantime she spent no money on the landlord's property.

Standing in front of the mantelpiece in the living-room and looking through the dining-room door we have a fifty foot vista of the dining-room niche.

Question: Shall we be banal and have a sideboard with a pair of candlesticks and a still-life painting of flowers and fruits hanging above it? No. A thousand times no! Let us do something different. Why have a sideboard at all? We have room for two serving-tables and there is enough closet space in the apartment to take care of everything we want to hide.

I asked the comfortable lady if her husband had a hobby. She said, her husband collected Chinese porcelains. That solved the problem. Did the other lady or her husband have a hobby? It turned out that she was crazy about Dresden figurines and had always kept them in the parlor. So, instead of a sideboard in the main niche, we started our dining-room with a cabinet and we built around that in such fashion that you do not know that you are in a dining-room un-



This effect for the shorter wall of the dining-room at the end of a long vista strikes an original note. The tone of the room is a soft grey with a strong color-note in the gay porcelain

less you are sitting down there to eat.

There is a centre table and ten chairs, all of them small armchairs and all alike, so that the hostess does not insult her company by dining in a more comfortable chair than those allotted to her guests.

The whole tone of this room is a soft grey, including the rug. Even the curtains are of grey satin with colored trimmings, and the 18th century armchairs are upholstered in light grey needlework with a colored figure worked in. This is decidedly different to the conventional dining-room, but restful for the comfortable lady and the best background in the world for the lady that entertains. As the latter told me afterwards, all her women guests look better when dining at her house than elsewhere—one reason why she was so popular. The pictures for this room are light tone landscapes, and almost anything that pleases the owner's fancy is suitable.

The total cost without the ten armchairs is \$2,800. In one case the chairs are old and cost \$5,000, alone. In the other case they are modern and were made for \$2,000. Now we have a vista standing on the axis of both rooms, of fifty feet, with the fine old tapestry over the mantel at one end and the lighted cabinet of a rare collection at the other.

The main bedroom suite follows. Here we broke some of the supposed rules. The floors of both rooms of the suite are covered solid with a *tête de negre* carpet, and as for hangings, both ladies were tired of the conventional blue or rose bedroom. What shall we use that is new to the eyes of one and comfortable to the other? Green. The much despised green! There is nothing new about green as a color, but for the past ten years or so, for some unknown reason, it has been in disrepute. In the one case the plain green taffeta which is almost turquoise is relieved by ornaments painted directly on the silk and in the other by colored embroidery. I'll let you guess which lady liked the paint and which liked the embroidery. The effect with panelled walls glazed down to a soft old tone and the 18th century furniture with decorations and medallions, is not only exceptional

(Continued on page 63)



A simple, distinctively elegant hallway. A grey-green effect, with old French chairs, wrought-iron console with black top, a painted lantern of the same material and a green and white carpet complete the inviting ensemble



MME. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

This beautiful and flowing treatment in marble portraiture of the great singer is the work of Mr. Allan Clark, of New York. It was modelled in clay last summer at the diva's home in Highmount, the Catskills, and has just been completed. The bust is carved in Serravezza marble and will be shown this month by the National Sculpture Society.



The two figures here reproduced were designed especially for Mme. Galli-Curci's studio in her Catskill home. They will stand in profile against two large, limestone carved windows. They will be cast in bronze with a dark green patina, and before being placed will be shown at the Exhibition of American Sculpture, beginning this month.





Lady Emma Hamilton as "Bacchante," herewith reproduced for the first time by permission of the Curator of the Wallace Collection in London

An Unknown Portrait of the Famous Lady Hamilton

In the Role of Bacchante this Painting of the Beauty Adored by Lord Nelson Has Just Been Discovered

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

LADY EMMA HAMILTON figured in many romantic episodes and she, perhaps more than any other beautiful woman in England, posed for more classic portraits than any of her contemporaries. Gainsborough painted her, Romney sighed over her, and all the artists of her time were influenced by her beauty.

One of the greatest of her romances was Lady Emma's love affair with Lord Nelson. All the world knows of Lord Nelson's passion for Lady Hamilton. It is chronicled that when some one took him to task for his undisguised admiration for the divine Emma, the fascinating lady of the "Attitudes," he wittily retorted: "If there had been more Lady Hamiltons, there would have been more Lord Nelsons"; a very gallant sally, and precisely what one might expect from this intrepid lion of the sea.

Not long ago a new catalogue was arranged for the great Wallace Collection in London, and the keeper, Mr. D. S. Mac Coll, in looking over his notes espied the following: "Northwick Sale in 1859, Enamels by Henry Bone, Lot 1620: Lady Hamilton, as Ariadne, after the beautiful picture by Madame Le Brun. This exquisite enamel was painted expressly for Sir W. Hamilton and bequeathed by him to Lord Nelson. It is mentioned in Nelson's Memoirs.

"At the sale the lot was purchased by Mawson for Lord Hertford for 700 guineas."

This is where the story becomes interesting, for as the keeper of the great Wallace Collection points out, the cataloguer was wrong in attributing Emma as Ariadne; the rock and the expanse of water dotted with a sail had misled him in his attribution. It is Emma as Bacchante. The figure of the beautiful Lady Hamilton has all of the attributes of a

Bacchante. The enamel is now in the collection at Hertford House, and it is signed and dated by Henry Bone on its face, and is further authenticated by an inscription from the artist in the enamel on the back: "Emma Hamilton, London, March, 1803. Painted for Sir William Hamilton, by Henry Bone, A.R.A., Enamel Painter to H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, after a picture by Madame L. Vigee Le Brun. Painted at Naples in 1790."

So this was the beginning of a romantic story in which Lady Hamilton is the principal figure. The painting shows the noted beauty

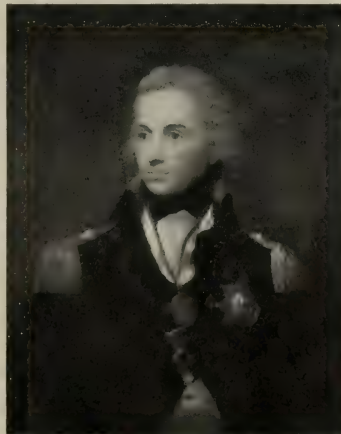
clad in diaphanous drapery with her long hair falling over her form caressingly. She is partly reclining upon a rock over which is thrown a wild animal skin, and she holds a decorative object in her left hand.

No wonder Sir William Hamilton prized this picture, no wonder he bequeathed it to Lord Nelson, Emma's great admirer. In her "Souvenirs," Madame Vigee Le Brun tells how, driven from Paris by the Revolution, she literally "painted her way through Italy, Russia, Germany and England," and, as Mr. Mac Coll says, "Two days after her arrival at Naples she was engaged to paint the Russian Ambassador's wife." This bit of history ends with a further meeting of Madame Le Brun in London, where the artist arranged for the French princes to see the famous "Attitudes," and again quoting Mr. Mac Coll, "Emma shocked them by drinking porter at supper."

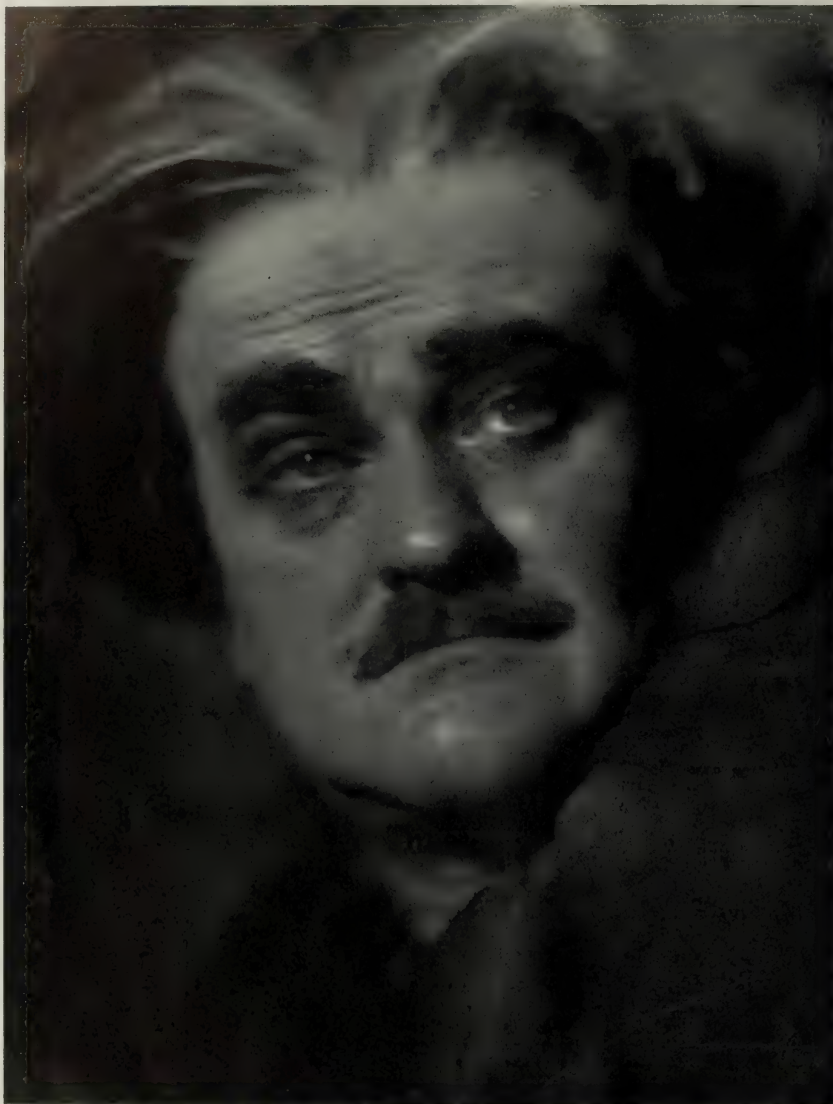
It is said that Madame Le Brun painted Emma a second time as a Bacchante dancing with a tambourine, which must have been fetching, and "twice as a Sybil" (full length and head). The artist claims that Chevalier Hamilton was not over liberal with her in purchasing the "Bacchante Couchee" (a hundred Louis), and sold it afterwards for three hundred guineas, and also disposed of the Sybil's head, which she gave to him. If the price paid by Lord Hertford was a sentimental one the fact is revealed that his Lordship was an admirer of Bone's pictures and of beautiful women.

It is no secret that Lord Nelson felt outraged, as was Madame Le Brun, at Sir William Hamilton's disposition of this and other portraits, in 1801. In a letter to Lady Hamilton he wrote: "Can this be the great Sir William Hamilton? I blush for him."

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An unfamiliar portrait of Lord Nelson recently brought to light at the sale of the Burdett-Coutts collection



HALFDAN CHRISTENSEN, ART DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE IN CHRISTANIA

Mr. Christensen has held his important post in the foremost theatre of Norway for something over eleven years and to him belongs the honor of vitalizing the modern Norwegian stage. He is both actor and stage-manager and to his discernment Norway owes the presentation of the best modern plays of Europe.

One of his recent successes was the production of "He Who Gets Slapped" which is still enjoying a long run in the Norwegian capital. This portrait, a camera study by Aage Remfeldt, and which has never before been reproduced, shows Mr. Christensen in the leading character of the great Russian play referred to.



Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

A drawing from life by Savely Sorin of Mme. Anna Pavlova who, after a triumphant Oriental tour, is again charming London with her Terpsichorean artistry

The Whirligig of London Life

Viscount Lascelle's Close-fistedness, the Trade in Faked "Antique" Furniture, an Anglo-German Divorce Suit and a Sketch of the Young Member of Parliament Who is Making Marquis Curzon Uncomfortable

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special European Correspondent for ARTS & DECORATION

THERE is no cheap humorist on the stage today who fails to make a joke about Princess Mary's baby boy. The princess is popular and the fact that she is a young mother, of course, endears her to many. Notwithstanding his \$10,000,000 there is no particular enthusiasm for Viscount Lascelles, the husband of the King's only daughter. He has the reputation of being what the Scotch call "near," and stories are going round that he is very careful in the matter of hospitality and does not lead the way very often in the matter of generosity.

Much talk is current that the Prince of Wales cares very little for his brother-in-law. Be that as it may, it is a fact that the Prince, who is very sociably inclined, very rarely visits Chesterfield House and indeed is seldom publicly seen in the company of Viscount Lascelles. The Princess is much loved by her brothers, but the story goes that the Prince of Wales was not very glad that she should have married Lord Lascelles, who is standoffish, and when in the Army was not particularly admired by his brother officers. "Master Lascelles" is a fine little boy and his grandmother, the Queen, is fond of him.

ROYAL marriages are supposed to be arranged for state reasons; but there is no doubt that the betrothal of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the daughter of a not particularly rich Scotch earl, but of very ancient lineage, to the Duke of York was—a love match. Indeed Lady Elizabeth, one of the

best friends of Princess Mary, has long been acquainted with the royal circle and when, some months ago, the Prince of Wales at a party danced with her five times tongues started wagging in the usual way. It is not true that the Prince and his brother the Duke of York were rivals—for the Prince just now is posing as a confirmed bachelor—but it is true that the heir to the throne admired his pretty prospective sister-in-law who called him "David" just as she called her future husband "Bertie." For about six months the Duke pursued the young woman and arranged so that he should be invited to all the country-house parties where she was and the actual engagement took place one dull Sunday morning when other folks went to church and they probably took a walk through the woods.

It is very pleasing to a young woman to be wooed for her own sake by a handsome young Prince, as the Duke of York is, and Lady Elizabeth was so happy that she talked to all the newspaper reporters who came to see her, and clapped her hands at the hundreds of telegrams which came, and chatted freely about her plans until she spent a week-end with the King and Queen at their country place, Sandringham, and then something must have been said for now the Lady Elizabeth very sweetly declines to see any more writers for the press.

The Prince of Wales is tremendously amused at the number of young women to whom gossip is marrying him. He is just now much more interested in horses than in ladies and during the past season he has been

hunting five days a week, often up at dawn, in the saddle most of the day, then a dance at some country house or a rush back to London by automobile to attend a party, but up early and off again to hunt.

A COUPLE of months ago you had a most entertaining article in *ARTS & DECORATION* about the way in which an antique dealer of London had got £85,000 out of a newly-rich gentleman with a foreign name by selling him an amazing collection of faked antique furniture. The story, however, is spoilt by the fact that after a prolonged trial a referee has given judgment that the allegation of fraud was unjustified and that the furniture was perfectly genuine.

The interesting point, and about which there was no dispute, is the tremendous profit that the dealer made in buying old furniture which he knew he would be able to sell to his client who was crazy to have his house filled with splendid antiques. To double and even treble the price was no unusual thing, but the answer to the charge of excessive profit was that in regard to old furniture "the price at which it is sold has got nothing to do with the price at which it was bought." Since the war the newly wealthy have certainly pushed up the price of antiques and the newly poor have had to get rid of many of their family possessions.

Being a collector myself, in a small way, I have been astonished in my travels about England at the enormous quantity of old stuff

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"The Blue Bay of Carmel," from the painting by Anne Bremer



"Pines at Pebble Beach," in the Walter's Collection, San Francisco

A Woman Painter With a Man's Touch

Anne Bremer Builds Up Her Paint in Solid and Unsentimental Forms

By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN, Ph. D.

THE woman painter seems inevitably to turn at some time in her work to flowers. Flowers have a special charm for women, anyhow, something in their delicacy appealing particularly to the feminine spirit, and the woman who paints finds in them all of that attraction plus the delicate color range that is usually her chosen medium. Yet for all their sincere love of flowers, few of these women painters show any real respect for them. They exploit them as an excuse for a decorative arrangement, splashing out big bouquets in a blur of soft color, or blocking the bunch out in strong contrasts; and they sentimentalize them, giving them a thin, sweet quality which does not do justice even to the fragile blossoms. For a flower, no matter how sensitive and delicate, is always dignified and always soundly structural, yet this character the woman painter usually misses.

There is, however, one California woman painter, Anne Bremer, who has rendered flowers with firmness and force. Miss Bremer's flowers, even in a decorative study, have form, and the individual is never merged into the mass but maintains cleanly its own quality. Her sprays grow, her heavy-headed blooms nod with appreciable weight and the typical skeleton of the plant is always indicated. Nor does this mean that her painting is a mere botanical record or that her drawing is hard and intrusive. On the contrary, her manner is that of the modern decorative impressionist, but she looks at her material objectively and so her brush feels its way into the essential forms.

This same response to the substance, form and solidity of her subjects is shown in Miss Bremer's Still Lifes. Like most open-minded painters of this generation she has, in these, been strongly influenced by

Cézanne, but she has wholly escaped the discipleship that has sapped the vitality of so much of the recent work in this field. Her paintings of still life subjects are all glorious in color, very courageous in the purity and contrasts of her pigments, but quite apart from this they can be appreciated as compositions in weights.

The landscapes, also, have this same fundamental structural interest. Again, the color is rich and beautiful and used with independence. The picturesque, which misleads most women landscape painters, never intrudes. There is no weakness of sentiment or romance. There is, instead, the profounder feeling for local character and for typical masses that the more personal feeling only obscures. The solid hills roll and thrust, the water beats,

the rocks rest with a very positive inertness, the trees strain against the air currents. Yet there is no over movement, only the forces implicit in the forms.

Light in these landscapes is not neglected, but it is not made the dominant interest of the paintings as it is in most of the conventional school-work still done in America. In fact, light is essential to bring out the very bulk and contour features that are the essential interest in these compositions, for unless the canvas is bathed in atmosphere it lacks substantiality. Because light is an incidental interest, however, it is seldom that Miss Bremer shows the glare of full sun. Her usual illumination is cool and soft, giving to the scene a feeling of calm detachment.

Because of Anne Bremer's emphasis on structure and mass it is particularly interesting to see how she succeeds with a portrait. As might be expected, she creates from her sitter a plastic pattern. The whole technique is concentrated on the modeling. She does not, however, present the delicate variations of soft skin and quivering muscles that engaged, for example, the Eighteenth Century English portrait painters, but abstracts the face to the essential broad forms and gives the general structure and poise of the body. The effect is not flattering if it is prettiness for which the sitter hopes, but for monumental dignity and the impression of character the method achieved is most successful. As might be expected in the work of a woman painter of such masculine touch, the women subjects get under her brush the strength of men.

This manner of treating the human figure is more unchallengeably successful in mural decorations. The architectural character that is appropriate, and is, incidentally, often neglected, is realized to the full. Standing figures are invested with the straight stability of col-

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Memorial panel for the Y. W. C. A., San José, California, by Anne Bremer



A scene from "The Singing Girl," by Victor Herbert, Harry B. Smith and Stanislaus Stange, at the New York Casino, 1900. Reading from left to right the players are: Jennie Hawley, Joseph Herbert, Mary Roberts, Eugene Cowles, Alice Nielsen, Lucille Saunders and Joseph Cawthorne

Restoring the Masterpieces of Comic Opera

A Proposed Repertoire Theatre to Perpetuate the Fine Traditions of the Lyric Stage

By CHITTENDEN TURNER

OUT of the mélange of stage performances given this season in New York, where everything short of miracle plays can be seen for three or four dollars a ticket, many an interesting and forgotten truth will be retrieved. Wisacres who have been boasting of an inside knowledge of public taste are quite discountenanced by facts, and more than one over-indulged theory now looks like a crumpled, misdated check. Here among shows ranging from Russian mood pictures to nimble and nymphal revues, somewhat too commercialized to be gelogenic, exists a rare opportunity for some zealot to declare what proportion represents popular demand, what freshly creates it, and how much is esoteric. From the findings might come a new American dramatic art.

Most of us have come to realize that a tremendous amount of rot is uttered concerning popular taste, that styles are necessarily made for us, the public's gamble with consequence not being all child's play, and the producer's never. How far "the spirit of the times" is reflected in current theatrical offerings is a question which will not seriously retard enterprise for next season.

Apropos of public preference and its vagaries earnest words may be spoken for comic opera, whose house once seemed founded upon a rock though hard by the siren sea. The matter of a repertoire theatre for the famous musical pieces of yore is privately known to be occupying the minds of one or two New York managers. Observing that the old favorites of grand opera bear infinite repetition, one marvels that an amazing repertoire of light operas, the melodies of which still echo in club and college circles and in many a home, lies as idle as buried hieroglyphics. From *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Mlle. Modiste*,

The Red Mill, *The Prince of Pilsen*, *Floradora*, *The Merry Widow*, the Gilbert and Sullivan compositions, and many others, survive songs dear to the hearts of theatre-goers. The names of Francis Wilson, DeWolf Hopper, James T. Powers, Frank Daniels, Dan Daly, Jefferson DeAngelis, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Henry Clay Barnabee, Henry E. Dixey and Digby Bell are unforgettable, and some three score famous beauties of the American stage are likewise infallibly associated with comic opera. Many persons today remember the charm of Pauline Hall, Louise Dresser, Grace Van Studdiford, Lulu Glaser, Fay Templeton, Fanny Wentworth and the famous Lillian Russell.

Every sentimental consideration is a practical one for the showman. If he feels that young America's bump of humor is affected by sitting on flasks, he will not think kindly of revivals of any sort. Everything will have to be new, strikingly new. But if there is a large part of the population not in sympathy with grand opera, irritated by reviews and the starring of "baby dolls" and Cinderellas, outraged by vaudeville, and surfeited with plays and pictures, the prospect is different. Not so long ago, when comedians were in flower, it is assumed that we laughed more easily. Musical shows are today largely a matter of rhythm and southern exposure, which does not prove that the majority of persons prefer to take their comic opera this way.

Irrespective of those imaginary appetites which dictate, let us say, burlesques in the spring, musical plays in the fall, pure comic opera in the winter, and phantasies in mid-summer fashion is always in the making—always in the advertising. "But who is to pay for a repertoire theatre for musical comedy?" inquires that keen analyst. Mr. Sam H.

Harris, reminding us that revivals seldom last two months. The inquiry hovers perilously over the gulf between present and past. This exceedingly successful producer evidently discovers in the enjoyment of perpetuating traditions and the collector's craving for antiques very little that will guarantee the box office against loss. It is possibly true that, in the absence of such municipal paternalism as sheltered operetta in Austria, France and Germany, the undertaking would prove fairly experimental, but there are several reasons why a theatre of the type proposed might prove a distinguished triumph.

When that notable production *Floradora* was resurrected by the Shuberts, it was found to be curiously out of key with present-day moods, and its modernized features were not sufficient to lend competency strength. The performance was tame and admittedly so. *Ermine*, with several of the original cast, including the redoubtable Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper, proved more entertaining and outlived in some respects the majority of the musical shows of the season 1920-1921. Aside from the personnel it revealed strong intrinsic values. Mr. Harris's contention that revivals do not succeed, while based upon actual experience, may not necessarily be taken to indicate a vast disparity between the essentials of the old books and scores and those of today, nor does it prove that we have entirely outgrown the quaintness and whimsicalities that characterized the productions of forty years ago.

We recall the fact that *The Beggar's Opera* held the stage for more than two hundred years, and that same *H. M. S. Pinafore* which breezed into the dull season of 1878-1879 has remained an attraction ever since. To be sure, the earlier ballad operas and
(Continued on page 62)



Anatole France
A Word-Juggler with a Soul



Alfonso XIII
The King of Sports



Sarah Bernhardt
The Lamented Genius of the Drama

Impaling Celebrities on a Pen-Point

A Sketch of Conrado Massaguer, the Cuban Caricaturist, Who Became a Successful Publisher

By CARLO DE FORNARO

SOME months ago the peripatetic caricaturist, Conrado Massaguer, dropped in on Broadway from Havana with a trunkful of surprises; these were chiefly books, magazines and drawings. There were stacks of "El Social," a Spanish magazine founded, edited and illustrated by the fertile Massaguer, and a very fine example of an artistic and popular monthly; it compares favorably with the best in America.

The books were called "Guignol Massaguer" and contained about forty caricatures of prominent people on the European and American continents. "Guignol," by the way, is a French word meaning a puppet show and the artist tried to convey the idea of an international marionette theatre.

In this artistic Guignol we see the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Vincente Blasco-Ibanez, portly and fatigued, facing the clownish Eddy Cantor; the mongolian cast of features of the Tiger facing the arch-comic Chaplin; Mischa Elman turning his back on the impassive, ironical Anatole France; the classic countenance of Warren Harding, smiling benignantly across at the hard-boiled features of William Hart, the hen-pecked Hohenzollern, ex-Willy, and the ex-clown prince listening to Joseph Hofman playing his best military march. Lloyd George, greatest political tenor of the world, we saw wondering at Givanni Martinelli, and John D. Rockefeller, the Methuselah of Oil, faced the lamented political cowboy of the western world, T. R.

The Caruso caricature and that of Ramon del Valle Inclan, famous Spanish author, appear to us as among the best. Anybody who had ever seen Caruso in private life will agree that Massaguer's is the best caricature made of him. And assuredly every caricaturist, as well as the singer himself, has tried to delineate the strong features of the greatly missed tenor.

This collection of caricatures from all over the world exemplifies to a certain extent the versatility of the artist. We say, advisedly

to a certain extent, since one must have seen Massaguer at work sketching people in all kinds of places and positions to appreciate him.

At a party given in honor of Massaguer, when the four-hundred of the vaudeville, dramatic, journalistic and artistic world were invited to meet the talented caricaturist, we shall never forget the shrieks of laughter and the amazement of the hundreds of guests and the scores of victims who had to stand up and be lampooned by the dark and pudgy Cuban. With incredible swiftness and surety of stroke he caught the characteristic features of his models and sketched them on a large sheet of paper on a wall in bold, simple black lines.

The scrutinizing gaze of the artist would absorb his victim for the space of a second and then in a twinkling he had finished the comical or satirical outlines. Howls of delight, laughter, protest went up as the artist continued unabashed to draw, and not even the most fascinating beauties from the Follies

could beg for a more charitable outlook. To watch the chosen victims walk gingerly and apologetically to the caricatural slaughter-block was in itself worth the price of admission. The whole collection of artificial flowers from the Great White Way came through the ordeal wilted and chastened.

We had seen Massaguer at dinner parties, shows, receptions, meetings and, like Caruso, he always carries his pad and pencil along, ready for work. But never had we seen such dexterity, such *maestria*, such a command of line as at that party given in his honor by S. J. Kaufman. In less than an hour he had drawn over a hundred caricatures. Verily it was an artistic acrobatic feat, a *tour de force* of the first magnitude. And when he was through he was as calm as a successful boot-legger.

One might justly call Massaguer the great extemporaneous caricaturist, the impromptu master of line, the ready improviser of silhouettes, the quick-lunch wizard of art. What others can only achieve after a long and painstaking day of labor is accomplished in a jiffy by Massaguer; his pen skims over the paper as gracefully as a champion skater over the ice; his line is as unerring, as airy, curved, dizzy and final as the swing of the trapeze performer. He gets his caricature on the first stroke or he doesn't, for not everybody lends himself or is a proper subject for portrait distortion. There are as innumerable combinations of types and faces as there are numbers, but as at every decimal one strikes a zero, so about every tenth person is a zero personality and zero being minus cannot be caricatured.

Nevertheless and in spite of his mordant



What Massaguer thinks of himself

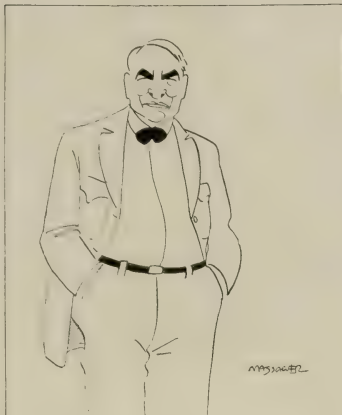


William H. Taft
The Majesty of the Law

wit Massaguer in his work is never as cruel and incisive as Frueh, or Sem, or Capiello. He is more kindly, more charitable. He has a feminine touch, a gentleness, a wit from which the poison fangs have been extracted. Although it has been claimed that the female is the more deadly of the species, in this case the more masculine Frueh is the more deadly of the two.

Massaguer can do what most caricaturists seldom succeed in doing; he can draw very pretty, dainty, doll-faces and well-dressed sissified dudes; but his drawings have a very high decorative quality, which is without doubt due to his experience as a poster and advertising artist.

Another characteristic difference is noticeable in Massaguer. Frueh, as well as other caricaturists, draws a personality and leaves the background blank, concentrating everything on the caricature; whereas Massaguer as a rule composes his pictures decoratively. Take for example his Clemenceau sitting at his desk holding his glasses in one and a paper in the other hand; there are on the table a statue of the Republic, an inkstand, a blotter, a pen, a paper-weight, books, papers and on his shoul-



Warren Harding
Benignity in the White House

and advertisements, but soon a revolution drove him back to Cuba. He worked hard in that hothouse atmosphere in Havana, but the future seemed hopeless, for the artistic appreciation of the Cubans is rather pollyannish and antiquated. When rich Cubans travel to Europe to buy works of art, they usually buy Meissoniers, Detailles, Bouguereaus, sometimes still lifes, portraits, miniatures; an impressionistic picture would give them the "vomito negro," a futuristic sketch the jim-jams.

The artistic taste of the Latin-Americans is a chimera of fiction writers and travelers; it is mostly confined to old-fashioned opera, music, dancing, a picturesque way of dressing with plenty of ribbons, like banderillas, and an extraordinary manner of waving and gesturing gracefully with their hands. Time after time, I have seen the amazement of the South and Central American artists who wandered into New York; after a week's stay and after visiting the restaurants, the theatres, the shops, the museums of the metropolis they would exclaim: "We thought the Americans were artistic barbarians, we did not dream they could create such a wonderland of beauty as New York."

To come back to Conrado Massaguer. He was dissatisfied. Though he made a lot of money, it was after all, just money and did not represent anything spiritual. But one



Gabriel D'Annunzio
Italy's Poet and Patriot-Rebel

ders a blanket; on the wall hang pictures of Millerand, Faillière and Poincaré. The caricature of Anatole France is simpler; he sits with his hands over a stick, like an exotic bird serenely watching the foolish antics of humanity.

Conrado Massaguer was born in Cuba of Spanish parents and from the beginning showed great aptitude and facility in drawing. The aristocratic thing to do in Cuba is to plant tobacco or sugar; young Massaguer did not care for that and to smoke cigarettes as a profession was irksome, especially since he never cared for the weed and is the only Latin-American, besides Porfirio Diaz, who does not smoke. For a while he entertained the idea of starting a plantation of tall and picturesque coconut trees; it appealed to his sense of the fitness of things inasmuch as it would beautify the landscape as well as bring in a rich revenue. But he was disillusioned when an experienced planter informed him it would take a century for a coconut palm to grow to the size of the average office building. So young Conrado wandered to Europe and studied in Paris, Madrid, Rome, observing and collecting data for his future efforts. Then he drifted into Mexico City which contains quite a nucleus of artistic talent. He sketched caricatures, silhouettes, drew posters

day something happened to change the course of his life. He fell in love with an American girl; he wooed her only as a Latin is capable of doing—that is to say with the persistence and heroism of a fly hovering over a bald head on a hot summer's day. The girl liked him but she told him frankly she did not consider commercial drawing a career worthy of notice. She wanted him to become a great painter, a great bull-fighter or a great editor; something that would give him a standing in the community. Massaguer, the love-lorn artist pondered over the challenge. He felt his limitations as a painter, as a bull-fighter or as the Latins call it, properly, a matador, he realized that he should have started earlier; besides that his physique offered the bull too much of an advantage. So there was only one thing for him to do. He became a publisher. As he looked over the Cuban publications he realized his chance and said "done." He got credit and faith from a printer, from a papermaker and then started business with his brother and a friend. He made up his own pages, wrote most of the articles, drew all of the caricatures and secured the advertisements, and when the first number of his



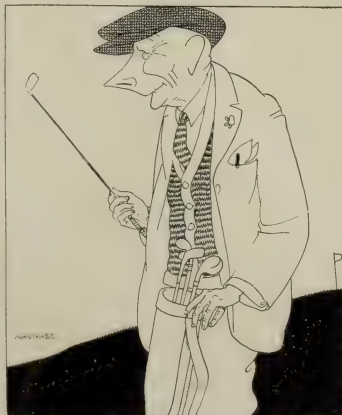
Jan Ignatz Paderevski
The Keynote of Polish Patriotism

magazine appeared it was an instantaneous success.

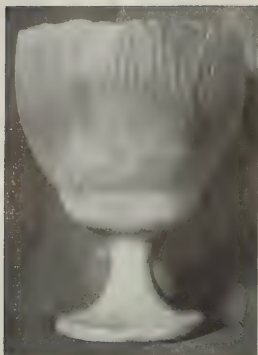
Within a year "El Social" was ranked among the best Latin-American publications and Massaguer now lives in a palatial home and runs his errands in a Rolls-Royce. But, meanwhile, the girl had mysteriously disappeared. Is that the reason why Massaguer comes over to New York and goes everywhere frantically caricaturing everybody, hoping against hope that he will again meet the girl who started him on the road to success?

But with Massaguer's heart affairs we have nothing to do. As one who has mastered the difficult art of saying much in little, through the medium of pure line, he stands among the best. He has keen humor, he sees beneath the surface, he records simply within the compass of an envelope a whole biography. If he lacks the acid quality of his contemporaries he makes up for it by sheer cleverness.

There is no more penetrating likeness extant of John D. Rockefeller than Massaguer's caricature of the noted oil magnate. In a few swift lines he has given us a study of our genial President which is the soul of truth. The bombast of D'Annunzio, the avoirdupois of Chief Justice Taft, the insouciance of King Alfonso are among the art treasures of black and white character interpretation.



John D. Rockefeller
The Standard of American Success



Goblet of Alabaster, Egyptian, 1375-1370 B. C.



Head of statue of Akh-en-Atem, 18th Dynasty, carved in red quartzite



Pectoral of Prince Amenemhat, 18th Dynasty

The Mummy Stalks

An Egyptian Note on Supply and Demand in Design

By RICHARD F. BACH

Illustrated with photographs loaned by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

WHILE we cannot deny that this is an article on the impending avalanche of the Egyptian vogue, we shall, nevertheless, deprive ourselves of the opening brocade regarding the length of time it took King Tut-ankh-Amen to "get on the front page." The fact most interesting to us here is that Napoleonic campaigns in the shadow of the Sphinx, armies, fleets, battles, and speeches about forty centuries looking down upon you, achieved no more than did this youthful ruler, single-handed and without crooking a finger. Therein lies a whole volume of philosophy of style and its growth, of fashion, vogue, novelty and tasteless popular whim, all with their inevitable response, or aftermath, in mass-producing art industries.

Slowly we seem to be trundling along toward certain styles, types or characteristics of design, favoring now Victorian in costume, now French in furniture, now Italian in textiles, when the click of a spade against an ancient long sand-covered threshold in the Valley of the Kings causes a resounding echo heard wherever newspapers are read. An unprecedented find of elaborate designs in fabulous materials enlists an unexplained and surely unexpected popular interest and brings a stampede to Museum galleries. At the bottom of it is a reaction primarily psychologic, the discussion of which is not meant for these pages; the fact remains that, for reasons each may define for himself—provided he includes among them the awe-inspiring quality of the objects found—Egyptian art and life is now a subject of general interest to untold thousands who had formerly only wondered whether the mummies were real and thought that only paintings and sculpture were art. Perhaps through this young



Tut-ankh-Amen's signet ring of gold

king's tomb a new road will run toward greater public appreciation of art in many forms, but chiefly of art as a record of life.

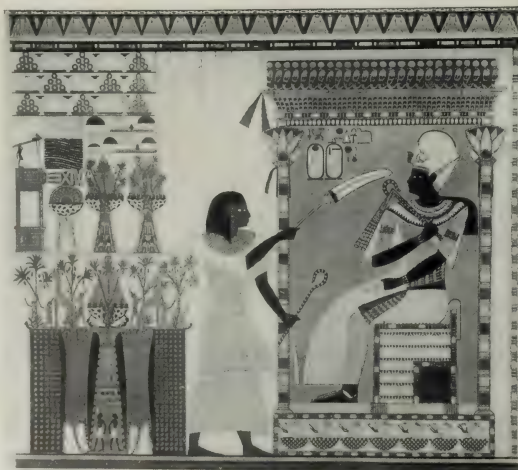
And for the art industries a past written in milleniums in one breath becomes the immediate future, its immediacy being contingent only upon the minimum time required to permit some of these oldest motives to be

reproduced in newest materials. That is the trades' quick response to an unexpressed public demand; in fact, for the industries such demands are rarely articulate, and a growing interest may become a demand which must be anticipated. Let us consider some of the aspects of design "a-borning" to ascertain why the mummy can stalk so successfully and set us all to do his bidding.

We are in the habit of reviewing styles in the history of art with too little thought for the time it took them to reach their apogee; again we consider them too often as full-blown flowers, regardless of their seedling stages, their wilting, and their throwing out of seeds for other styles. For every blossom that history notes, many weaker ones were crowded out, perhaps smothered in weeds, perhaps trampled upon. Whatever the cause, we may say on general principles that the

forms of interest to the great majority of relatively intelligent-minded persons at a given time in history constitute the style in art of that time. When communications are poor, when there are no publications or railroads, such styles cover smaller areas. Today the differentiation must perforce be less between regions. In some respects even national lines between stylistic expressions are being obliterated.

Again, styles as we see them in the past are cumulative. They are never made to order, though most of them have been, to greater extent than we know, forced plants. Their cumulative effect is due to a massing of interest, but it is spread over much time and is the work of many individual masters. A close study of historic documents, in both records and the objects themselves, will show that these masters did not always agree by any means, that the trend had to be observed often at the expense of individuality. Such a



Tut-ankh-Amen on his throne, in a decoration on the walls of the tomb of Huy, Viceroy of Ethiopia

study will also show that great events—they had to be great in the past to have the news reach far from the scene of their occurrence—always left their impress in art forms; in fact, that even one artist traveling afar and gifted with rare observation or endowed with rare patronage, could change the desires in art of whole nations.

This great event, or the publications of this one artist, amounted to a vogue in their day, but ultimately, to the degree of their intrinsic value, contributed to a style of art recorded in our books. So it was when Charlemagne adopted Christianity as his martial standard; so also it was when Robert Adam and others made the "grand tour."

No doubt there were a myriad less important influences that left too light an impress on the path of history, or else left works which now we try in vain to place in their exact relation to others of their day. Yet regardless of style or the component vogues that give it variety, we see these periods of art always as great units, large areas of human effort, completed tasks.

In contrast to this general purview of historic styles, what is our viewpoint toward the styles and vogues of America in 1922? Plainly, we cannot consider both in the same light. We live in a fleeting second of history; around us surge infinitesimal influences, important to us as individuals perhaps, but soon swallowed up in the larger effects of the period, of the century, or even of a single year. Quick means of communication, of reproduction, of manufacture, of distribution, make these influences more numerous, and perhaps in many cases more ephemeral.

So it is, or will be, with the Egyptian vogue that now threatens our peace. It will bring us a surfeit of motifs for which as motifs we have little use and which make no contact with our lives. That is an obvious result because there are too many who see in such openings only opportunities for quick turnover of cash, instead of real opportunities for study which will lead to an honest service to design. Yet there is in the Egyptian vogue a stern logic without which a style today could never be formulated.

Our style in art has been described as a battle of styles, as no style and all styles, as everything in nothing. Still all about us is a whirl of activity, of art production costing billions a year for objects of industrial art alone. Out of it all something will come, not in this passing second of time which is your life or mine, but in the century of time which will mark what you and I and the Egyptian vogue have tried to do. This century will see in proper perspective, and therefore in terms of relative values, these many puny strivings that loom to us so large.

Thus, while Tut-ankh-Amen may be the peg upon which a vogue is hung, he and his art forms will undoubtedly leave an impress upon our national style in its formulation. The reason plainly is that the vogue will demand study on the part of designers, producers, merchants and even consumers. The principles of design favored by the old forms will achieve a new value and it is they that will be left to us long after the stereotyped formalism of Egyptian itself has gone out of our ken as a favored child of fashion.



Floral collar, a costume accessory, of the 18th Dynasty, from the Valley of the Kings



Statue of Ini and Rennut, his wife

Meanwhile, what is the life of this child among us? The fact that such importance was given to the discovery in the papers set manufacturers and designers thinking no less than it did the public at large. They knew the infallible signs of growing interest, they saw the beginnings of a gathering wave of demand for things Egyptian. Not to be ready for it meant loss of confidence. Therefore, a wild rush to the Egyptian books, another rush to the patent office with designs and names, another to the advertising pages, and still another to museum galleries. And in the Valley of the Kings messages flock in from

the corners of the earth regarding motion-picture rights and millinery designs and a thousand other matters of serious import this very minute.

The reasoning is that we are willing to spend money for something in which we are interested, provided we are interested enough in it to want it. Advertising is built upon the theory that this interest can be evoked and once evoked it can be coaxed into a desire which can be pushed further into the act of purchase. Do we want Egyptian? It is beyond us to say. We are getting Egyptian and those who are making it must know what we want, for they have the general view of the whole situation. What you or I as individuals want matters little, and again as individuals we may in such cases take or leave what is offered.

While long ago such vogues may have grown out of local events, out of discoveries or wars, or even out of the idiosyncracies of powerful individuals in positions of patronage, success depended in great measure upon their becoming acceptable to a larger number of persons. In other words, they had to become fashionable. This was a relatively slow growth then; today, fashion springs full-blown from the magazine page of the evening paper.

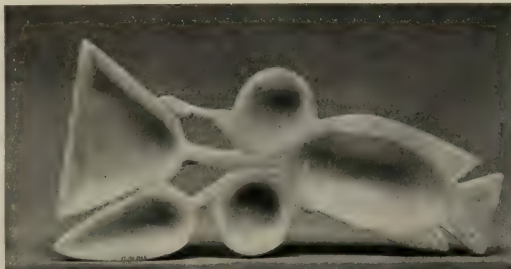
Fashion lives largely by two human failings: the craving among many for constant novelty and change, and the desire on the part of a few to profit by this craving. What the former will not demand the latter can easily create a demand for. When such a discovery as this in Egypt is available the task becomes easy. The demand is almost automatic, and the response is entirely prolific. The fashion comes into existence over night, in fact certain strata of the public become impatient because Egyptian motifs are not at once available, believing that the costumers and textile printers, the millinery manufacturers and the makers of handbags, earrings and parasols, should have been in league with Lord Carnarvon, or perhaps even owned shares in his expedition.

The demand for novelty is superficial and profitably accordingly. Too many of us live on the surface of design. Conversation overheard in public places brings prompt evidence that too many of us live on the surface in many other things besides design. Of course the Egyptian vogue will take, and, in another sense, it will take too long—to die out.

There have been Egyptian cigarettes, so there might just as well be Tut-ankh-Amen cigars. A jaunt through the Egyptian galleries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art will reveal other alluring possibilities, for there are in the paintings and carvings and papyri such names as Mut, Kab and Pai. And quoting from the title page of one of Marlowe's plays we will say: "If this is not a good play, the devil is in it."

Novelty is the breath of fashion, and as matters stand now it is also to great extent the breath of business as well. Our lack of general appreciation abets these conditions. Fashion we do not take to mean costume only, by any means. We include within its limits the general trend of interest at a given time, whether or not it comes to a sudden point of interest as now

(Continued on page 64)



Toilet palette carved in alabaster, 18th Dynasty



Entrance to a farmhouse at Huisseau sur Cosson



Courtyard of a farm near Blois



"Clos Lucé" at Amboise. Note the Tower

Some Small Chateaux and Farm Houses in Touraine

An American Architect's Appreciation of Design in Minor French Construction

By MURRAY HOFFMAN

Illustrated with Drawings and Photographs by the Author

THE presence of the great chateau of the Loire frequently induces the casual visitor to this beautiful province of France to pay but scant attention to the smaller houses and farms, especially as the latter are often situated on some side road and sometimes half concealed by trees or walled enclosures. The average French farm makes little pretence to architectural design but in the arrangement of its roofs and in its use of local building materials, it invariably presents much of interest and is in perfect harmony with its surroundings, seeming to be a very part of the countryside. It is perhaps this quiet and unassuming suitability that accounts for their being so often overlooked; the eye is charmed by the general beauty of the landscape and does not seek to analyze the buildings themselves.

There is much data available in books, photographs and drawings about the English cottages in the Cotswald district and elsewhere with their more apparent picturesqueness; the Italian villas also have had much attention for though they, too, harmonize with their surroundings, they arrest the eye of the most hurried passer-by. But concerning the French farm buildings and country houses there seem to be no documents and one must explore and discover for oneself. A knowledge of this type of Touraine architecture can best be derived by a study of some examples, chosen almost at hazard but expressive of all.

On the outskirts of Blois by the Cosson, a charming little stream which here enters the Loire, is an old 17th Century mill, now attached as a dependency of the Chateau des Grotteaux. It has been somewhat restored and extended but this work is cleverly done and care has been taken to preserve the ancient character. In its general mass, roofing and the handling

of materials, it may be regarded as typical of the district. The main body of the walls is built up of rubble with a good deal of variety of color—an occasional red or brown stone giving warmth and relief to the predominating tone of gray. The quoining at the corners and the trim around doors and windows is in this instance made of rather a hard, close-grained stone. In most other cases, the local Touraine stone is used; this is extremely soft, can be cut with a hand saw and is shaped and fitted at the building.

The third story of this old mill is half-timbering and brick, projecting slightly over the wall below and supported on stone corbels. The bricks are the size of the old Roman brick or one by three by eight inches; they are laid diagonally, the direction alternating in each successive panel; the cement joints are about an inch thick. Combined with the dark weathered-oak of the half-timbering the vari-colored brick makes a rich band of color which not only contrasts agreeably with the gray of the stone but tends to diminish the apparent height of the building.

The roof again has a considerable overhang supported by its rafters and is covered by a small flat tile of a predominating tone of dull red, which, however, as it is slightly porous soon becomes spotted with moss. The ridge is covered with an overlapping conical tile. The chimneys are exceptionally graceful with a well-devised ornamentation in the brick. The window openings are relatively few as compared with the wall space; they are, of course, all casement and glazed with small leaded panes. Buildings such as this, constructed in the traditional manner handed down through succeeding generations, have a sincerity and logic often lacking in modern buildings which depend on patent materials and passing conditions.

In this neighborhood, again, and on the road to the Chateau de Chaumont there is a well-arranged farm group shown in the accompanying sketch. From the main road, through an avenue of plantain trees, one sees a graceful arch with the farmyard beyond. Attached to the farm buildings but looking out on its own garden is the house itself. The enclosed court gives a pleasant sense of privacy

heightened by the glimpse of the interior framed in the archway. The walls which grow from the buildings unite them in one contiguous whole. These surrounding walls are an invariable and integral part of the French farmhouse; they are the direct outgrowth of the feudal idea, that a man's house is his "demesne" where he can lead his private life in peace undisturbed by the importunity of friends or the malice of enemies; these walls are built almost instinctively, sometimes before the house proper. Diametrically opposite is our American idea, typified in the front porch, from the famous one at Marion down to the makeshift before the humblest shanty; they express community spirit and co-operation but



Dependency building at Chenonceaux

preclude any possibility of privacy.

Another example of the combination of half-timber and brick—so popular in Touraine—is shown in the gallery of an old manor at Amboise. This building called the "Clos-Luce" is of great historical interest for it was here that Leonardo da Vinci died in 1519. He was summoned to Amboise by Francis I, and his body now rests in the famous little chapel of St. Hubert, that perfect gem of the 15th century Gothic.

As is the case with most of the old buildings the "Clos-Luce" has been considerably restored. It is in private hands and it is difficult to obtain admission, but should the owner be away, a discreet "pourboire" usually opens the gates. The roof here is of small thin slates and the brickwork affords a greater variety of pattern than in the mill at Blois.



Small Château at Cheille

by the writer shows, I hope, how much pleasure and information of real practical value can be derived by seeking out the minor domestic architecture of France. The great châteaux owe so much to the artistry of individual craftsmen and to the beauty of their setting and environment that they are more to be visited and admired as the flowering of an historic past than as something that can be taken and applied to our own lives.

Take the Château of Chenonceau itself; much of its impressiveness and beauty depend on the approach, a long, straight avenue of platan trees finally opening out into a large forecourt, and on the moat which surrounds it on three sides, while the river Cher washes its walls on the fourth. Under the order of Diane de Poitiers, Philibert Delorme built a gallery supported by massive arches spanning the river from shore to shore.

Necessarily the copy of this chateau on our own Riverside Drive, though an accurate and faithful reproduction of that portion built by Bohier in 1523, can give one little idea of the original and seems rather out of place hemmed in by the narrow confines of a city block.

Such small houses, however, as are here illustrated could easily be adapted to our country life, and are as suitable to our climate and habits as they are in their own native France. The steep roofs serve the double purpose of shedding snow and rain and of keeping the upper floors cool under the rays of the mid-summer sun.

The cost of frame houses is coming rapidly nearer that of masonry; while the greater permanence, the saving of upkeep and lessened fire risk in the latter, more than make up for the difference in initial expenditure. The well seasoned lumber used in our old farm houses is no longer to be had, so that the modern frame house is always threatened with the dangers of shrinkage and warping of the wood. With the growing clamor for the conservation of our forests, it seems strange that we do not take more advantage of the rubble and field stone at our very doors as a building material.

The old farm building near Montrichard, shown at the bottom of this page, though it has little pretence at architectural design, has

a quiet dignity and air of solidity based principally on its use of materials. The walls are built of rubble and cement with stone quoins at the corners and around the windows. The only trace of ornament is in the carved key-stone and little iron balcony over the entrance.

The town of Montrichard itself is well worthy of a visit, as it is most picturesque and interesting historically. In the old feudal castle which surmounts the town, Richard, the Lion-Hearted, was imprisoned for nine years till rescued when the English stormed the walls, from which fact the place derives its name.

NOTE: There is no better preparation for the young architect than a tour through France with a view to the study of its ancient structures, both large and small, and no more fertile field for such study than the Touraine district with its multitude of châteaux



Farm building at the Château des Grotteaux

Of a more formal type of architecture, but small and very charming, is one of the dependencies of the Château of Chenonceau built by Catharine de Medici. Though extremely simple, its great roof and massive chimneys of stone and brick give it an air of dignity in keeping with the Château.

Another interesting example of like character is the small chateau at Cheille near Azay-le-Rideau. This dates from the early Renaissance, either Francis I or Henri II. It has a spaciousness, solidity and simplicity worthy any architect's study. It is built chiefly of rubble stuccoed over, with corners, trim, and cornice of cut stone; the roof is of small black slate except for the ridge which is of tile with heavy cement joints. Here, as in almost all these buildings, one is struck by the absence of any attempt to feature the entrance by ornamentation of any kind. The main door merely takes its place as a dark spot in the general scheme of fenestration.

This little outline of some charming buildings encountered



Dependency of the Château des Grotteaux

and early farm buildings. Most of the great American architects of today have availed themselves of the rich store of material treasures afforded by Touraine and the result of their study of the châteaux is seen in many of our public buildings and important dwellings. There is a wealth of suggestion in the mass and in detail of even the minor structures of France of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. The early French builders

thoroughly understood the art of combining simple elegance with the practical demands of their structures.

The interesting small buildings herewith illustrated and described give one a sense of charm wedded to durability. That they were built not only to serve an immediate purpose but also to survive the ages, is evidenced everywhere in the country. The French farmer of the better class entertains a positive love for his native soil, a love which amounts to a passion, and his pride in his buildings is that of the connoisseur for his collection of *objets d'art*.—EDITOR.



An old farm building near Montrichard

An Architect's Own Interior Decoration Scheme



In this bedroom the walls and ceiling are of French blue and gold brought out by highlighting the mouldings with gold lines and finished in glaze. The chairs are Louis XV., covered in petit and gros point needlework



Vaulted entry to dining-room showing two Charles II. chairs with old needlework covers and a Jacobean court cupboard. The plastered vault and ceiling are in pebble finish, glazed out in deep ivory mottle



An unusual treatment for a library, adapting a 16th century motif to the requirements of a small room. The walls are in light scroll finish, glazed to a light ivory with seven colors worked in

The exterior of this town house was shown in our December number. The Georgian front of limestone and brick is very effective. The interiors of the house, though inspired by motifs centuries apart, are brought into harmony by an easy freedom in the use of the various periods, by harmony of the color theme and by the intelligent selection of its furnishings



At right is a view of the dining-room looking toward the garden and showing the mantel of stone and modeled plaster brought out in English 17th century color work. There is a Jacobean draw-top refectory table and oriental rugs and tapestries with royal blue prevailing. Venetian red damask hangings are at the window



A view from the Georgian drawing-room looking through the foyer, of late Italian Renaissance, toward the library of early Renaissance. In the foreground are two Louis XV elbow walnut chairs covered with Mortlake tapestry. In the foyer beyond, are two Italian elbow chairs of the 16th century, covered with Renaissance Verdu tapestry

The ceiling of the drawing-room is glazed in antique mottled gray-green with center panel framed by double gold lines. The walls are the same as ceiling, only six shades darker. All highlights in the moulding are brought out in gold leaf

The ceilings and walls of the foyer have a heavy, varied pebble finish glazed to a warm umber tone with several colors worked in. The woodwork is a washed antique in a soft gray effect with highlights in wood brought out in fern green. Rich oriental rugs harmonize with the colors of walls and ceilings

The architect of this house, Mr. Wallace McCrea, is also the interior decorator to whom is due the credit of furnishing and color theme throughout



One of the earliest forms of well-head found in Venice. This weather-worn cap probably antedates the city itself



An ancient well in the wide piazza opposite the Academy of Fine Arts. A well whose form places it in a class with the primitive cap of Torcello



An ancient well-head at Torcello. Its origin doubtless was a column cap and its decoration is early Christian

The History of Venice is Written in Her Public Wells

The Familiar Fountain of Other Italian Cities is Here Replaced by the Antique Well-Head

By RALPH S. FANNING

WHEN Coleridge wrote of "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," he might well have had in mind the situation that must have confronted the builders of old Venice, as well as the plot of the Ancient Mariner. In the early history of the city of the lagoons, as until the day when drinking water could be piped from the distant mountains, the problem of obtaining and preserving a fresh water supply was a difficult one to solve.

In other parts of Italy, as in all semi-arid lands of bright sunshine, the preservation of a fresh water supply led to distinctive architectural features, the vast structures of Roman engineering, the fountain courts and reflecting pools of the Muslim builders and the paved cloister and courtyard of the Medieval and Renaissance builders—all are visible evidence of the part that the so-called water motive has played in decorative architectural design.

But in Venice, this problem was especially vital and the solution of it corresponds to the dominant characteristic of uniqueness that makes for the charm of the city itself. The visitor to Venice who forsakes his gondola and explores the narrow via and irregular openings that make an intricate network over the ancient city, cannot fail to notice at nearly every place a large stone receptacle forming the center of interest of the piazza. They seem like great vases and one wonders for the moment what could have been their origin and function.

Some are severely plain; others elaborately decorated. Some are mounted on stepped platforms and hold an imposing place in the square; others are placed without other consideration than the dictates of plain necessity or wherever chance or convenience prompted.

Three or four feet high and usually larger in diameter, these stone features are the mouths of bricked-in wells or vats which, sealed with cement, were safe reservoirs where the fresh rain water could be collected from the tiled roofs of the numerous dwellings

crowded close about. The preciousness of the enclosed store is evidenced by the security of the metal covering and the care that was expended upon the design of the wells.

The play of fountains is lacking in Venice. With all the richness and show that was an intrinsic part of the luxurious life of the Venetian doges and of the merchant princes, it is curious why this lack of fountains obtained, especially when all the rival builders of Italian principalities were using the fountain motive

with such rich effects in both town and country estates.

The designers of the water motives, fountains, pools, organs and other garden features, were in great demand among the builders and decorators of Italy. In Rome and Florence, in Milan and Genoa and even in lofty Perugia, the dripping of the precious water in the many fountains gratified the civilian sense of grandeur.

In the keen rivalry that was rampant between the different cities and their luxurious patrons, it is strange that Venice did not come in for her share of fountains inasmuch as water for display, if not for drinking, was surely not wanting.

Perhaps the reason why the fountain was not in vogue is the very fact that where streets are waterways, which offer everywhere and at all times the never ending swish and swirl and myriad reflections, there is a sated desire for the refreshment of fountains.

The well-heads and cistern caps are in the places of the fountains, and, while seldom monumental focal points or features of grandeur, like the Medici bowl on the Pincio or the Trevi fountains in Rome, they do add a distinctive note of civic embellishment.

To study their dates and forms and designs might be to gather material from which the history of Venice and thus the history of one of the most brilliant of the world's pageants could be written.

If one could but trace the history of these stones, many of which were surely transplanted in their present long resting places from far distant shores, or decipher the meanings carved into the ornament and symbolism of their decoration, there would be all the wealth of historical narrative that could be drawn by the bronze horses posed above the ornate portals of St. Marks, if they, too, could but produce their story.

To specialize upon Venetian wells it would be chronologically correct to begin the study out in the deserted sands of Torcello, close by the basilica which Ruskin calls the ancient Mother of Venice. Here in the courtyard



A beautifully carved well-head in the Cortile della Ca d'Oro. It is closely related to the group of ornate caps supporting the arcade of the Ducal Palace

is a weather-worn well-head of great antiquity, one which probably arrived on its site before the glorious Venice of the earliest Renaissance had reared its head-dress of stone laces above the mirrors of the lagoons.

This great stone was probably never shaped to serve its long career as a well-curb, but, judging from its form, it was no doubt cut to serve as a capital to one of the huge columns of the adjacent basilica. Capitals, and columns, too, were brought by the maritime citizens from all over the known world to build and embellish the new shrine.

It is wonderful that the diverse material could be utilized and unified as it was, but there must have been some "white elephants" among the offerings and such a capital might have been one which, unfitted or unneeded for any lofty shaft, was hollowed out and adapted to serve its present purpose. This, like others of larger diameter, served as models for the simple, severe type of well-curb.

Coming across the lagoons to Venice herself, there need be but casual search for many more pretentious and monumental well-capings. To place them in their historical sequence requires much conjecture, all records being lacking or obscure. The only means of



Late Renaissance well in the corner of the plaza of St. Marks, a design exquisitely simple and chaste



Well in the campo San Maurizio. The date on tablet is 1521. This is a fine example of Renaissance simplicity in design



Well-head with decorations of the Gothic order



The employment of capitals such as this makes the ideal well-head

identification is through the carvings and decoration with which most of them are abundantly ornated.

Typical of Venetian architectural decoration, there are three great periods of decorative style represented—the early Christian with its close kinship to the Byzantine, the Gothic, nowhere in Italy so well-defined as in Venice, and the Renaissance with its greatest wealth of decorative remains, varying from the free period of transition through the purely classic into the extravagance of the decadent Renaissance and the Rococo.

In the large open piazza, opposite the Academy of Fine Arts and almost on axis with the wide bridge leading to it, is a very ancient example of

well whose form would place it in a class with the primitive cap of Torcello although there is a marked difference in the cutting of the two.

The wells of medieval design are easily designated by the simple mouldings and the use of naturalistic leaf and floral decoration, while the circles of immortality and the crosses of Greece and Malta bespeak of



Elaborately carved well in the courtyard of the Ducal Palace

early Christian symbolism. Naturally the remains of the Renaissance are most prolific.

The courtyard of the Ducal Palace contains what is perhaps the most sumptuous example of a well to be found in Venice. Octagonal in plan as many of the later ones are, it is a rich mass of consoles with figures and garlands of flowers, speaking of the profusion of decoration of the High Italian Renaissance.

The smaller, but equally ornate example in the Cortile della Ca d'Ora seems closely related to the family of beautiful caps which support the arcade of the Ducal Palace, while the simplicity of the more chaste Renaissance may be seen in the well-heads of the Campo S. Maurizio, or that in the corner of S. Marco.

All over the interesting old city, the wells may be found, adding not a little to that indescribable charm which for centuries has been the possession of a city founded under most difficult physical conditions and grown beautiful because of these very conditions.

The fifty odd well-heads that may be counted during a well-planned day of Venetian exploration might upon first consideration seem to have been placed wherever chance dictated. With the exception of some of the more pretentious examples, placed in the grander, more formal courtyards or public



An unpretentious well in the courtyard of the Albergo Britannia

squares, such as in the Palace of the Doges or on the Square of St. Marks, seldom do they form the determining point of an axial treatment as fountains or statues so often do in conventional city plans. Venice is not conventional. Symmetry is not the keynote of her harmony any more than it is the property of the graceful gondolas that skim over the curving canals. The unusual, the unexpected and the picturesque are the characteristics and in conformity to these is the placing of the wells.

It is to many of these old well-heads that the explorer into a new realm of the obscure and misleading mazes of Venice goes as to an oasis in the desert.

A Famous Lost Tapestry Found



One of the scenes missing from the "Seven Sacraments" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

OUT of the ken of men and connoisseurs this interesting tapestry has long been missing. It is one of the scenes belonging to the series of the "Seven Sacraments" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and it has just been located in London. It now hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum to which institution it was

loaned by Miss Enid du Cane. The subject is "Confirmation and Tonsure as Celebrated in the Fifteenth Century." It is the mate of the confirmation scene in the Metropolitan's "Seven Sacraments," which pictures the origin of confirmation, "Jacob Blessing Two Children." In an article in the Burlington Magazine of London (December, 1907) I described

in detail the "Seven Sacraments" which is indubitably one of the world's greatest tapestry treasures. The discovery of the above missing scene of the set should arouse the keenest interest and enthusiasm among those who are informed upon this superb work of art. Locating this tapestry is equivalent to the discovery of a canvas by one of the old masters.

The Garden Pool an Asset of Landscapic Beauty



The smoothness of velvet lawns and clipped hedges is continued harmoniously in this glossy pool with its formalized stone coping. This is one of several large pools on the California estate of Charles Templeton Croker, Esq.



The Japanese interpretation of the garden pool is a natural and romantic small lake. This pleasing arrangement is on the estate of Frederick Sharon, Esq., at Menlo Park

A Country House in the Italian Renaissance Mode



Residence of Eric Muelberger, Esq., Montclair, N. J. In style it is pure Italian Renaissance and facing East as it does, the skyline of New York is plainly visible in clear weather. The house stands in a natural setting of dense woodland, a pure white gem against a background of vivid green



Entrance hall and staircase leading to second floor. The steps are of red tile with larger tiles of the same color on the floor. The table is a beautifully carved Venetian piece, the torcheres are handwrought and the rug is Persian in soft tones. At the left is a large open fireplace, a wrap room adjoining it. To the right are the chauffeur's quarters and laundry. The tapestry is a 16th century Flemish piece



Living-room on the second floor. The walls are carved in old gold silk damask with hangings to harmonize. The mantel is of Italian carved stone and the lighting fixtures are Italian Renaissance in design. Table and chairs are of early Italian pattern. The table cover is an antique woven silk rug



The solarium, which has a tiled floor, colorful rug and wicker furniture. Butterwood beams cross the ceiling of smooth troweled plaster, with walls of the same material. The window and doorway draperies pick up the color notes of the antique rug



Central hall leading to dining-room. The walls and arches are in ivory egg-shell finish above a panelling of fine wood. The stairway leading to upper floor is in waxed butterwood. The rug is a fine Ispahan and the color scheme is richly subdued

(Continued on next page)



Dining-room in the Muelberger residence. The paneled walls present a perfect background for the handwrought mirror-and-candle fixtures, while the simple stone mantelpiece augments the general air of simplicity. The window drapes and the overmantel painting give warmth to the room



The keynote of the library is that of unaffected comfort. The decorative table, the brickwork of the fireplace and the subdued glow of the portrait blend harmoniously, while the color in the books on their dark wood shelves and the cheerful rug relieve what might otherwise be a too formal setting



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MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA GLANCES BACKWARD

When she returned to the speaking stage last February, after several years "in the movies", one expected great things of this highly gifted artiste. But her new vehicle, a play entitled "Dagmar", proved to be sheer ranting melodrama and melodrama of the most unconvincing, old-fashioned character, albeit beautifully mounted. Now Mme. Nazimova is contemplating an immediate return to the screen provided she can find a series of cinema plays

adapted to her peculiar genius. It is now eighteen years since she made her début in New York in "The Chosen People", a play in the Russian language. She knew little or no English at this time but within a year she was playing the leading rôles in "Hedda Gabler" and "The Doll's House" and in fluent English. In private life she is Mrs. Charles Bryant. This camera study of Mme. Nazimova is by Nickolas Muray.



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A Legacy of New Architectural Inspiration



The smooth texture of plain plaster suddenly flowering in a delicate tracery of carving and sharply silhouetted minarets and framing a profusion of sculpture, is an adaptation of the Spanish Gothic used by the architect in the Court of the Ages at the Panama Pacific Exposition



Here the influence of the building at the left is plainly evidenced. In this tall theatre building in San Francisco the style had to be reshaped, but the general effect as well as the details remain in the Spanish Gothic manner. As a business structure this has both distinction and art value



This style, introduced at the Exposition, has been used again for the new De Young Museum in the Golden Gate Park. The similarity of purpose of this building avoided the necessity of any great modification of the Exposition style

With structures of this style being erected throughout California there is a likelihood of the state soon developing an architectural distinction unique among those sections of the country where public buildings are an artistic asset

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An Artist's Interpretation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"

These drawings by Miss Jean Parke reveal the dominant characteristics of the principal figures in Ibsen's masterpiece of dramatic art



In the stellar rôle of the play, as produced by the Theatre Guild of New York, Joseph Schildkraut has realized the essence of Ibsen's hero



Here the artist has recorded the reckless daring and incorrigible wildness of spend-thrift youth

Miss Parke, whose Ibsen studies are here reproduced, is known in the art world for her profound interpretations of psychology as expressed in the drawn line. Her drawings of religious subjects have created a deep impression upon those who have flocked to view them and the three "soul studies" here reproduced for the first time, will add appreciably to her fame



Anitra, the type of elemental carelessness—an ego filled with content but lacking soul

Solveig, the enduring strength of radiant innocence defended by feminine humility

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*The Fancy of the
French Couturiers
Turns to Vivid
Decoration and
Color*

*(Below) The fashion of white with
black was never smarter than this
season, especially when the black is
narrow moiré ribbon and the white
is pleated georgette crêpe*

Courtesy of Franklin Simon & Co.



The Spanish shawl continues on its fashionable career and is seen at all smart supper clubs. Worn by Miss Alice Brady

(Below) Philippe et Gaston epitomized the spirit of youth in this ashes of roses frock of moiré. Worn by Miss Martha Mansfield



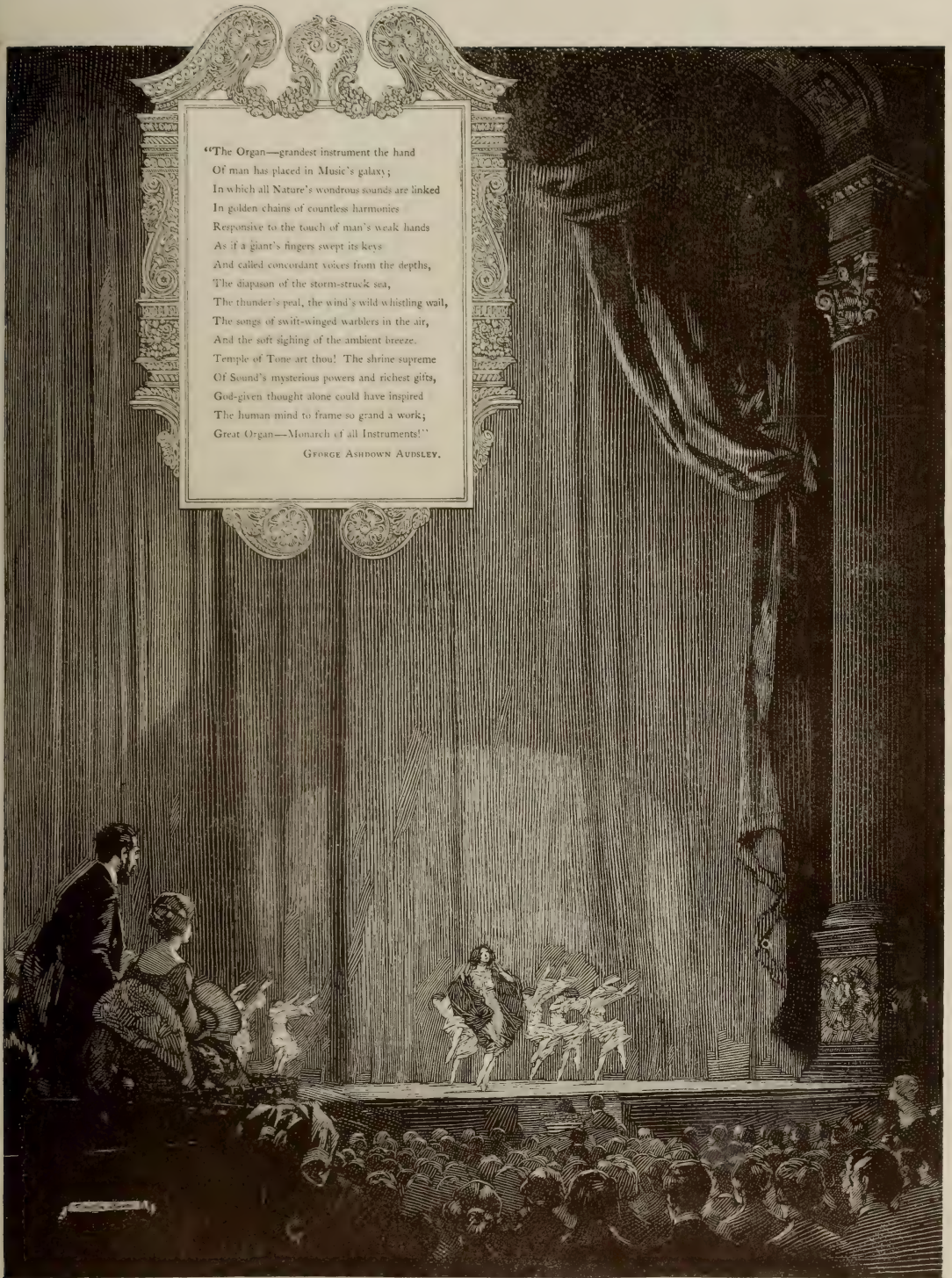
Poirot cleverly made a gay Rodier handkerchief into this overblouse to be worn as part of a smart costume.

(Below) Lanvin originated this youthful frock of flat black silk crêpe combined with Embroidery Anglaise. Worn by Miss Martha Mansfield



"The Organ—grandest instrument the hand
Of man has placed in Music's galaxy;
In which all Nature's wondrous sounds are linked
In golden chains of countless harmonies
Responsive to the touch of man's weak hands
As if a giant's fingers swept its keys
And called concordant voices from the depths,
The diapason of the storm-struck sea,
The thunder's peal, the wind's wild whistling wail,
The songs of swift-winged warblers in the air,
And the soft sighing of the ambient breeze.
Temple of Tone art thou! The shrine supreme
Of Sound's mysterious powers and richest gifts,
God-given thought alone could have inspired
The human mind to frame so grand a work;
Great Organ—Monarch of all Instruments!"

GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.



THE ESTEY PIPE ORGAN

Greek-Like Lines In Smart Spring Attire

Dainty simplicity characterizes the season's newest designs shown here



Robe Florentine, designed and executed exclusively by Boué Soeurs. The frock is made of navy serge with a flowing cape effect. The embroidery at the neck is inspired by the present vogue of King Tut-ankh-Amen decoration



Cape Sphinx, an original Boué Soeurs creation. It is made of gray crêpe with a fur-tipped collar trimmed with a steel ornament. Worn with the robe described at the right it is the essence of smartness

The grace of the Greek sculptures appears in the lines of these frocks



Robe Sphinx, an exclusive Boué Soeurs creation. The material is of gray crêpe and is worn with a steel girdle in a rose pattern. This is the costume worn as a complement to the Cape Sphinx illustrated in the centre panel

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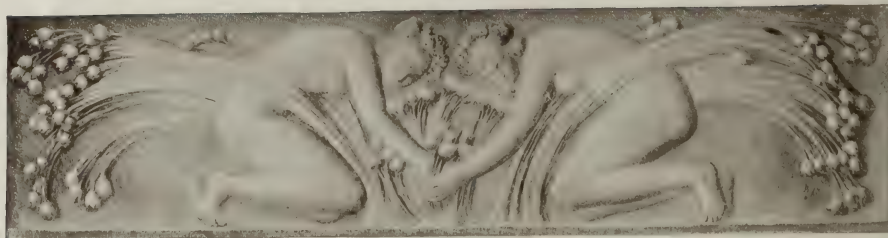
An Eighteenth Century Venetian Chinoiserie recently acquired. The paper panels, draperies, mirrors, mantelpiece and framework for doors and windows being in perfect condition. Such a room is offered as a suggestion for a charming morning room in town or country.

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Notes from the Spring Collections in Paris

The Newest Thing Shown by the Great Couturieres is the Tiered Skirt

By MADAME HAGUÉ
Of the House of Thurn

THIS month I have news for you. News as exciting as the first tremulous songs of the birds. For I have been abroad and seen the collections of the great French houses! It was almost literally a flying trip. And now, to catch this issue of the magazine, I have time only to write the sharpest impressions. But they are so vivid that you will be interested to hear them, I am sure. Later, as the season's modes crystallize, you will see these new tendencies which I describe influencing all the mode.

The newest thing in all the collections of the great couturieres is the tiered skirt. It appears in evening dresses, in afternoon dresses, even in the less severe tailleurs. These tiers are not circular. They are not gathered. They neither flare nor ruffle. And so they have not changed the silhouette, at all. But they break the long line of the skirt to which we have clung for so long. They tend to disguise the wearer's height a little. And they are charmingly youthful.

Occasionally these tiers are quite wide, so that but three of them are needed between the waistline and hem. I think of a diaphanous evening frock of green. It is pale tender green, like the green veil that seems to hang over the birches when the first shy leaves unfold. A narrow pattern of embroidery in soft orange threads outlines the neck. A sash of narrow moiré ribbon of a deep cornflower blue ties about the low waistline. And then three straight tiers make the skirt. Could anything be more exquisitely fresh and naive? It would make a perfect bridesmaid's gown for an early summer wedding.

In most instances, though, the tiers are narrower, nine inches or even three inches wide. One smart frock of white crêpe has a skirt made entirely of these straight bands, rising one above the other to meet a tunic beaded in a close pattern with crystal beads. This tunic-corsage is sleeveless, has rather a high neckline, is softly girdled with white crêpe, and has a big round plastron of white flowers on the right side of the low waistline. It will probably be a favored dance frock for spring and summer.

Another tiered skirt appears in one of the smart "diamond dresses." You have heard rumors of the "diamond dresses?" They are the surprise of the spring collections. These diamonds are really brilliants, of course, each one in a tiny setting, and sewed like beads on the evening gowns of the *chic Parisienne*.

The heavy metal brocades of the winter evening gowns are disappearing as spring advances. Summer gatherings will bring forth a lovely blossomy crop of filmy crêpe dresses. But in deference to the present rule of extravagant simplicity, the naivety of these dresses is relieved by diamond trimmings.

I have in mind a gown of palest flesh georgette. The childishly simple corsage is cut with modest V neck. The skirt is built of narrow tiers rising one above the other like prim petals. In this instance, the tiers are shaped a little, curving upward and overlapping one another in front. And the edges of these tiers are dotted with diamonds. The waistline is defined with a narrow diamond belt.

Another dress uses this sparkling trimming more lavishly. It is a chemise frock of oyster white, sleeveless, straight. And it is "set"

thickly with an all-over pattern of diamonds. A narrow belt of the crêpe ties softly around the waistline. And that is all! A frock truly daring in its chaste simplicity of line and splendor of ornamentation.

A third new note is one that appears oftenest in coat-frocks and tailleurs. It is the flat unbroken back. From neckline to hem this back falls straight and untrammelled. Not a belt, not the slightest hint of goring, relieves the column-like aspect of this new back.

One very smart black silk gown shows this innovation. It is one of those eminently useful frocks of summer, for wear under the new straight coats, or to be worn on early warm days with a short neckpiece of fur. It is of black silk, slender, fresh, youthfully crisp. The back, as I have said, is unbroken, like the long back of a smart box coat. In the front two wide shallow pockets simulate a rather vague waistline. Wide fluttering jabots and flaring circular cuffs of red and white figured silk give a delicious flip to the Quakerish whole.

The same flat back appears in a coat-dress of fine twill. It is a coat dress that leads a double life, in reality, for it is two dresses in one. The outer layer, that of the twill and the flat back, has rather close-fitting sleeves, with wider cuffs. These cuffs are lined with figured foulard, a soft red between henna and the neck brick. In front the collar is cut down to the waistline, leaving a wide vest-like opening.

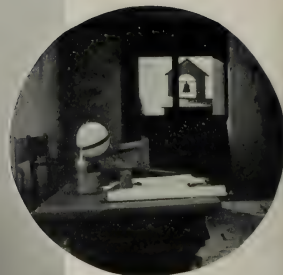
There are the new notes of Paris and Spring. The tiered skirt, the diamond trimming, the flat, straight, beltless back. Are they not interesting, just as I promised?



A reconstruction of Columbus's cabin aboard his flagship, the "Santa Maria." The bed shown at the right is an exact replica of the great navigator's own bed



The landing of Columbus, who stands in the prow. In the background, at anchor, is his caravel, the "Santa Maria"



The cell of Juan Perez, Prior of the Convent of La Rabida, near Palos, Spain. Prior Perez had been Queen Isabella's confessor and interceded for Columbus

The Story of Columbus and His Quest, on the Screen

History Told with Accuracy and Art in a Worthwhile Motion-Picture

By FRANCES FISHER DUBUC

COLUMBUS 1492. The juxtaposition of this name and date may be of momentous significance or without special import. Whether it merely suggests a Manhattan telephone number, registers a chronological fact or fires the imagination with the picturesque figure of the Mariner of Genoa, depends largely upon the particular methods by which the fundamentals of one's education were acquired.

To appreciate the potentialities of the historical moving picture with all its latent possibilities of correlation with the arts and sciences, one's childhood must have been spent in that abortive period of our national culture—the '80's and '90's of the 19th century when American arts and letters passed through a stage of experimentation that marked those decades with but negligible results in educational progress. Survivors of that day retain vivid recollections of memorizing interminable lists of statistical data which precluded any possibility of acquiring knowledge that might inspire creative effort or illuminate past events. Linger also memories of the weird "art movements" of that day when the homes of even the so-called best families showed decorations "bedight with gilt"—humble kitchen utensils gay with tinsel, masquerading as *objets d'art*. Long since have these been relegated to their proper spheres of usefulness, while in the realms of pedagogy Washington's farewell address takes precedence over dates of the Napoleonic wars and to know that Luther was still in the monastery at Erfurth when Columbus lay dying at Valladolid is deemed a more essential part of one's general erudition than to master the chronology of the Roman Empire.

Viewed in the light of present standards and the radical changes that have brought about a complete reversal of the old order of things, the value of the moving picture in the field of cultural development cannot be too strongly emphasized.

In "Christopher Columbus—The Morning

of America," which is the initial feature in a long series of historical pictures to be produced under the auspices of the Yale University Press, those responsible for this production have succeeded in reincarnating the spirit and personality of a man buried under centuries of controversial misrepresentations. Unlike Robin Hood and other semi-historic screen plays in which the hero and his contemporaries are necessarily veiled in an atmosphere of legendary romanticism, the characters of Columbus and his associates, their adventures and exploits can be authenticated. The salient features of his career are well-defined and what is still more important, the lessons

to be learned from his achievements are clearly conveyed by the photographic action and the subtitles of the picture.

It matters little whether Columbus was of Italian, Spanish, Portuguese or Jewish birth, as some maintain; let his detractors and his champions prolong the controversy if they will, the vital fact remains that this wanderer and lowly suppliant at the royal courts of Portugal and Spain, a voyageur unknown to fame and fortune, at a time of life when the powers of most men begin to wane, accomplished his heroic self-appointed task. Equipped only with the power of faith in an idea, he embarked on a perilous voyage with nothing but a compass and a quadrant to guide him over seas no ship had ever sailed before and which the most learned men of his day had declared to be an impracticable and impossible undertaking.

The screen play follows history closely; from events prior to the first voyage to Columbus's death on Ascension Day he moves before us a living figure. He is shown in many periods of his romantic and adventurous career; the homeless wanderer and unknown sailor, despised, rejected—then vigorously acclaimed the Conqueror, High Admiral of the Seas, until we see him meet the fate of many a valiant pathfinder before his time and since—his downfall accomplished by his enemies. Cast into prison, broken in body though undaunted in spirit, he embarks upon that final voyage from which no traveler returns.

We see him standing before the gate of the Franciscan monastery at La Rabida in Andalusia, clad in threadbare garments, pathetic, appealing yet of noble mien, begging food and shelter for his little son.

At the palace of King John of Portugal, he presents his cause to that crafty monarch with the fanatical fervor of the idealist. In scenes of court life of Castile and Aragon he eloquently pleads before Queen Isabella and Ferdinand, the grasping, vacillating king, Juan Perez, Prior of La Rabida, the queen's

(Continued on page 83)



The night of October 11, 1492, aboard the "Santa Maria." Columbus and Juan de la Cosa, captain of his ship, once more see land birds flying overhead

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Tout Ensemble

THE flying scarf of gay printed silk which adorns the season's dress or cloak will lose half its *debonair* charm if its brilliant hues are not echoed in some important accessory worn with it, thinks that woman who possesses the magic sense of *ensemble* in dress, and promptly turns to the colourful kid shoes now being offered by Henning.



She will, for example, select a pair of black patent leather sandals, banded, strapped with maroon kid, to wear with a black coat-dress girdled in black, gold and maroon striped silk; or, again, black suede pumps, saddled and heeled in vivid green to combine with fluttering panels of grass green and navy blue bias plaid.

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Architects, Decorators and those interested in having homes of charm and distinction will be glad to learn that I am adding to our art staff men whose creative achievements as sculptors in metal are recognized throughout Europe and America.

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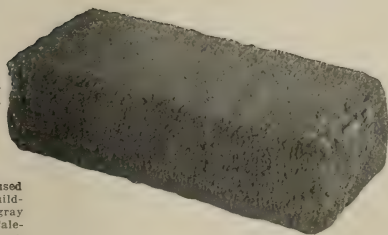
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"Many women, punctilious in matters concerning dress, actually wear ornate shoes for walking throughout long periods of slush and rain"

Suitability Is the Keynote of the Shoe Mode

Smart Women Will Be Shod This Spring for Rugged Weather

By JAMES C. PAPE

INTELLIGENT queries put to me by laymen concerning the foot and its habiliment have an especial, a really vivid interest for me, for they carry with them almost always the implication of the morrow's mode in shoes, and they follow invariably on the very heel of my own criticisms and conjectures concerning the existing expression in footwear.

Not long ago I was indulging in some such soliloquy as this: "It is hardly strange that American women, possessed as they are of remarkably beautiful feet, should have adopted with enthusiasm the ornate shoes offered during the past three or four years, yet is not this impulse which began as a natural enthusiasm developing, perhaps into an unreasoning, an exuberant demand?" when I was approached by a client with the question, "In your opinion, Mr. Pape, may satin ties or sandals be worn appropriately with tailored, or even semi-tailored frocks and suits?"

My reply was instantly forthcoming: "Any shoe made of satin should be worn only with afternoon or other costumes of silk, velvet or some distinctly luxurious fabric. A shoe of tailored design and finish is as essential an accessory to a cloth *tailleur* as is an elaborate and delicate slipper to an evening gown. Let us imagine a reversed condition: a well-dressed woman wearing walking shoes with a dinner dress! It is unthinkable.

From my point of view an oxford tie carefully designed and developed, impeccably correct in every line and detail, or a perfectly constructed walking shoe, is not only more becoming to the wearer when donned in combination with her tailored clothes, but it brings about the always desirable result that the thing which is fitting is also the most economical."

But my interlocutor would not let me off with this single admission; she plied me with still more searching questions: "And do you not consider that ties or sandals having high French or Spanish heels and ornamental strapping or elaborate buckles are permissible for walking when pavements are flooded?" "It is a matter of common observation," was my

answer, "that many women who are punctilious in matters concerning their dress do actually wear ornate shoes for walking throughout long periods of slush and rain. The psychological reaction of the spectator is an unpleasant one; the effect is the same as if he were to see an exquisitely bonneted woman walking through a downpour without an umbrella.

"No woman, it seems to me, should leave her house a-foot in bad weather without first encasing her feet in shoes which have been designed with a water-proof idea in mind. Any shoe explicitly built for walking is constructed in such a way as to make it water-proof, hence a woman to whom rubber overshoes are disagreeable may eliminate these and still be safely and smartly shod in tailored ties or shoes."

This hint at the laws of hygiene gave rise to the next question, "Does your experience lead you to believe that women's feet suffer from incessant walking in shoes having ex-

tremely high heels and no support over the instep?"

"Most women who wear French heels at all hours of the day do have trouble ultimately and are forced to consult orthopaedic specialists who order them at once into corrective shoes. My advice to the woman who cherishes a deep-seated devotion to French heels is by no means discouraging, however, I would suggest that she wear during certain suitable hours of the day carefully constructed shoes having a definite yet not ungainly breadth of toe and completely reasonable heels. There is no doubt in my mind that she would thus keep her feet in an ideal condition physiologically, and hence aesthetically. I have examined so-called corrective shoes with close attention and a frankly open mind, and I see in them shoes made on the type of last which I term "Tailored"; in other words, a last having decided width at the toe and ball and decided snugness at the heel and arch, hence, as a mechanical result, a straight inner line.

But just a word of caution as to French heels: the French-heeled shoes, slippers or sandals that a woman elects to wear in the late afternoon and evening should be fitted to her feet with the utmost skill. Ball, arch and toe must all be adjusted with expert precision, or the exaggeratedly high heel becomes a real menace to the physiological processes of the foot, ankle and knee."

My chatechiser posed a final question: "For what occasions do you consider woolen stockings in good taste?"

"Concerning woolen stockings etiquette is rigid. They are correctly worn with golf, tennis and hiking shoes as they are as well with strictly tailored walking shoes and all welsted stout leathers. They are completely suitable for rainy days, but a woman who values her prestige in the realm of taste will at no time wear them with shoes having either high French or Spanish heels."

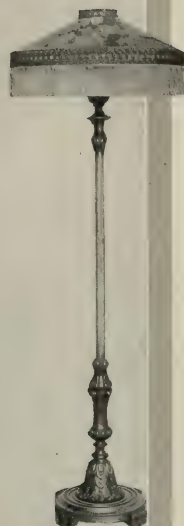
It is as I have already stated,—the craftsman's and creative critic's point of view and the intelligent layman's questions have brought into expression the impending move of fashion: tailored shoes are supplanting elaborate pumps and sandals for tailored occasions.



"From my point of view, a perfectly constructed walking shoe is not only more becoming to the wearer when donned in combination with tailored clothes, but it brings about the result that the thing which is fitting is also most essential"



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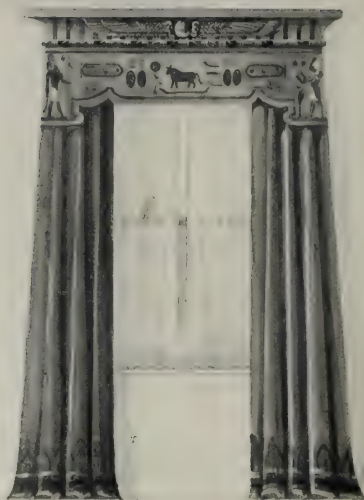
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The effort here has been to preserve the symbolism and rich coloring of early Egyptian decorative motifs in a manner not too obtrusive yet presenting a distinctive Egyptian character

The Egyptian Vogue Applied to Window Drapes

Already the Treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen's Tomb are Influencing Interior Decoration

By FRANCIS SCHWOERER

Illustrated with Drawings by the Author

THE excavations in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor, Egypt, and the wealth of treasures revealed in the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen will undoubtedly influence art when one considers the historic and aesthetic value of the treasures brought to light after some 3,400 years.

Will things Egyptian become a vogue, overtaking us with a rush, only to be cast into oblivion after a short time? And can this style be successfully adopted for interior decorations to suit modern conditions, thus finding its place with the periods of France, England, Italy and America?

The gap between conditions of early Egyptian civilization and that of the present day is so great that the style as used thousands of years ago to adorn tombs and temples has, with few exceptions, been practically of little value for home decorations and furnishings in modern times.

One is amazed with the impressiveness, and splendor of this style. Its grandeur and the solemn mystery surrounding it is absolutely in keeping with those sacred and mysterious rites performed by the Egyptians.

Thomas Chippendale was inspired by Chinese art, which in the 18th Century was quite as remote as the art of Egypt is to us today. He created the style of Chinese Chippendale. Robert Adam visited Italy in 1760 to study the classic style and embodied and applied Roman motifs into the interiors and furnishings of that day—thus was created the Adam style. Both Chippendale and Adam created

a distinctive style from an art far removed from their time.

The French Empire was inspired by Greek and Pompeian styles, the designers of that day endeavoring to create a new style, which has successfully been used in modern interiors. The influence of designs of earlier epochs can be traced in later period styles in innumerable cases.

Is it then too great a presumption to predict that with present-day talent and productive genius a new style cannot be developed by adopting Egyptian motifs and colors and applying them to modern requirements?

In its pure form the Egyptian style is too formal for use in the modern home, yet the possibilities to develop it to suit existing conditions are many. For example, with certain modifications, in the Entrance Hall, Foyer, Sun-Room, Conservatory, Breakfast-Room or even in the Dining-Room it has great possibilities. Any of these rooms can be decorated and furnished, receiving their inspiration from this early art.

The religious belief of the Egyptian was based upon the phenomena of nature. He believed in the preservation of his body and tomb, so that when the great day of resurrection came he might be ready. His dwelling was built as a temporary abode, while much thought was given to his temple and tomb, hence the permanency with which these structures were built. And these structures have made it possible for the present generation to learn so much of their art.

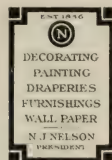
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designs all living things: plant life, animal creations, as well as sun and moon. The color effects and combinations are magnificent and imposing and can successfully be applied today.

The royal symbol of upper and lower Egypt was the winged-disk ornament; vulture's wings and solar disk supported on each side with an asp. This ornament was symbolic to Egyptians, the vulture's wings the symbol of the never-ceasing activity of the sun in its benevolence to mankind, therefore a protecting power. The palm, lotus and papyrus plants, growing in the fertile soil along the banks of the Nile, formed the basis of many designs and was used in conventionalized form.

The sketches shown above are drawn to scale to fit an average-size modern square window and were created by the writer to show the possibilities of applying these ancient designs and colors to fit present-day conditions. The possibilities are unlimited and the wealth of other color combinations that can be employed to suit various conditions and tastes are innumerable. The winged disk, lotus blossom and palm in conventionalized form, as well as hieroglyphs illustrating certain events, are embodied in the sketches, all true to Egyptian art and color.

Thus is shown one of the possibilities of this art as applied to interior decoration and it remains for present-day genius inspired by an art 4,000 years old to develop a style that will be as lasting as the styles of Chippendale, Adam and others.



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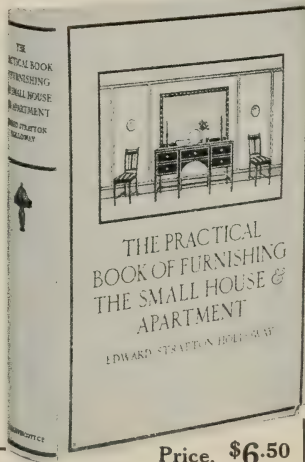
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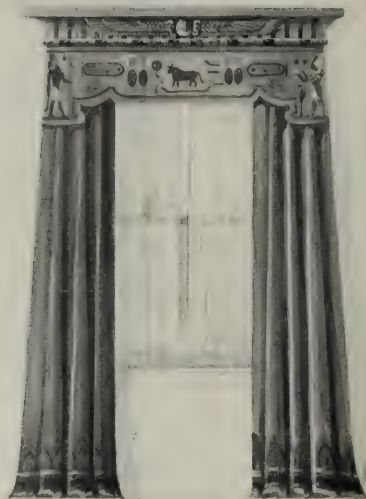
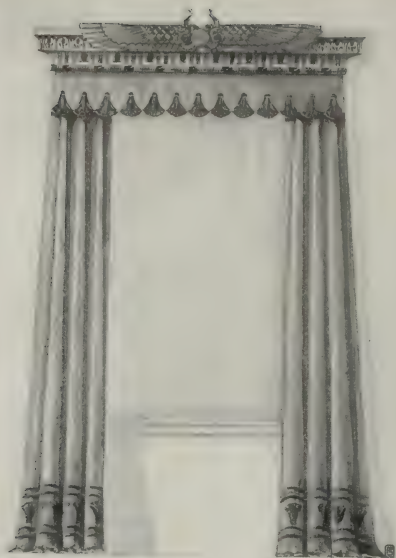
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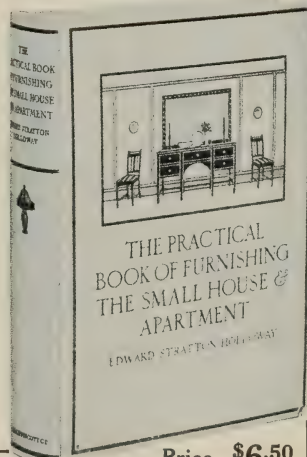
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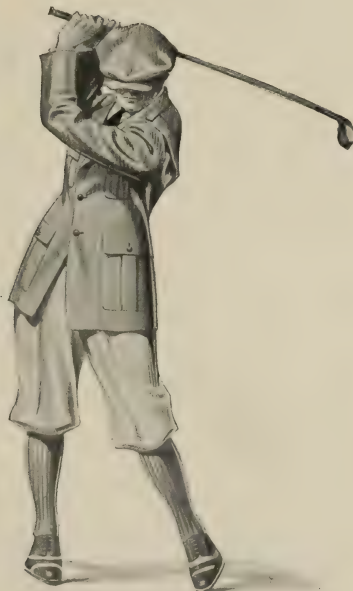
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Restoring the Masterpieces of Comic Opera

(Continued from page 21)

singing comedies gave place to new diet, but the foremost popular successes in comic opera are still a comparatively fresh type. That those pieces by native composers which followed the invasion of Lecocq's *The Little Duke* and Suppe's *Fatinitza* during that same season have not subsisted has not been a source of surprise to anyone. The art of staging revivals is still young, and changes in the vogue of thematic material and characterization, while continual, are retarded and accelerated here and there by the few outstanding successes, and sooner or later revert in a measure to old types. In short, our experience thus far with comic opera revivals does not prove that good material is outgrown, however awkward some of the made-over garments may have appeared.

The principle of the trade-mark and of the location seems to have been only partly adopted in stageland. It has been justly pointed out that lack of standardization has spelled ruin for many managers. Mr. Victor Herbert has vigorously reminded us that a theatre or producing firm which becomes identified with a certain type of performance, say farce comedy or operetta as the case may be, varies its style of offering at the expense of naturally accumulative distinction and patronage. If Mr. Belasco were to plunge into musical plays for a year one can easily imagine how difficult it would be for him to reestablish romantic dramas; if the New Amsterdam Theatre gave Russian ballet for a season, the Follies might have to fight their way back via the steppes. On this principle a stock company exclusively devoted to presenting the great operetta successes of the past when once established would probably be as certain of its patronage as the Metropolitan Opera Company. Through its encouragement to standards it would stimulate rather than check new composition in the field, and secure the attendance of that considerable part of the population which prefers old familiar tunes to rhythmic novelties.

The advantages of a steady chorus of trained singers, able to render three, four and five-part choruses, and an orchestra of adequate size, such as is never found in the diminutive theatre pits today, would do much to insure a hearty welcome for the venture. Even the mild discomforts of storehouse scenery could be forgotten under these improved conditions. As the case stands touring musical comedies are continually harassed by an inability to secure musicians, most of whom are at the disposal of the multiplying mo-

tion-picture houses and symphony orchestras. Traveling with a full quota of men makes the weekly overhead a perilous thing.

When *Monsieur Beaucaire* with a company of English chorus girls who could sing arrived in New York, the effect was electrical. The town had almost forgotten that there were choruses that didn't have to stick grimly to the melody, perhaps to split into a chord or two at the final three bars. These girls were not only good to see, but good to hear, and as far removed in tone from the moonstruck feline as Melba was from Eva Tanguay. Indeed, there is encouragement for composers of music to provide beautiful original melodies and stirring choruses when they know the score need not merely be made from a piano accompaniment.

At present it costs in the vicinity of \$100,000 to put on a first-class musical comedy. Some have required a considerably greater sum. Costumes, scenery, salaries, rentals and numerous other items still soar at an advance of practically 100 per cent. over pre-war prices. On tour the hazards are such that much curtailment is necessitated, which is naturally no help to the prestige of this form of entertainment. Such experiments as William Wade Hinchshaw's Society of American Singers, who started in to give grand opera at the Park Theatre, Columbus Circle, and ended in a season or two of revived light opera, provide an insight into the possibilities of the repertoire plan.

When *The Merry Widow* was given in Vienna there was an orchestra of eighty men to support it. The original production of *The Fortune Teller* in this country had a cast which included Alice Nielsen, Marcia Van Dresser, Marguerita Sylva, Gene Cowles, Dick Golden, Joe Herbert, Joe Cawthorne, and other well-known actors, thirty girls, twenty-four men, six trumpeters and a drum corps.

TO attempt the production of comic opera on this scale in America to-day would be suicidal, but it is the writer's belief that it could be approximated in New York by a stock company housed under a favorable lease and properly situated. Elsewhere the efficacy of the plan would have to be weighed by an intimate knowledge of conditions. Brought up to date in minor details and adequately presented, the old favorites should be able to hold their own with the *Irenes* and *Tangerines* of to-day. A playhouse to treasure, as the museums do the great paintings and statuary, the songs of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Reginald

de Koven, Victor Herbert, Franz Lehár, Oscar and Johann Strauss, Jerome Kern, Rudolf Friml, Leo Hirsch and others, would not only bridge the gap between grand opera and the play, but also between this hectic and heterogeneous stage of to-day and one of the brightest epochs of the theatre.

Must we wonder how the buffoonery of the older comedians would "get over," if we heard it now for the first time as we did twenty-five years ago? Since comedians in musical shows have usually provided most of their own lines, the question of up-to-date-ness of humorous dialogue alone is not vital, success in these rôles hinging upon personality, eccentricity and mannerism. The worn-out jokes, of course, would have to be painlessly removed from these vehicles which made them famous. Many improvements in costumes and lighting effects would be expected, and some speeding up of action here and there. But even with such changes as these the old creations might remain for the most part intact, and the music and lyrics, as now constituting a virtually classical library, stand inviolate.

As a factor in developing personalities the repertoire theatre could go far toward paying for itself, while its standardizing influence would be such as to quicken automatically the demand for this

kind of entertainment. Public sentiment similar to that which has perpetuated grand opera could unquestionably be relied upon to a great degree, although strong individualities would necessarily have to be featured at the outset of the undertaking. It should obviously be attempted on a large scale, sufficient to cope with other current attractions as sheer entertainment, otherwise it might need a *Ruddygore* to pull it out of its own ruin.

The sentiment of the theatre has been a peculiarly solidifying element in our public life. That which has surrounded the fun-makers of the bygone comic operas has been notably strong. The hollow laugh of Francis Wilson, his vacuous blundering and grotesque ecstasy will never be forgotten by this generation; nor will the antics of "Jeff" De Angelis, nor the babbling naïveté of Jimmy Powers, the mountebank pomposness of De Wolf Hopper, the laconic droning of Dan Daly. There are other great comedians of the present hour, but thanks to the exigencies of show financing beauty reigns supreme over wit, and these blades fail to receive the same glorious opportunity given their immediate ancestors. For more reasons than one the project of a fine stock company to renew the halcyon days of comic opera is to be enthusiastically applauded.

An Exemplary Decorative Scheme

(Continued from page 15)

but highly pleasing and restful.

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The cost of such bedrooms including painting, floor covering, furniture, curtains and fixtures approximates \$5,000 for each.

As it will be noticed the entire apartment in each case is done in subdued 18th century colors and designs, with the exception of the large living-room which is the big

central feature for warmth, comfort and style. Even though no particular style is followed, a short description of the periods in the room illustrated may prove interesting: the chimney-piece is an artificial stone copy of the lower half of an early English wooden mantelpiece. The wall material is an early 17th century red brocatelle. The crystal candelabra are of old Waterford glass. The bookcases are made of old Flemish Renaissance carvings. The two love-seats are Queen Anne walnut pieces covered in early 17th century Flemish Renaissance tapestry. The little tables are modern adaptations of Italian Renaissance, except the one in front of the mantle, which is an original Chippendale tray table. The small armchair is a genuine Louis XV. The ornaments on the bookcases are Kiang-shi blue and white Chinese porcelain. Yet here is comfort and style, particularly good in proportion and co-ordination of scale and type of ornaments employed without reference to any one particular period.

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Statue of the goddess Sekhmet in carved diorite,
18th Dynasty

The Mummy Stalks

(Continued from page 25)

in the Egyptian revival. There is nothing wrong with novelty in itself, if considered and remembered as novelty. But as soon as novelty receives consideration as a fundamental or guiding principle of interest and of resultant production, it becomes dangerous to progress. Let us therefore take this Egyptian vogue seriously and do with it either of two things, one surely preferable to the other. Let us copy outright the old forms, call them by their names, proclaim them as having originated in a given time and place. Repetition is the mother of study and by this process we can learn. Or, preferably, let us examine these Egyptian forms for their real value, either historical or on the basis of principles. In this process we shall find emphasized certain precepts of art that are valuable to us now and we shall learn to distinguish between slavish imitation

and inspirational study. The result will be a contribution to the progress of art, and an increase in public interest. Our eclecticism will have absorbed one more influence.

The Egyptian vogue will not have a long life—unless Tut-ankh-Amen's mummy really is found in the remaining chamber which has been sealed and will remain closed until autumn. The present momentum should be enough, surely, to hold our interest until that breathless moment when we shall learn what that last chamber contains. And here a wild conjecture—suppose that for some reason Tut-ankh-Amen will not be found in this chamber? What will happen to the prevailing vogue? However, meanwhile many will have learned more of old Egypt, and that to be sure is always worthwhile whether the mummy stalks among us or no.



Drawn by Sara Ann Lawson

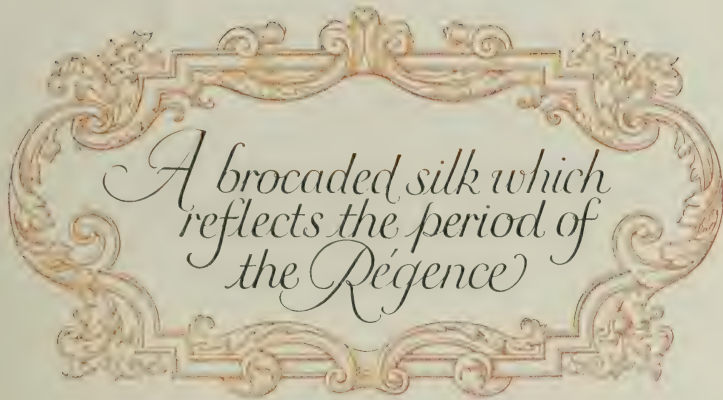
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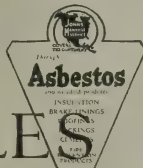


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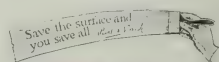
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French Furniture Under Louis XIV

IN the decorative arts the period of Louis XIII had been one of the retreat of French taste before the influence of the Northern countries. Cabinets of ebony and of marquetry had been imported from the Low Countries and from Germany; sumptuous chairs of ornate leather for the most part came from Spain; in France itself every form of ornamentation had grown heavy in the Flemish fashion. Then came the reign of Mazarin, and with it a regular Italian invasion. In short, when Louis XIV took the power into his own hands, furniture was essentially cosmopolitan, and we might declare that his long reign was, in this respect, merely one continuous effort of the French spirit to eliminate the elements in these importations from abroad that were discordant with the traditional genius of the race, which loved measure, clarity, sober elegance, an effort also to assimilate what was not incompatible with itself.

This work of elimination and assimilation, says Roger de Felice, in his book on Louis XIV furniture, was not fully accomplished until the days of the Regency. It was not in any case a phenomenon peculiar to the art of house furnishing, or even the applied arts in general; we can trace the same movement of evolution in sculpture from Simon Guillain, for example, to Coysevox in the latter years of his long career, or from Franqueville the *Italianizer* to Robert le Lorrain, whose *Horses of the Sun*, at the Hôtel de Rohan, are a masterpiece, preposterous indeed, but so brilliantly French!

Signor Giulio Mazarini was a great lover of pictures, sculpture, and every kind of work of art. In the real palace that François Mansard had built on for him to the Hôtel Tubeuf, and which the painters Grimaldi of Bologna and Romanelli of Rome had decorated for him, he brought together, by dint of the millions that cost him little or nothing, the richest collection that had as yet been seen in France, pictures, statues, furniture, fabrics, goldsmith's work, jewels, gems and medallions. Nearly everything came from Italy: if his heart, as he pretended, was French in spite of his language, his taste had never become naturalized. The hangings and the breadths of stuffs were Genoà or Milanese velvet, or Florentine brocade. The tables were Florence stone; the cabinets were the *stipi* variously bedecked with lapis, amethyst, cornelian gilt bronze, silver, tortoise-shell and painted miniatures that were made by the craftsmen of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany; others, inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl on ebony, came from Naples; and those that were of iron *repoussé* and damascened came

from the workrooms of the Milanese armourers.

Nevertheless, some pieces were of Parisian make, though the craftsmen who had carried them out were natives of the Low Countries or of Italy. Among them was Pierre Golle, whom the cardinal had brought from Holland. Here is one of his works: "a cabinet in ebony, outlined with pewter, with five niches between fourteen little marble columns with capitals in gilt bronze. In the middle niche a figure of Cardinal Mazarin under a pavilion, and in the other four Minerva, Painting, Sculpture and Astrology, on a gallery with balusters, under

four vases and two figures representing Might and Justice; and the King's arms over the pediment. This cabinet" is upheld "by a base of twelve *thermes* bronzed and gilt with the signs of the Zodiac." Others were Domenico Cucci, the wood carver, and Filippo Cafferi, the founder of his line, both summoned from Rome; and also the mosaic workers in hard stones and lapidary artists, Ferdinando and Orazio Migliorini, Giovanni Gacetti and Branchi, all Tuscans.

Focquet also was a great connoisseur in fine things, but with a taste refined in a different sense

from that of the Italian Mazarin. We know that Louis XIV and Colbert, where buildings were concerned, were only his imitators, since it was he who had managed, in order to give his château and park of Vaux-le-Vicomte a harmony of beauty then unique in the whole world, to bring together artists like the architect Le Vau, the gardeners Le Nostre and La Quintinie, the sculptor Puget, and lastly, the painter Le Brun, to whom he had already entrusted a kind of supervision of all works carried out for him, and the management of a tapestry factory at Maincy. Vaux, says Sainte-Beuve, is a "Versailles in anticipation."

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Pompeii and My New Excavations

(Continued from page 12)

We have it on the testimony of their party followers that the candidates were virtuous. Doubtless, too, they were sagacious, and the women had no vote. A numerous following was called *Innocentes*, or illegitimates, but their male suffrage was legal, and Vejentonus, their candidate, had not cancelled their support. The Club of Chessplayers, or *Latruncularii*, supported Pupidius and there is likelihood, from his popularity in posters and writings, that he would have been elected edile.

Every available wall in Pompeii was a billboard devoted to publicity, and much of the space, possibly every bit not reserved by regular advertisers, was monopolized by the candidates. Literally thousands of manifestos have been unearthed by us, showing that the candidates Fuscus, Polibius, Sobi-nus, Secundus, Pansa and others were clamoring for votes with an eagerness and persuasive efficiency that would commend themselves to the most alert politicians throughout the voting nations now.

This Pompeian electoral campaign has little significance in itself, historically, for the issues involved perished with the life that created them; but as a revelation of the zest, the ambitions and the publicity methods of a people preceding us by twenty centuries, these manifestos, posters, pledges and cartoons are a priceless find. We have found little if any evidence of mud-slinging or vituperation in the campaign. Pompeii had a better, a more effective way. In its politics there was such a resource as the *dealbatus*, or the utter effacement of the posters, the written pretensions and signed support of a rival candidate. Against "bill-sticking," as we would call it, there seems to have been no prohibition in Pompeii, and no injunction against a claimant for municipal honors white-washing out a rival's claims, and superimposing his own fearless record upon the appropriated surface. We have found successive layers of rival and clashing claims upon these walls; and it may be said that they thus constituted a sort of Pompeian news service for political ends.

In the matter of advertisements prodigally displayed by merchants and manufacturers there was not the uncertainty of the *dealbatus*. In fact the commercial methods of this ancient city, as revealed by the publicity, the pictures of offices symbolizing barter and the convenient arrangement of shops and offices, reveal that some of the best business standards of the present day were known and practised by the people of Pompeii.

Primarily, in excavating Pompeii, the aim was to preserve every possible detail. Nothing found was considered insignificant; every

façade as we found it was kept in place. Unearthing a long horizontal strata we restored damaged parts as we proceeded, completing and supporting all the upper parts. We noted the position of every fragment. We studied and traced its relation to the whole. We preserved on the spot so much of the treasure-trove as possible; and on the spot we cast in plaster the doors, the broken furniture, the fragments of stairs, the partly destroyed beams and beds, the remnants of food and all the other objects found. In this work of preserving and restoring we saw to it that all new material was distinguished from the old. To the energy and zeal of the many workers were added scientific methods, archeological knowledge and an open mind.

The work of these years has been to disclose, not a preconceived Pompeii, but the city the Pompeians themselves knew. Before our work was undertaken, the idea was accepted that the outer aspect of Pompeian houses was monotonous and the streets given over to dreariness. I have already told of the vivid life on loggia and balcony, and I have traced the appeal to the street as found in political posters and manifestos. We found by the same slow processes of excavation that the show-windows of the big shops, the wineshops large and small, including the bars where both hot and cold drinks were sold, the factories and offices, all had painted signs, some of them works of art; while every available wall and pillar, as I have pointed out was used as advertising space. And these advertisements were not only read but in many ways focused the activities of Pompeian life.

There was no press of course in Pompeii, but nearly every inhabitant carried a stylus, and every wall and pillar was a scribbling pad. By going beyond the flaring political notices and deciphering the general advertisements and the intimate and innumerable personal notes, we realize that to the people of Pompeii publicity was paramount and its place was in the street. There was what might be termed a veritable cacophony for correspondence. Pompeii was the advertisers' paradise. The spirit of it was inwrought into the people from childhood. We see a most vulgar survival of this tendency in the picnicking habits of tourists and others who carve names and dates on long-suffering trees. But with the people of Pompeii the passion for publicity had as its only outlet walls and pillars of the city and what they had they utilized to the full. Education was far more popular and enjoyed than later ages can possibly conceive; so that mingled

(Continued on page 68)

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By Perriton Maxwell
Editor Arts & Decoration

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Pompeii and My New Excavations

(Continued from page 66)

with the multitude of advertisements there was a perfect saturnalia of personal scribbling which we find includes in the evident chirography of students Virgil's opening lines: "Arma virumque cano Trojae qui . . ." probably the only words of that great poem the youthful writers could set down offhand. That these walls attracted the populace daily both to read and to write is made clear by the almost infinite variety in the inscriptions. They were not always serious, and many of the messages were obviously designed to serve only the purpose of the moment, the publicity media thus serving the facilities of a post-office as well as a hoarding. Artists and artisans left on the walls and pillars greetings for friends who should come that way. We come across, for example, the inscription, "Priscus caelator Campano genmario feliciter," which, instead of being a solemn memorial, is simply a message from Priscus, the engraver, "wishing all happiness to the jeweler Campanus."

In addition to such expressions of sentiment, which are many, there are legends on the walls which had to do with more practical matters. For example, a poster-painter for a theatre who did his work at night and depended on a man below, with a lantern, to hold the ladder on which the painter stood, had scribbled along the wall just where the rays of the lantern would reveal the words "Lanternari, tene scalam," which, far from having a symbolic significance—a poetic "Watchman, tell us of the night" interpretation—was a matter-of-fact instruction to the man below with the lantern, to "hold the ladder fast." Thus the actual diurnal life of Pompeii, as now in a thousand similar ways revealed, is far more fascinating than the legendary fallacies regarding the city that was swallowed up. We now know that constant groups and processions of the people made daily and eager pilgrimage to these scribbled walls, to read the new issues and "communications" and discuss them, and to leave, as interest or fancy prompted, fresh inscriptions of their own.

In front of the huge billboard that formed part of the wall of the house of Trebius and which was plastered, at the moment of Pompeii's overthrow, not only with political appeals to him, but with alluring announcements of current theatrical attractions, neat benches, painted red, had been placed, and from these convenient resting places the people could readily read the manifestos and the advertisements. Doubtless Trebius himself provided the benches (they were fixed firmly to the ground) and who knows but

that alert political or merchant or theatrical advertisers supplied the paint! Cool water spouted from a fountain in the center of this publicity rendezvous.

It will give some idea of the scope and intention of the new excavations to remark that billboard, benches and fountain are now to be seen restored just as they were in that far century in Pompeii when Popidius sought the edileship and Parides was the theatrical favorite. One of the inscriptions found here reads: "Svedio Clementi, sancto judici, feliciter"—to Svedius Clemens, saintly judge, all happiness—possibly written on his way home the day before by some successful litigant or some hard-pressed defendant who had escaped condemnation and sentence. An artist, signing his work, Ocellus, had painted here a beautiful and spectacular advertisement of gladiatorial combats, and had dedicated this enviable piece of publicity to his sweetheart: "O tu Nigra, vale." Other love greetings were mingled in the adorable medley of manifestos, advertising signs and symbols that mark the house walls of the patrician, Trebius; such, for example, as a greeting likely by gay youths after an evening's delight, beginning: "Marinal et Valeriae, salutum." Another more homely sentiment, and indubitably kin to the not at all cryptic legends left by lovers in every lane and cooing grove throughout the world reads: "Here we two have been, dear and loving friends forever."

Nor was the humorous side of some of this raging itch for publicity ignored, one inscription, for example, addressed to the wall itself wondered why it had not fallen in ruins, forced, as it was, to bear the burdens placed there by so many hands; and it is on record, too, that one Samius instructed his friend Cornelius to "go hang yourself," putting it thus publicly in Latin: "Samius, Cornelio: suspendre." Clearly the people of Pompeii were light-hearted and very human, but they were diligent in business, too.

BENEATH the first porch we discovered, which was thirty-eight feet long, and which we have preserved, of course, as it was centuries ago, we found three protected entrances to a factory; these works produced felt, and the artisans were called *quactilarii*. All this the signs and the frescoes show. A fence separated the factory from the shop, where ready-made clothing, as well as felt, was sold. As was customary in Pompeian business houses, frescoes show the activities and products of the employees, just as in many modern offices are photographs

(Continued on page 70)



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Pompeii and My New Excavations

(Continued from page 68)

giving interior views of the factory, with men and women at work. In the fresco of this successful establishment of Pompeii some of the workmen are shown sitting, combing out the wool, while others, in front of a cauldron, are dyeing the felt; others hammer it, and finally the salesmen are shown selling the finished product. The name of one of the employees, Vercundus, appears; possibly the head-salesman, or manager. He is showing a piece of green cloth. Nearby a stout Campanian woman with a red handkerchief about her neck sits before a table whereon are mantles, folded goods and sandals. At her left is a small show-case filled with rolls of leather, and at her right a customer who is measuring and selecting apparently the sole for a shoe. Possibly this part of the fresco depicted an important department of the business dealing with the owners of small establishments; little shops and village factories, tailors, cobblers and the like. Obviously the establishment was one of importance, doing both a wholesale and retail trade.

Just across the street has been unearthed what proves to be perhaps the most remarkable establishment, of which we have record, in the whole business world of ancient Society. It is remarkable inasmuch as it clearly discloses that our Twentieth Century principles and propaganda of organization, system and efficiency were in vogue, as I have indicated, in Pompeii. In itself it was only a laundry and dyeing establishment, but its desks, offices, dyeing tanks, drying rooms, innumerable passages, with fine stairs leading above to elegant loggias supported by classic columns are so precise and complete, with all articles so scrupulously in place, with everything pointing a prosperity and order, that here in Pompeii was a business establishment conducted by a management which would be considered capable even at the present day. It employed a large staff, one of the inscriptions dealing with the duties of the *infectores*, the men whose work was to mix the colors and apply the dyes. At the right of the atrium, or entrance, the pay-desk stood, (and it stands there now as it stood when behind it, in spite of the confusion of an expiring city, the owners, as we have found, engaged in counting the takings of the day!) On the left of the atrium were the order and delivery departments; in the back part of the establishment, the dyeing tanks with all their accessories, the drying rooms divided into narrow passages, and from them the stairways, alluded to, reaching to the columned and flower-fluted loggias.

Under the old style archeological probing, this establishment

would have been catalogued as a place of sacred rites, the apparatus in the rear rooms catalogued as vessels used in forgotten ceremonies, and the architecturally beautiful recesses above set down as shrines. But Pompeii restored has compelled us to recast our opinions, not alone of that city, but of the mighty past in general.

The owners of this model establishment we found, as I have stated, in their office behind the cashier's desk. As methodical men, they probably remained after hours, on the fateful night of the 24th of August, 79 A.D. to balance the day's accounts; or perchance they descended thither to rescue the money when ruin threatened the city. Whatever the secret of their presence, there they were overtaken by the flood of death, and there we have the bodies of these business men after the lapse of ages. So swift was their asphyxiation that they still hold in their hands the money they were counting—seven gold and seventy silver coins! An office window looking into the street we found open. Doubtless they imagined it would supply the air needed until they could set their house in order; but the ashes and the lapilli had piled high above, and under it the house crushed down. Their fate is, of course, not more tragic than of the thousands of others who perished in the black horror of the catastrophe, and, in fact, these business men may have neglected the chances of escape owing to an indisposition to sacrifice even the final takings of the day. The importance of the discovery is that antiquity developed business thoroughness along lines which are proclaimed everywhere as the paths to success today.

THE plan of order was the rule, not the exception, in Pompeii. Not far from this model dyeing shop, for example, we unearthed what may be rightly called a precursor of the modern department store. Here, on the very shelves where they were kept when the lava fell upon Pompeii, we have discovered articles of nearly every conceivable character, including drinking vessels, amphorae, vases, plates of terra cotta, moulds for making pastry, knives, iron skewers, bronze utensils, scientific instruments, inkpots, paper weights, articles of felt, engraved gems, silver trinkets, and odds and ends of a hundred kinds. The place did a thriving trade, and was probably a bon marché of Pompeii. In itself it was an emporium.

The wonder and beauty of all these "finds" along the street, the business level of Pompeii, would, undeniably, have been missed, had the explorations proceeded upon the old plan of piling ruin upon

debris, and succeeding, of course, in bringing only fragments or isolated objects to the surface. The great ruin, the great collapse, was on top. Below in the shops, the greatest archeological discoveries in the annals of research had awaited excavation during the ages. As I have indicated, the work which I have directed was to uncover first of all the upper façades and, piece by piece, to restore the upper half of Pompeii upon its own foundations and its own ruins, and then, having supported this longitudinal half of the city, to unearth, with great care, all that might be found below.

I have mentioned a few of the shops we have revealed intact, some of them with their mute owners still in their offices! The shops I have mentioned are only samples at random from a city-full along streets—primarily the Street of Abundance. Let me present one instance of how we saved the shops opening upon that street of polygonal blocks. We had been tracing and disclosing, very deliberately, the windows of a tiled porch, windows divided into four parts by columns, and resembling a *quadrifora*. We had determined finally that Pompeii had had windows, and where they were lacking, balconies and sunny verandahs in their place. We continually unearthed an ordered, architectural scheme, projecting over sidewalks, and preserved marvelously by the inter-twining roots of a great pine, planted, as I have said, by some one unaware that a city slept below. Here I stopped all work of excavation, until we pillared up and fully restored what we had found. Below, we made room, only large enough to replace the ancient supports which, of course, had crumbled. When free, there gradually unfolded before us figures of deities, Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury and Diana.

The revealed presence of these works of art renewed our zeal and care, and not until we had strengthened the whole upper balconies and buildings with staunch wood and iron pillars did we dip to the lower strata. The first reward and wonder was the excavation of ancient pillars with their surprisingly beautiful frescoes. Then from the pavement level to the balconies we had elevated into their ancient place, stood forth one by one new Pompeian façades, radiant with colors and painted deities—Venus and Cupid and Cybele and flying Genii.

So we reached the level of the street, rewarded every step of the way for years of slow and patient toil. Thus far the work disclosed in entirety the "upper" city with balconies topped by pergolas, balcony abutting on balcony, fronting along the length of the Street of Abundance a beautiful series like the boxes, say, of the Scala Theatre in Milan. Columns first revealed to us by small fragments, the frames of their stylobates little more than dust,

after the piecing together of thousands of particles, were again in place, as in the great days of the city. So with the glory of restored, residential Pompeii above us, we went on to a still more wonderful discovery below—the unearthing of the "modern" commercial city which Campania knew. Columns and sculptured deities, *coenacula*, loggias, frescoes and beautiful paintings we no doubt were confident of discovering. To have Pompeii assure us that the Romans of the day were "up-to-date" business men was worth the labor of scientist's lifetime.

PROBABLY the Pompeians took their gods complacently enough; but there was no stint of attention to them in statues and frescoes and posters. The gods were even blent with the advertisements! Mercury, in the midst of some of the announcements I have named, is pictured stepping down from the temple to the street to protect commerce and industry, and just below the deity is painted the Campanian saleswoman, sitting behind her counter, the inevitable red bandana around her neck. Before altars still reeking with the embers of burnt offerings gods and goddesses were pictured in procession, and Pompeian priests, in their *togae pretextae*, performed the rites of the sacrifice. Mingling with these religious ceremonies, were frescoes of gladiatorial combats, reminiscent of massacres in the amphitheatre to which the doomed marched, at times, through the Pompeian streets. Venus, for some reason, was the goddess of felt factories, and is pictured at the portals on a quadriga drawn by elephants. I believe the artist got his inspiration from the presence at times in Rome and Pompeii of the huge beasts from Africa, the monsters stirring fear, wonder and maybe, reverence.

Another fresco showed, (and shows now) Cybele being carried to the sacrificing altar. The goddess, in a gold-spangled mantle and turreted crown is seated on a throne flanked by lions, but in front is a *tubicen*, or flute player, warning the people by blowing a double tibia to take no part in the ceremony. Pagan priests in white robes waited to attend to that; so that while, pictorially, Pompeii gave due room to the deities, the greater space on walls and all other surfaces was devoted to matters of political or commercial moment.

Women, however, accompanied the processions of the gods and goddesses, and filled the streets with cries, and brandished *thuribles* and other sacred vessels. But up on the balconies, along the fascinating and compelling shop-windows, and, at least, in the many wine-shops and cellars, there was little heed given.

For Pompeii had its share of public-houses, bars and wine-shops.

(Continued on next page)



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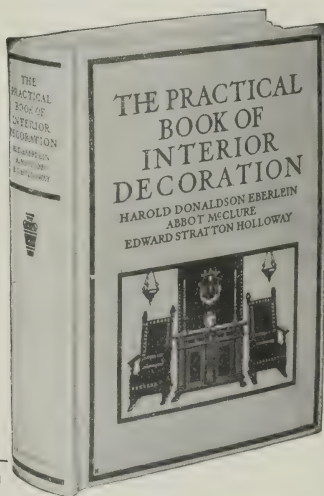
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Pompeii and My New Excavations

(Continued from previous page)

Just across the street from the Pompeii Emporium we have unearthed a long row of shops, all of a kind, and all wine-shops. Large signs on which bronze vases, drinking-cups, amphoræ and a funnel were depicted, advertised them as shops for the sale of oil, wine and other drinks. The first one, which was also the most imposing of these shops, was a *thermopolium*, that is, a place for the sale of hot drinks. Here, also, everything has remained undisturbed in its place, exactly as it was. The amphoræ are placed one above the other in long rows along the walls, and still bear traces of the wine that filled them! The sweetmeats and pastries are on the counter facing the street, as in many high-class modern refreshment places; the boiler, with its steam-jets is still on the fireplace for the preparation of those hot drinks so dear to the Romans—*Da mihi caldam*, "mix hot water with my wine", was the common salutation over the bar. Everywhere were vases and vessels of every conceivable size and shape for the various drinks, sometimes of bronze, sometimes of terracotta imitating the forms of animals, sometimes of glass. And there was the phallic lamp. Among the drinking vessels is one furnishing a further indication of the similarity of the ancient and the modern reveller. This vessel is perforated at the bottom to allow the *anason*, or absinthe, to drip slowly into the water, just as the people of Paris and other cities enjoy that drink. A few little feminine objects and some jewel-cases indicate the presence in the establishment of the fair sex, barmaids, probably, whose names are recorded on the door: Asellina, Egle, Smyrina, whose support, it will be recalled, was rejected by one of the political candidates. This seemed to be a favorite resort of artists, one of whom has sketched on the wall a clever little caricature, most probably representing the candidate for certain municipal honors, Lollius Fuscus, "warmly recommended by the young ladies of the bar."

or quaint wooden fastenings and have been found by us in the condition they were left by the hapless fugitives. Only the portals of one house, a patrician mansion, were left ajar; and so they are today, with their heavy bronze knockers and embossed squares, these weird, imposing portals, from which one might expect to see strange figures issue forth at any moment—the ghosts of the long dead inhabitants. Meanwhile, the deserted street filled rapidly under the hail of the lapilli, pumice stones and incandescent scoræ until its level reached that of the balconies and other projecting structures to which it ultimately acted as a supporting cushion.

In the houses everything was left as it was, while through the windows the volcanic substances came steadily pouring in, followed afterwards by ashes. Sooner or later the roofs gave way and collapsed under the weight, dragging down in their fall the floors of the stories below. Hard by, in the handsome building which we shall call the House of Achilles, the workmen were busily engaged in restoring and redecorating it when its rich owners were compelled to abandon it. The artists hurriedly interrupted their wonderful frescoes, and here the plinth is missing, there the upper part is hardly commenced; while in some few instances where the work is completed, as is the case with the Sanctuary (*sacrarium*) the elegant, small ceiling with its many polychrome squares, delicate and delightful as a masterpiece of jewelry, still shows its vivid colors though reconstructed out of a thousand fragments. The festoons on which it rests, show the high-relief of Achilles, one continuous cameo of little white figures in which the cantos of Homer's great epic find beautiful expression. Plainly visible in the soft plaster is the imprint of the artist's thumb.

In the *cubiculi*, or bedrooms, are the beds with their ivory feet and the other parts inlaid with bone and carved in attractive shapes. Left as they were, even the sheets show the impress of their occupants,—this after nineteen centuries! In vain in the house of Julius Polibius, a horse after breaking the chain that tied him to the *equile*, attempted to reach the door: it fell suffocated, as the body has been found by us. When presently the openings of the ground floor were walled up, and the level of the lapilli attained that of the balconies and the windowsills, all those who had hoped to find safety underneath the vaults of the cellars or in the upper stories, which still withstood the enormous weight, rushed out, mad with terror, into the open.

A family of not less than nine

(Continued on page 74)

THE destruction of Pompeii was unprophecied and unexpected. Ancient writers knew that Vesuvius had been volcanic, but believed it to be extinct. When the age-long dormant power of the mountain vented its destroying force, the heavens were filled with a black lethal cloud, and scoræ-laden, blown hither and yon, suddenly veered with the north-east wind, and fell upon Pompeii. Pliny, the younger, ten miles away, watched it, and managed to escape, but virtually all the people of Pompeii perished. All the windows of houses, shops and laboratories were at once closed. Doors were fastened with great iron bolts

A Woman Painter With a Man's Touch

(Continued from page 20)

umns and the structurally and impersonally treated flowers rise side by side with them, identical in treatment and equal in importance.

The outstanding character in all phases of this painter's work is its objectivity. The fact is set down with an almost brutal directness. It is not, however, the fact as a camera records it or as the realistic painters of the last century, with their minute detail, understood it, but as the sophisticated modern mind has learned to see it, the real thing in its essential outstanding form. The drawing is not even "correct" always. The sides of an apple may be flattened or of a jar bulged, but not outline but the bulk and solidity of the thing is that which best expresses its character, and it is the essential quality of the object and not the unimportant specific details that is being presented. To this extent Miss Bremer is clearly a post-impressionist though she is still a conservative post impressionist.

This same objectivity with which she approaches her subject is evident also in her craftsmanship. She uses paint as paint. Now, it might be assumed that every painter as a matter of course did this, that such was his business. But on the contrary many use paint only as a means, a material through which they try to present an idea or an object or an emotion. The picture exists for them in order to show the snow-covered road and the frozen pond and the paint is there only to enable them to present this picture. Considered as paint it is as negligible as the canvas underneath or even the wooden frame on which that canvas is stretched.

Such a painter approaches his work really with a literary interest rather than with the instinct of a craftsman. If he could be sure of the vividness of imagination in his audience he would be as content with a perfect description in words of the scene as with

the painting of it, for it is the appearance of the countryside that he wants to perpetuate. For the craftsman, on the other hand, words would never do as a substitute for his own medium. He is interested in the material itself. He beats his copper or gouges out his wood to show to the best advantage the malleability, the color, the texture and even the limitations of that particular substance.

It is with this attitude that Miss Bremer deals with her paint. Because she has this respect for paint as a material she uses it with thoughtful care. Every stroke and touch is carefully considered. Hence her work progresses relatively slowly. She employs her pigments, moreover, not only as color but as a solid substance with a very marked texture that varies with different manipulations, and in the best of her work these variations in texture are very skilfully handled.

From the spots and particles of this solid paint she builds up her objects, her flowers and fruits, hills and trees, and it is this method that does much to effect the structural solidity that she achieves. In the most successful of her canvases her objects are entirely built up in this way without any indication of outline whatever. The composition is, as it were, actually wrought out of the paint.

In method as well as in attitude the work is decidedly masculine in character. And it might be expected that it would be a western woman who would break away from the point of view and the habits of her sex. For in a country like California with its huge, untamed spaces and its social quality still reminiscent in some respects of pioneer days, the conventional assumptions drop away and women cease to be primarily women and become first of all persons, so that when they approach a job they can do it unself-consciously in a workmanlike spirit.



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Pompeii and My New Excavations

(Continued from page 72)



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persons had sought refuge in the cellar of their house. It was a *cryptoporticus*, and the brush of an artist had illustrated upon its walls the poems of Homer and Arctinus. Above the *cryptoporticus* there was a superb *triclinium* which still seems to beckon towards its bed the happy guests desirous of rest and the soft rays of the sun, while the empty holes of the stone pillars await the wooden poles once supporting the shady, green pergola above. The inhabitants of this beautiful house shared the mistaken idea of their neighbors living in the villa known as the "Villa of Diomedes," that they would save their lives by repairing to the *cryptoporticus*. Finally they crossed the ample terrace and the *triclinium* and rushed into the garden, where they rested until the noxious gases and the volcanic ashes asphyxiated them and they fell asleep, one after the other, as we have found them. There were in the group grown up men and women, boys and girls and little children. Only one writhed in the throes of a painful death, and another body, perhaps that of a slave, seems to have breathed his last while attempting to rid himself of the heavy iron links which girt his feet.

Another group, composed of a young girl and a woman, which we found a little farther ahead, died as they fell; the woman gracefully reclining her head on her left hand, and the girl, of delicate and pure sculptural lines, resting her head on the breast of the woman (her mother?) on whom

she must have called for help in her last moments. Near by a delicate adolescent appears to rest calmly showing no trace of suffering. The youth still wears on his dainty, almost feminine feet, a pair of sandals, whose thin coils are still harmoniously entwined around the legs, while the small nails fixed on the leather of the elegant sandals, are still visible.

The incandescent scorix were here and there setting fire to the architraves and wooden supports of the balconies, which fell down, as we have found them; the continuous earthquake demolished walls and columns, piling the ruins over the bed of lapilli and from the narrow sloping lanes there came torrents of water and ashes embedded between the walls of the streets.

Thus shortly afterwards, even those few shades wandering to the light of lamps and torches, must have fallen, one by one, on the shroud of ashes under which Pompeii was already buried, and silence and death reigned over the spot on which there once stood the beautiful city sacred to Venus and love.

One of the inscriptions found, which I have not named, reads "Sodom and Gomorrah," but there is no record that Christian or Jew ever foretold the destruction visited upon Pompeii. That the handwriting on its walls included the names of those two cities, which we are told, perished by elemental fire, is strange at least, if not sinister.



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The Whirligig of London Life

(Continued from page 19)

there is about. There is now quite a trade in picking up scraps of decrepid furniture, broken chairs, old but apparently not worth more than a few shillings; odd table legs, panels out of old chests which pieces clever adapters join together, the completed article going forth as a "genuine antique." An enormous quantity of this re-made furniture finds its way to the United States.

Not so long ago I was inspecting a dealer's possessions in a small Midland town and in the backyard I had to pick my way over a maze of smashed pieces of furniture, bleached and unattractive, as though there had been a train wreck; the material had been left lying in the open for a twelve-month. "What on earth have you got all this rubbish for?" I expostulated. "Oh," was the reply, "they are all genuine little bits I picked up for next to nothing at country sales, but last week Messrs. So-and-So gave me £300 for the lot and they will make use of every bit by joining the pieces up and shipping them over to the United States."

WE have all been much interested in the proceedings for divorce begun by Lord Redesdale's younger brother, the Hon. John Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, against his German wife Marie Anne Friedlander-Fuld who being an heiress brought £5,000,000. Young Freeman-Mitford used to be engaged in business in Germany and his marriage in the spring of 1914 to the daughter of a great coal magnate was one of the most fashionable weddings that ever took place in Berlin and was blessed by the ex-Kaiser himself. Of course, by marriage Fraulein Friedlander-Fuld became a British subject though the couple remained in Germany and the bridegroom was taken into partnership by the bride's father, receiving one-tenth of the profits.

Then the war blazed forth in the summer of 1914. Freeman-Mitford recognized only one duty. He sacrificed everything, left Germany and at once joined a British regiment and fought against the Germans. His wife remained with her people and subsequently took proceedings against her husband for divorce on the technical plea of "masculine indolence" as he was not living with her. She got her decree, married one of her own countrymen and is now the Baroness von Kuhlmann.

Countries usually recognize the divorce laws of each other, but as the British law is very definite the interesting question has arisen whether, although divorced under German law, Freeman-Mitford is not a married man under English law which does not recognize the

technical pleas serviceable in Germany. So to put matters straight he has brought an action for divorce in the English courts against his German wife on the ground of her infidelity with Baron von Kuhlmann, which is technically assumed because she is now the baron's wife according to German law. All of which is a very interesting light on the danger which may follow an international marriage.

A MONTH or two ago the fashion pundits were arranging that the style of women's dress this summer should be a kind of Apache. But that scheme was completely knocked on the head by the Earl of Carnarvon's discovery of the thirty-three-hundred-year-old tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen at Luxor which has not only excited the archeologists but has hastened all the fashion designers to make their dresses this summer "distinctly Egyptian." I can recollect no time when fashion has taken so swift a swerve and ladies of high degree are all insisting on gowns and head-dress which provide an atmosphere of ancient Egypt. I must say many of them are achieving a striking success.

We have long been accustomed to mannequin parades at fashionable high-priced entertainments. But now these parades are being popularized by taking place at some of our music-halls or vaudeville shows, as you call them. A strip of platform runs from the stage right through the centre of the theatre and on these tall and graceful damsels slowly parade revealing the latest "creations." At one of our music-halls there is a parade of a hundred mannequins and week by week the Egyptian influence is increasingly shown.

ONE of the rising young men in the House of Commons—always on the watch to recognize cleverness—is Mr. Oswald Moseley, whose wife is Lady Cynthia Moseley daughter of the Marquis Curzon, our Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and of his first wife who was Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago.

Young Moseley, who in appearance is a good-looking boy, is distinctly able, though rather conceited, and has evidently modeled his manners on those of Winston Churchill. In the last Parliament he attracted attention to himself by severely criticizing the party he was returned to support and bitterly attacked the Government of which his father-in-law was one of the most-distinguished members. Officially repudiated by his party he stood as an independent candidate for Harrow-on-the-Hill at the last general election and as his courage was admired, he had a tremendous success.

He is now attached to no party, sits on the Opposition side of the House, generally in juxtaposition to the Labor party, does not speak too often but when he does shows force and some invective in destructive criticism. Destructive criticism is not Statesmanship, but young Moseley has good debating qualities, has a zealous interest in affairs, is evidently intent upon making a political career for himself and is, therefore, a man to be watched. The rumor is, however, that papa-in-law is not particularly pleased with the onslaughts son-in-law Oswald makes upon the Government—and my Lord Curzon is a man of impressive dignity.

FOR the first time in recollection Londoners are working up a craze over statuary. Though we have a good school of painting and there is genuine appreciation of pictorial art we have never got up any enthusiasm over statues and British sculptors of any account could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

But Degas, whose painting we have long admitted, has sent from Paris seventy-five statuettes in bronze of ballet dancers and horses—subjects which do not exactly appeal to the ordinary art-lover. Londoners are quick to admire good work quite independent of nationality and we are now all crowding into the little gallery where these extraordinary bronzes are on view, everyone with that life and movement in it that can only be produced by genius.

Degas has certainly had a triumph. But the interest aroused

will probably do something to stimulate the sculptor's art in Britain. We have a few, but only a few stone monuments that have real dignity. Our statues of distinguished and deceased worthies which are stuck about our cities are stolid and sometimes bad art.

THERE are two women members of Parliament, Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, the first succeeding her husband in the representation of Plymouth when he was translated to the House of Lords and the other being elected to succeed her husband when he died. Quite a number of excellent women candidates went before the constituencies at the last election and the reason only two of them were returned is that the majority of women-electors declined to vote for their own sex on the argument that "they should have something to do at home instead of messing about politics."

Mrs. Wintringham wears black because she is in mourning, while "Nancy," as the seven-hundred male M.P.'s refer to her, is always dainty in black and white—especially white kid gloves. Lady Astor has a code of her own about her right to interrupt other people and the lack of right by other people to interrupt her, so that more than once she has been taken to task by Labor members with such remarks as "Missy, you'd better mend your manners."

During debates there are many lady visitors in the gallery and some evenings after dinner the scene is quite gay with flaming costumes and dazzling jewels.



Photo by Topse Anderson

Janice Sprague as a Gypsy Dancer



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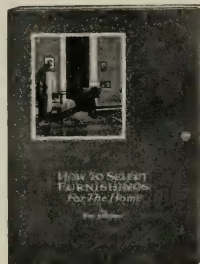
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What the Public Wants

*A French Critic Gives His Views on the Intellectual Tastes
of Americans*

By BERNARD FAY

(Formerly exchange professor at Columbia University, M. Fay has expressed his observations on our literary predilections in the Paris literary weekly *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, which article has been translated for the *Living Age* and which is here reproduced as an example of the foreigner's esteem of our national appreciation of the literary art.)

FOR every public, a book is only an instrument which it uses at will: it seeks what it likes and disregards the rest. Often it even has imagination enough to substitute its own dreams for what the author means. This game of misunderstanding, so frequent between authors and readers of the same nation, is even more complex when authors and readers are separated by an ocean eight days broad and prejudices centuries old.

The American attitude toward our literature often surprises us. It is a mistake to think that our books are bought in the United States for the sake of France, and that idea prevents us from understanding the strange choices which we often see Americans make. They read our books only when they respond to their own preoccupations and to their desires. New World and Old World are very much alike. Those books are understood which are modeled after the predilections of the crowd and its way of seeing things. Books that deal moderately with questions of the day are appreciated without being any too deeply looked into; books that aim to attract attention to new theories or opinions are treated with hostility. Finally, books that create a new idea, or works of art that are original and contrary to the general tendencies, are simply ignored entirely. All the shades of feeling, from sympathy to ignorance, exist in America, as they do in France, but they are not manifested with respect to the same people or to the same things.

We like to think that we are speaking to the Universe through our books. But is the Universe listening?

I should like to describe in this article the way in which the United States receives French literary productions. There are three zones, so to speak, in the American public: that in which our books are read, that into which translations of our books penetrate, that into which only reports, articles, discussions about our books penetrate.

These three groups are distinct, although certain deep tendencies unite them. With very rare exceptions, the American reader of today believes in the corruption of Europe and despises it. The hatred of the foreigner that seems to have spread in all countries since the war has not spared the United States. Nevertheless, the American public retains a desire to be well informed; and many a per-

son, though sure to be disgusted with a foreign article, will rush to buy it, if that article is an entirely new invention. No public is more easily influenced than that of America.

The group that reads our books in our own tongue, comprising, perhaps, some hundred thousand persons, is principally composed of society people. Some professors and some students might be added to this group, but only as supernumeraries. These society people are amiable and kind; their ideas of France are derived from their summer trips. Frequently they love our country and buy our books so as to be able to defend it. M. Henry Bordeaux and M. René Bazin have become their official suppliers, and this class of American readers find in their books a serious, honest, religious, disciplined France which can be shown to everybody without scandal. They do not mind being bored a little bit. They prefer this to disorder. They are good folk who love us as sincerely as they love themselves. The group of professors and students who read us is more daring; they go as far as the "Three Musketeers" and "Les Misérables."

A vaster public is reached by translation of our best works. It does not buy French books for the love of France but for its own amusement and education. There is, in this group, a large number of artists and "the crowd." The artists lay down the law where foreign books are concerned. But this term, artist, should not be taken in too narrow a sense. I mean by it the critics and the curious minds rather than the professional artists. To this group, France is amusing, but is not esteemed socially nor very much liked. They are not eager to see in France only its beautiful side—quite the contrary: they find interest in the impartial books that, without going too far, show the faults of the French. They want something serious, a philosophic character in literature.

A romanticism with something of symbolic naturalism is the ideal of this group, and that is why, at present, Swedish and Danish books, in which the Ibsen tradition reigns, sell better in New York than those of any other European writers.

The articles and novels of M. Anatole France are fairly well liked. But the great modern

French author is considered to be Romain Rolland. "Les Drapeaux" of M. Rebox is the kind of book which makes its own way. Many of the traits of character of this group are explained by the fact that it has a large proportion of citizens of German origin. One of the critics who guide this class explained his point of view to me one day. "We do not like M. Gide nor your modern writers because they are too wise. We like something wild, which is at once cruel, disorderly and serious, which gives us an exact idea of that immorality in which Europe, tragically ruined and convulsed, is struggling." He had discovered *Ramus* and was boasting of it. A certain indecency and some risqué allusions must exist in these books, but they must always be tempered with philosophy, with moral intentions, and with pathos.

An effort is to be made to launch the books of M. Proust. I do not know whether they will be liked. It would be an impertinence to think so. The public that is curious about translations is only a small portion of the "great public" that prefers American books, little English novels, and magazines filled with short stories.

Such is the great mass of American readers, which, one may say, has never been touched by any French writer. It seems to me wiser than the preceding class—for it is looking for simpler, more immediate, and more sincere pleasure in its reading. It likes what is touching, virtuous, rapid, adventurous, and clear. It suddenly discovers a corner of France in a short story written in imitation of Daudet or of Maupassant; but it scarcely suspects what it has found.

It happens, however, that a skillful French editor is able to launch a book which seems almost American, so well does it conform to the formula. This was the case with *Maria Chapdelaine*, a novel that had the editorial ad-

vantage of being Canadian, and so requiring no effort of adaptation, for the great American public does not care for exoticism. It is sufficiently idealistic to prefer movements of the heart to the mirage of the eyes. It scorns the latter, and wearies of it quickly.

The students—except those who take part in politics or the rare few who live loosely—all belong to this last category. But we attract them more than we do most of the older people. We are, for them, the call of the unknown. We have hardly a chance to reach them by means of our old friends who read our books in the original, but who like us too naively, or by means of our enemies who hate us with a stupid fury, mingled with political preoccupations.

It is individual relations and the penetration of original books which will make us known to America. Overswift success is vain and distorts an idea, without leaving anything of its individual character. This is terribly true in a country like the United States, where intellectual fads cross a continent of three thousand five hundred kilometres in two months and return at once, sent back by a counter-impulse. Our real success will be to have new books penetrate into limited but intelligent circles. Thus we shall have enlightened friends instead of passionately devoted and blindly generous partisans.

It is by knowing how to limit and deepen our influence that we shall do useful work in a country where everyone is carried away in quest of enormous and superficial successes. There is no real friendship that is not a choice. We must choose and love the part of the American nation that wishes to create a new world, and can do it. There alone will our books be fertile. We must find it and play upon it. It is worth taking a chance on.



A drawing by John Austen illustrating a scene from "Hamlet"

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The Chemistry of Artists' Paints

What Every Colorist Should Know About the Pigments He Employs

By F. W. WEBER

(The following information forms part of a lecture delivered by Mr. Weber before the Art Students' League of New York and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Weber is Technical Director of F. Weber & Co. of Philadelphia and one of the best-informed men in the country on the composition and chemistry of paints.)

THE study of the composition and chemistry of colors, which today is of vast importance, is too frequently neglected by the student and artist. It is not necessary that the artist become a color chemist, but a practical knowledge of his materials will greatly aid him in assuring permanent results.

The artist of the 17th and early 18th centuries, was undoubtedly the most unfortunate. Chemistry about this time began to develop as a science, and during the ensuing years rapidly produced a large number of brilliant but unsafe colors. The artist welcomed the addition of such a variety to his palette and was forced to select by standards of brilliancy only. We find that many colors then appeared under several names, each manufacturer striving to have the pigment, or a modification of it, appear as a specialty of his own. For example, Prussian Blue, discovered by Diesbach in 1704, became known as Paris Blue, Berlin Blue, Bronze Blue, Mineral Blue, Chinese Blue and Milori Blue.

Today many dangerous pigments are offered under names which are meaningless and too often cause the unsuspecting painter to fall into serious difficulties. The ideal nomenclature of pigments would perhaps be to express their chemical composition. This, however, would not be practical when naming pigments of organic origin, these mostly being of complex composition with correspondingly lengthy names.

Ideal artist's pigments, in order to be classed as such, should be impervious to light, air, moisture, gases, chemically indifferent toward each other in mixtures and not suffer alteration in hue in any technique. All durable pigments should be insoluble in water or alcohol.

The student generally supposes light to be the worst enemy of permanence, which, however, is not as serious as climate variations. Only seldom is a painting exposed to strong sunlight for any length of time, but impure air, gases and moisture come in constant contact with the majority of pictures, even in some of our largest galleries. A great many of the old masterpieces owe their destruction to the constant condensation and evaporation of moisture on their surface which, over an indefinite period, together with the action of impure air, contaminated with sulphurous gases, gradually brought about

changes, impossible for light alone to have accomplished.

Pigments may be divided into two classes, thus:

MINERAL

Natural, such as the Ochres, etc.
Artificial, such as the Cadmium Yellows, Cobalts, Vermilions, Emeralds.

ORGANIC

Vegetable, such as Madder Lakes, Gamboge, Indigo.
Animal, such as Sepia, Indian Yellow, Carmine.
Artificial, such as Alizarin Lakes.

The natural and artificial pigments represent the most important group, since it is from this group the most desirable pigments are obtained. From the natural mineral group the Old Masters obtained most of their colors, but today the colorman selects a large number of his best products from the artificial mineral group. Of least importance to the artist are the pigments of organic origin, among which the Madder Lakes, Indigo and Gamboge are perhaps the best from a vegetable source. The many yellow lakes such as Italian Pink, Dutch Pink, Brown Pink, etc., derived also from this source, are of little importance owing to their fugitive character and instability in mixtures with metallic pigments like white leads, chrome yellows, etc. Sepia, Indian Yellow and Carmine, are the most important of those from an animal source. All these may be easily dispensed with. Especially do I wish to warn the artist against the use of Carmine. This pigment, although of such brilliance and individuality of hue, is fugitive and readily decomposes in mixture with many metallic pigments. Being an expensive color, it may be easily replaced by the desirable Alizarine Madder Lakes. The artificial organic pigments unquestionably furnish a larger range than all other groups. Since the accidental discovery of Mauve from aniline (a coal-tar derivative) in 1856 by the English chemist Perkins, which formed the starting point for the inconceivable number of dyes developed since then, most of the lake pigments produced with these dyes unfortunately prove too fugitive for the use of artists. The exceptions in this instance are the Alizarine Lakes, derived from anthracene, which is also a coal-tar derivative.

(Continued on page 89)

The Real Molnár—Author of "Liliom"

(Continued from page 13)

uncompromising selfishness. In this he leaves nothing to be desired. He cares for no other man, nor is he even interested in any other individual than Ferenc Molnár. There is not a single contemporary Hungarian writer who has been discovered or aided by Molnár, not one who owes him gratitude for anything in his career. . . . But stop! Here I must make a reservation. There are many who have him to thank for many unpleasant episodes, for placing stumbling-blocks in their way on the road to success. In his supreme egotism he is greater than in his literature. He has no friends, desires none.

Of course, if some stranger or uninformed person sees Molnár several times in the company of a dozen or more gay and merry companions that person will wince at my observation. But the fact remains. I repeat: Ferenc Molnár has no friends. Those who are constantly seen with him constitute his court. Ever since his career has been in the ascendant this court has had a constant growth. For in Budapest it is possible to make a living by merely being seen in the same box or in the same restaurant with Molnár. This, of course, is part of the biology of the Budapest man who frequently makes his way through pretense of being the friend of someone of importance.

Should Molnár come to America to live he would be either a bad citizen or a not very great author. For his writing he absolutely needs the Budapest atmosphere where he can drink as much as he likes, without breaking any law.

In private life, especially while drinking, he is infinitely pleasant, charming, witty, but never artificially so. Neither cheap pun nor artificial witticism ever leaves his lips. His logic is often queer, but always sincere.

He has many sayings which delight all Budapest and were I to compare him to anyone else I should choose Mark Twain.

He says, in his autobiography, written as the introduction to a collection of short stories:

"I was born on the 12th of January, 1878, in Budapest. Then came an intermission of five years and afterwards I went to various schools for sixteen years. Most of this time, eight years, I spent in the high school, the last of these sixteen years at the Royal University of Budapest, from where, simply on account of lack of space, I withdrew to the Café Central to finish my studies of law.

"For one year I attended the University of Geneva (Switzerland), where I took up criminology statistics because I wanted to become a scientist of criminology. I wrote an article on this subject for the Budapest daily 'Pesti Hir-

lap' in 1896. My first short stories and poems were published in the weekly called 'Urambátým.'

"In 1896 I unexpectedly appeared in the editorial offices of the 'Pesti Hirlap' to become a newspaper writer. But the editor was on a hunting trip and I had to wait till he came back. I had to wait for fourteen years to get this job. The time in between I spent with the dailies 'Budapesti Napló' and 'Pesti Napló.' During this period, but only in my spare time, I wrote short stories, novels, even plays.

"A few of my own newspapers are worth while mentioning. The first of them was 'Haladás' (Progress), of which four copies were published—in manuscript. This was followed by 'Eletképek' (Pictures of Life), published in Törökbalint, a summer resort near Budapest, and of which sometimes as many as twenty copies were printed by lithography.

"My first big show was 'The Blue Cave,' a spectacle drama, produced in the nineties at the private home of my friend Eugene Feiks, at No. 68 Joseph Ring, 3rd floor, Apartment No. 17, in Budapest. It was produced with great success on my friend's stage, which cost him eight florins. The wonderful actors were red dummies painted by my friend, while the beautiful scenery was painted by myself. The story of 'The Blue Cave' was that my father, who had been a physician, broke a blue medicine bottle and thus by lighting a candle behind the broken glass we were able to produce blue lighting effects on our stage. In the meantime the dummies of my drama were jumping around in the blue light saying: 'Oh, oh, I am coming. . . . They couldn't say much more, for at that time I did not lay very much importance to dialogue. There was a big fight after the first performance with the result that my next show was produced in the 'Vigcsinház' (Comedy Theatre) only ten years later.

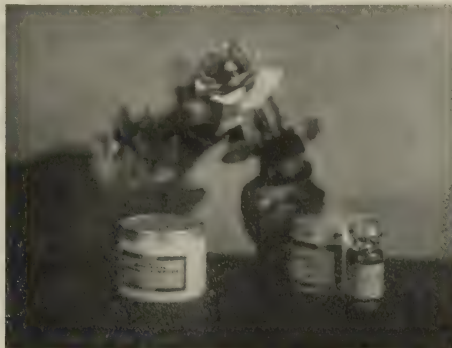
"This long intermission is noticeable as affecting my activities as a playwright even today. No matter how much I force my memory I cannot remember any more important events of my life for my biography.

"Finally I want to say that I am forty-five years old today and contrary to my above-mentioned ambition to become a scholar of law I am preparing to become a playwright.

Aurel Rosko, the painter, who drew the portrait of Molnár in Budapest, here reproduced, asked him to sign his name to the sketch; Molnár gazed at the picture, then took his pen and said:

"I have already signed with my name worse works than this, so why

(Continued on next page)



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An Unknown Portrait of the Famous Lady Hamilton

(Continued from page 17)

As Mr. Mac Coll says: "He spoke of buying the Le Brun, and actually gave three hundred pounds for Romney's St. Cecilia, hanging and worshipping it in his cabin as Santa Emma." It was perhaps the knowledge of this, remarks Mr. Mac Coll, that induced Sir William "to commission the copy two years later and to fix upon it as a legacy to Nelson." Who knows? "The legacy is generally recorded as an 'enamel' merely, hence the failure to identify it with the piece in the Wallace Collection."

Mr. Mac Coll has looked up the will at Somerset House and copied the passage in full, and he points out that it has not been noticed that the codicil which contains this legacy was written in Sir William's own hand at Merton, where the Hamiltons were Nelson's guests.

In his will Hamilton mentions "my dear wife Emma," and in the paragraph relating to the picture of Lady Hamilton he says: "The copy of Madame Le Brun's picture of Emma in enamel by Bone I give to my Dearest Friend Lord Nelson, Duke of Brontë, a very small token of the great regard I have for his Lordship, the most virtuous, loyal and truly brave character I have ever met with.

God Bless him, and shame fall on those who do not say Amen."

How this interesting portrait of Lady Hamilton in enamel came into the possession of Lord Northwick has not been traced, and evidently that is another story. However, in going over Emma's will, Mr. Mac Coll traces the following, breathlessly written, in her own hand and sealed: "The Period of Nelson's Fame Can Only be the End of Time."

So this brings to a close the romance of the loves of Lady Hamilton and the strange trio, Sir William Hamilton, Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, "Three Hearts in One," as they were wont to describe themselves.

Coincident with this discovery, a portrait of Lord Nelson, by L. F. Abbott, of the British School was brought to light in the comparatively recent sale of the Burdett-Coutts collection. It portrays Lord Nelson in blue naval dress with gold epaulettes, and white vest, wearing the Star of the Bath. This portrait was painted for Lord Nelson, by whom it was presented to his friend Lord Collingwood. Nelson fell at the Battle of Trafalgar, and sleeps in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was Britain's greatest hero of the sea.

The Real Molnar—Author of "Liliom"

(Continued from previous page)

should I hesitate now?" He has a pretty wit, you see.

A young playwright once complained to him that the producer struck the best lines from his play. Molnár tried to console him in his usual manner: "My friend," he said, "a play was never ruined by the lines that were struck out; it is the lines which they add to it that kills most plays."

His latest play, "Heavenly and Earthly Love," which is to come to America soon, is a fantastic, symbolic tragedy in which all the bitterness of the eight years of the world's war grief breaks out of Molnár. The loving little girl who cannot look upon what is happening around her, her family's immorality, her fiancé's dissolving love for her, ends in a disgust of life, so she commits suicide. This is in fact Molnár's gloomy outlook on the terrible conditions of Hun-

gary and the fact that the ruthless censor did not notice this tendency of the play is due to the magnificent artistry of the author. "Heavenly and Earthly Love" means a new chapter in the brilliant career of Molnár. This play will doubtless have a great success the world over, unless the playwright fares with it as Mascagni and Leoncavallo fared with all their operas after "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

If the public is satisfied with a good play and does not want anything better than "Liliom" then Molnár wins. But if "Heavenly and Earthly Love" is approved only by a very particular public, then trouble is brewing for its creator.

This is how I see Molnár's portrait. But in order that the picture be complete I also attest that Molnár wears his monocle on his right eye.



Decorative Paper As a Wall Covering

LAST month we gave an excerpt from the recently published volume on wallpaper by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman. In it the evolution of paper as a covering for interior walls is interestingly traced. Following is a further quotation from the same book the facts of which cannot but hold the attention of everyone interested in industrial art and its progress in this country:

The characteristic quality of any art is best revealed in its development. Each stage of the history of an art is the revelation of a new phase of its possibilities. When technique is still tentative the designer is held within limitations that keep the art true to its own character. Thus the tapestry weavers of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries restricted themselves to designs fitted to the simple technique of their art and escaped the later fallacy of trying to imitate painting. When technical control is first achieved the discovery of the new opportunities stimulates the artists to their utmost efforts. The early Renaissance masters, conscious of their newly acquired mastery of drawing and of pigments, painted with a brilliance and a power that was not equaled for many generations. The novelty of his problems in the new technique forces the artist, too, to be original. Decadence and its sterility appear only when mechanical ingenuity has overcome all obstacles and a long tradition has taken the place of fresh invention. So the history of wall-paper is interesting not only as the story of the rise of an art and an industry but as the progressive unfolding of the decorative possibilities of paper as a wall covering. . . .

Given good wallpaper of good design, the final problem is how to use it in order to realize best its decorative possibilities. Every room has its specific needs. Size, height, light and character, each makes its own demand. The texture of the paper is an opportunity and a pitfall. The way it is put on the wall—straight, paneled, with dadoes or bordered—will contribute to its effect. If it is a period room historical correctness adds a factor. The successful use of wallpaper as a decoration is itself an art.

There is at present a revival of interest in wallpaper as a decoration, and especially in the old patterns of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. However, if this revived interest is to stimulate the present art of wallpaper, so that it will universally attain again the level of its great period, it is necessary that there be again a thorough understanding of its character, its possibilities and its needs.



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The Wise Woman's Slogan— Preparedness

By ELIZABETH ARDEN



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"IN THE BOIS"

IF I were to choose just one word out of the whole packed dictionary by which, it seems to me, every woman might best mould her happiness to the shape she would have it, I think that I should borrow a term from the days of the World War. Just a few years ago it was a word constantly on the myriad tongue of all the world. Today, one hears it rarely, but it still deserves first place in every feminine vocabulary. I mean, *preparedness*.

The war is over, but there is one thing that never knows an armistice, and that is the matter of being a woman. No woman lives who really wants to fight a losing battle in femininity. No woman of gallant spirit is willing to surrender to the enemy of age or unloveliness, to throw up her hands, cry "Kamerad!" and admit herself beaten in the business of being a happy woman.

Yet there are women, hundreds of thousands of them, to whom the necessity of preparedness for happiness never seems to occur. They make elaborate preparations for everything else in life, they are ready for society, they are ready for their professions, they are ready for their work. But it never seems to occur to them to get ready for the most important thing in the world for every woman, in this feministic age, just as it has always been—success in womanhood.

Often, on the streets of our great cities, I have noted them, that pathetic, defeated army of women who have not yet seen the necessity of preparedness. Their wistful faces sometime seem to be asking why it is that life and love have never come their way. But it may be that life and love have come, have looked into their faces, and have passed them by, not recognizing them in the dull disguise of plainness their eager spirits wear. No woman can afford to set forth from her home any day, not even the most unlikely day of all the year, without being prepared for the something wonderful that may be waiting for her just around the corner—a new social success, a business advancement, the placid glory of friendship, or the flaming glory of love. To her that is prepared for them, and to her alone, do these things come.

Not for a moment, of course, do I wish to argue that the outward appearance is of more importance than the real woman who hides behind it. But it cannot be disputed that the outward appearance is the first indication the casual comer and goer has of that woman. The face may be only the mirror of the soul, but surely that is all the more reason for

keeping that mirror clear and shining. There may be nuggets of real gold gleaming at the bottom of a muddy stream, but who is to see them?

All the women of history, song, fairy tale and story who proved successes at the business of being women believed, consciously or not, in this creed of preparedness. Without any irreverence, the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins might be said to apply to every woman who is not ready for the essential matters of life. Helen's name would be unknown today if it had not been for her "face that launched a thousand ships"; Cleopatra's charm and not her needle was her real claim to fame. One may assert with authority that the beggar maid would have remained one if she had happened to have a pimple on her nose the morning King Cophetua happened along. Cinderella would have remained in her ashes, glass footgear or none, if she had not had the sort of rose-leaf skin that made the prince want to pick up her strayed slipper.

Sometimes I have been asked what should be the first act of faith, so to speak, of the new convert to this gospel of preparedness? What should be the chief thing that the woman who recognizes for the first time the importance of being ready for happiness should learn to do? My answer may seem amusingly simple, something almost to be taken for granted, but it is nevertheless the foundation on which the whole matter of loveliness rests securely. The disciple of preparedness must first learn to cleanse her face properly, no less!

Cleanliness is next to godliness, to quote a bromide, but I am sometimes tempted to believe that soap and water are instruments of the devil, when I have observed the harm they can do to facial tissues and to the skin itself. A good cleansing cream, light enough not to pull the skin down, leaving room for later lines, delicate enough to agree with the most fragile skin, yet powerful enough to find the faintest hint of dust in the pores, is the only adequate means of keeping the face really clean. It cannot be carelessly applied, either, after the manner in which small boys wash their ears, hit or miss, but mostly miss. It must be scientifically applied with a firm pad of absorbent cotton, which has first been moistened in cold water, at least twice a day, if even such primary preparedness as facial cleanliness amounts to is desired.

Once the face is clean, the disciple of preparedness must take another important step—she must

(Continued on page 86)

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The Wise Woman's Slogan

(Continued from page 84)

learn the art of specialization, she must study the individual needs of her own face. This necessity seems to be a matter that the average woman either does not realize or that she disregards, and yet nothing in the world is more essential to good looks. Women make a really dangerous blunder when they act upon the principle—lack of principle, I almost feel I should say—that any face cream, any skin food, any powder will do for any woman. There never was a greater mistake than that. There are a few really feminine beings who would not heartily protest if they were told all women must wear the same uniform; they know that the style that is becoming to the slim woman is not adaptable to the fat one, that what looks well on a short girl may be little less than laughable on a tall one. They know, moreover, that one's own individuality demands an individual way of clothing itself.

Yet there is an alarming number of women perfectly ready to don a facial uniform. They are to be seen on the streets in as nearly identical faces as they can conjure through using the same powder, dusted in over the same vanishing cream, touched up with the same rouge. The travesties of loveliness achieved by these unfortunate women are as like as cheap garments turned out by the same sweat-shops.

The gospel of preparedness would prevent any such wholesale depreciation of personality as this. If I may change my figure of speech for a moment, I wish to advise every woman who wants to be prepared for always being at her best not to order *table d'hôte* for her face, but to order *a la carte*. Give it what it hungers for if you want it to be at its best. You would not feed a fat woman on nothing but whipped cream, or a thin one, in desperate need of nourishment, on barley water alone, or a sick infant on brandy and raw eggs. Yet when it comes to the skin, you do not hesitate to feed it in just this summary and suicidal style.

If you want to demonstrate your belief in preparedness in the future, specialize on the needs of your own skin. A real and intelligent interest in its wants can make it over to what you yourself would have it to be, for this matter has been scientifically worked out, and there are today as many types of skin foods, tonics, and creams as there are types of skins. All that is necessary is to know.

For instance, for the woman whose face or neck is far too thin, who finds unbeautiful little hollows where soft curves used to be, there is a fragrant and fattening skin food, pale yellow and smelling of oranges, which acts upon the face as plenty of cream and eggs do on the body, rendering it

plump and firm-fleshed in a remarkably short time. Where the need extends to the tissues themselves, there is a fat-creating, tissue-building cream, which, when properly and conscientiously applied at least once a day, rounds out the contour of the neck, fills up the hollows in the shoulders, and restores the youthful firmness and beauty of the bust. On the other hand, for her whose life is haunted by the entirely too tangible ghost of a double chin, there is a special reducing soap which subtracts flesh instead of multiplying it, and banishes the ghost without ceremony, back to the special purgatory from which it came.

Enlarged pores are probably as common a bugbear as feminine beauty has to contend with, yet countless women go on using face creams which make unsightly pores even bigger, without thought of the harm they are doing their skin. There is a special pore cream which reduces pores that have become too lazy to close, as a result of skin eruptions or neglect, until the skin under its ministrations, again regains the satiny smoothness found in a child's facial texture.

The need for specialization is never greater than it is in an aging face, where the flesh is loose or sunken. This is a notable instance of a case where the wrong cream may greatly increase the harm done by rendering the languid muscles even more flaccid, and therefore less able than before to hold the skin in its rightful place. The real need here is for a special astringent, like the one which is compounded from astringent essences, extracted from rare herbs, with the faculty of tightening the skin and adding to its elasticity until the face is again able to present a firm contour to the world, immeasurably adding to its air of youth. For the same type of face, no longer in its first youth, but still far too young to be shamelessly showing the marks of age, there is also an anti-wrinkle cream, remarkable for its ability to eradicate lines.

These are only a few of the specialized skin foods and curatives which are at the disposal of the woman determined to give her face its just deserts, resolved upon allowing it a fair chance for loveliness. Such a woman is sure to find that for every opportunity she gives her face, it gives her back at least three. The face is no stingy receiver; on the contrary, it is full of gratitude and prompt to repay kindness bestowed upon it.

Preparedness! That is the beginning of loveliness, of happiness, too. There is no finer thing in the world than just being a woman, a woman who is making the best of herself. Let us get ready for the wonderful things around the corner, ready for life.

Queer Bolshevist Art in Berlin

IN new and spacious rooms in Unter den Linden is housed an exhibition of Soviet art done by painters of the new Russian "intelligentsia" officially known in Russia as the "prolet-cult"—proletarian culture. Among the exhibitors are two Russian artists of exceptional ability, Nathan Altmann and Gabo, who have accompanied the exhibition to Berlin in person. Mr. Huntley Carter, who some months ago made a trip to Russia to study Russian art and particularly theatrical methods, met and talked with these men. They told him, says the Living Age, that entirely new forms of art were being produced under the revolution.

Among the exhibits that they showed him were some extraordinary sculptures by Gabo himself. An entirely new technique had been adopted. A process of building had taken the place of modeling. Portraits and figures were made of separate pieces of material. An example of this is the design for a monument to the Third International by a particular worker named Tatlin, which, says Mr. Carter, was one of the most astounding architectural conceptions which has issued from the brain of a human being in modern times. Even in Soviet Russia this structure has given rise to a controversy. The Soviet Government allowed the artist a year and a half to make sketches and a model, after which his designs were exhibited to representatives from all parts of Russia. His design looks "like a skeleton-tower of Pisa," according to Mr. Carter. It is to be constructed of glass and iron. Tatlin considers that cement is too old-fashioned. Archaeologists might enlighten him on the antiquity of glass and iron.

Nathan Altmann has done some theatrical designs for the Moscow theatre chamber that especially attracted Mr. Carter's eye. Some of these make no pretense at representing nature, and the Russian artist insists on drawing a distinction between "construction" and "composition" that Mr. Carter was unable to follow. All the designs purported to be produced "according to mathematical principle."

The keynote of the more radical portion of the exhibition seemed to be extreme simplification. One composition, by an artist named Malevitch, is called "White and White" and consists merely of a white plane enclosed in a white frame. There is a good deal of cube-ism, future-ism, expression-ism and a quantity of other -isms in the exhibition, which is said to be strictly proletarian in mood. Subjects drawn from middle-class life are distinctly lacking. The themes of the newer artists are drawn from the revolution.

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The Story of Columbus and His Quest, on the Screen

(Continued from page 50)

confessor who successfully interceded in his behalf, is also realistically portrayed. These principals with the minor characters and groups complete a dramatic ensemble of greater strength than is usually found in moving pictures of this type.

To Fred Eric, who takes the leading rôle, is due in no small measure the success of the play, viewed purely from a historical standpoint. His characterization of Columbus shows the same comprehension of dramatic values that marked his interpretations of Jason, Orestes and other heroes in Margaret Anglin's classic productions with the Damosch orchestra. The subtlety and eloquence of his pantomimic art make of the Discoverer a fallible human being, not merely a grandiose historic figure out of the past.

"Although there are many interesting and beautiful scenes in the play," said Mr. Eric to the writer, "Columbus aboard the Santa Maria, sighting the New World, his victorious return to the Spanish court, to me the great dramatic moment is his departure from the court after he had been rejected and publicly humiliated the third time by the Spanish sovereigns. Torn with conflicting emotions we see him coming slowly down the long, empty throne-room, a lonely, tragic figure, proud, sensitive, hurt to the quick, yet by his firm step and uplifted countenance showing perfect self-control and an unwavering faith in his ideals. My conception of his character is clearly defined in this brief flash." He added, "To me the rôle was one of spiritual inspiration. The more I read and studied in preparing for the part the more I was convinced of his strong religious belief; it is shown undoubtedly in all his letters, journals and petitions, and in his will. The endless controversies about his second marriage, the legitimacy of his son, his place of birth are of secondary importance and cannot alter the fact of his supreme achievement. Time has done full justice to his memory."

IT is apparent even to the casual observer that no ordinary channels of research were used to establish the authenticity of all material used in this historical film. For two years before the first "shots" were taken, experts representing every phase of cinematographic art, concentrated their best efforts on the making of the picture. Libraries, art galleries and museums both in this country and abroad were searched to furnish copies for the interior settings of the various episodes,

and priceless tapestries, antiques, furniture, rare portraits and drawings have been duplicated with infinite care. To further insure accuracy of detail in the final results, the "continuity" or scenario carried 50,000 words of explanatory notes.

Much that is interesting might be told about the making of the exterior scenes; the technical difficulties encountered and overcome by the directors and the camera men, caused chiefly by the weather and the ubiquitous small boy and his grown up prototype. The focal object about which most of the out-door action of the play revolves is the caravel Santa Maria in which Columbus set sail for an unknown land. The little ship is shown in many of the dramatic episodes or revealed lying in the offing with its companions the Pinta and the Nina. The historical value of the film is enhanced by the vessel which is now anchored in a sheltered lagoon on the shores of Lake Michigan and is a duplicate of the original boat used by Columbus. It was built by the Spanish government for the World's Fair and sent to Chicago at that time where it has been carefully preserved ever since by the state authorities.

AN interesting incident in connection with this aspect of the production was the rebuilding of the tiny cabin of the Santa Maria on a separate and enlarged scale after it was found to be too small for reproducing those momentous scenes which had been enacted within its dimly lighted walls four hundred years before. This considerable piece of reconstruction was done on the shore of Gravesend Bay just outside of New York and photographed there, while the scenes depicting the departure of Columbus and his crew, the landing and the discovery of the New World were filmed on the lake shore front of Chicago.

The positive qualities of the play are notable; its faults negligible.

Let the dilettanti discover fancied anachronisms, cavil at the dimensions of a gothic window, criticise a friar's cowl, a courtier's plume, the handle of a chest, the candles above the queen's pri dieu; there still remains a picture harmoniously coherent. The absence of a maudlin plot irrelevantly exploited with all its attendant rhetorical flamboyancy and swash-buckling by-play would alone entitle this production to respectful consideration as a long step forward in educational methods and as a distinct and permanent contribution to a comparatively new field of art.

The Chemistry of Artists' Paints

(Continued from page 80)

I have found that many artists are of the opinion that the Alizarine Lakes are aniline colors. The fact that aniline and anthracene are both derivatives of coal-tar should not lead the painter to believe that the colors obtained from these products are identical in their properties. The aniline derivatives such as Mauve, Magenta, etc., are not desirable owing to their instability and lack of permanence, but the Alizarine Lakes are chemically a different class of compounds and are very desirable, possessing high stability.

I have spoken of Lake colors and I think it may be of sufficient interest to describe them. The derivation of the name Lake is said by Pliny, in his *Naturalis Historia* A.D. 77, to be from the lac, or coloring principal of insect origin, used by the early Italian dyers. In conjunction with compounds of tin and aluminum the dye was precipitated and fixed indelibly on the fabric. During the process of dying some of the lac combines with some of the tin and aluminum to form an insoluble compound, forming a colored scum on top of the dye-vat. This substance, called by the Italian dyers lacca, was collected, dried and sold to artists as a pigment. Soon the natural dyestuffs were found to yield variously colored lacca, and methods were developed whereby the lakes were obtained direct and not as a residue of the dye-vat. In fact today the manufacture of lake colors ranks commercially as important as the dye industry. A lake pigment is not simply a mechanical mixture of a base with a dyestuff; this product would "bleed" the dye in water. A lake which has the dye fixed indelibly on a neutral base is only desirable as a pigment. In practice the neutral base on which the dyestuff is fixed is usually Aluminum, Clay, Barytes or Paris White. The earlier lakes were obtained from natural coloring matter, such as lac, cochineal (carmine), Persian berries, Brazil wood, logwood, etc., but today the artificial or synthetic dyestuffs have almost entirely supplanted the natural coloring extracts, yielding innumerable brilliant colors, most of which are only of sufficient permanence, to be used by the artist for commercial work, if at all. Many of these lake colors are often employed to give stronger color to pigments; but their addition yields only a temporary brilliance.

THE artist should be in a position to detect the addition of harmful admixtures to his colors, as for instance the addition of fugitive dyes; or if colors such as the cadmium yellows have been adulterated with Chrome Yellows. He should know whether a pigment, such as Cobalt, for which he pays

a big price, be actually pure cobalt, or a mixture, or cheap substitute. He should also know if whites are unadulterated with chalk, clay, barytes or whether a white be of zinc or lead. The time has arrived when the artist must be informed as to the composition of his materials. The new products, appearing yearly, only tend to lead into difficulties unless their use be accompanied with the proper knowledge of their properties. Not only does the student or artist owe it to himself, but to the future generations who will look back with gratitude when examples of the present periods have remained durable. Why, in this one profession, should the study of the materials employed in the various techniques be so often thought of such little importance? Must we stand helplessly by and witness the gradual destruction of many of the finest examples of painting simply because the artists themselves knew nothing of the dangers of using unstable pigments and oils, or were victims of the alluring, brilliant, unsafe products they employed? We may excuse the artist of former times, but today there is no reason why he should not reflect on the importance of preserving his work for the future.

With a few bottles of reagents in the studio, the artist may at any time test any color in question for harmful adulterations or impurities. I have written a book, to be published shortly by Van Nostrand, in which many simple tests are given for all standard pigments. And I have given other information on pigments which should be of interest and value to the artist.

If a given pigment is in dry powder form, it need but be shaken in a small bottle, or better, a test tube, together with a small quantity of alcohol. Usually the color which the artist employs is either an oil or a watercolor. Only seldom do the oils or gums prevent reaction of reagents. More definite results are, however, obtained by using the pigment in powder form, that is free from oils and gums. Watercolors are easily washed free of these gums. A small quantity of the color is placed in a small container to which sufficient water is added to make a dilute solution. After thorough shaking, upon leaving the pigment settle, the water should be poured off. It is important to note whether the water has become stained with color. This would indicate a partial solution of the pigment or the addition of water-soluble dyestuff to the pigment.

Oil colors may be freed from oil or resins by washing in similar manner, using turpentine in place of water and then removing the

(Continued on the following page)



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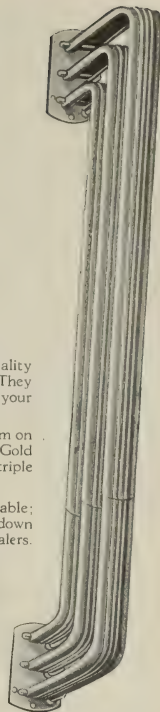
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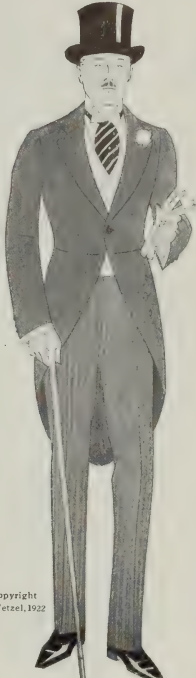
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The Chemistry of Artists' Paints

(Continued from previous page)

turpentine by washing with alcohol. If the alcohol or turpentine becomes colored it would indicate adulteration with dyestuffs. Some pigments are in a very fine state of division and would require quite a long period to settle, therefore much time may be saved by filtering the pigment from the turpentine or alcohol. In place of turpentine, other solvents are often employed, such as benzol, toluol, xylol, ether, chloroform, acetone, anil-acetate, carbon, tetrachloride, benzine, etc. Certain colors like Prussian Blue have such strong tinting strength that more than one filtration is required to remove the finely divided particles from the solvent, which otherwise may mislead the student into believing the discoloration is caused by dyes.

THERE has been introduced, in recent years, a pigment which bids fair to become one of the most desirable whites for artists' use. This pigment, called Permalba, does not contain either lead or zinc and is unaffected by all ordinary chemical reagents, remaining unchanged under all conditions of painting. Its high tinting value and exceptional opacity, together with its stability and inertia toward all other pigments in mixtures ranks Permalba as an ideal artists' white. In oil, Permalba requires about the same time as Zinc White to dry, yielding a flexible and durable film. Permalba has gone through a thorough experimental stage, ranging over a period of six years and has been found to remain permanent under all conditions of painting. Its insolubility in acids and alkaline reagents, which dissolve whites of lead or zinc composition, readily distinguishes Permalba from these.

Bitumen, or Asphaltum should not be used by the artist who seeks permanency. The colors are of organic origin, composed of a variety of pitchy, tarry substances which partly decompose under exposure to direct sunlight. As oil colors they are exceedingly slow-dryers and even after years they soften and "bleed" or diffuse through overlying layers of paint. Heavy applications readily cause cracking. Vandyke Brown, also being partly composed of bituminous matter, is unsafe for durability, fading to a cold grey tone under exposure to direct sunlight; it should be replaced by burnt Umber and Ivory Black.

I have found many artists exceedingly conscientious in their selection of durable pigments, displaying a complete lack of technical knowledge of the vehicles they employ. The vehicles and mediums used in the various techniques are just as essential for permanency and durability as are the pigments. Let us consider the

importance of the proper oils used in oil painting. Only a few of the volatile mineral oils, the lighter fractions of petroleum, such as Benzine, Naphtha, Gasoline, Petroleum, Ether and sometimes Coal Oil may be used, but then only when their use be thoroughly understood. They find wider application as solvents for resins, as also do the lighter fractions of coal-tar, such as benzol, coal-tar, naphtha, toluol and xylol.

Linseed oil and poppy oil differ somewhat in the time required to dry, poppy oil drying somewhat slower. Raw linseed oil contains a natural coloring matter which is somewhat objectional to artists, especially for delicate tints and for whites. These colors when ground in poppy oil do not show this yellow cast. When linseed oil is exposed to direct sunlight this coloring matter is bleached, but returns when the oil is again placed in the dark.

THE early painters had already discovered that by boiling linseed oil together with finely divided lead or lead compounds, a product was obtained which dried more quickly than the raw oil. Today many such compounds are made, some using lead or manganese and latterly cobalt compounds, to produce siccatifs which are very quick-drying compounds. I warn the artist against their use, except for commercial work where durability and permanence is of secondary importance. It usually will be found that the speed with which a paint film is forced to dry by their use, consistently subtracts from the durability of the painting.

There are three resins which find widest application in the Fine Arts, and they are mastic, damar and copal. The mastic resin is soluble in turpentine, as is also the damar. The copals distinguish themselves from these in being practically insoluble in most ordinary solvents, requiring special treatment to yield varnishes of the highest durability. The usual method employed in preparing copal varnishes consists in heating the resin together with linseed oil and turpentine, and frequently the addition of drying compounds is made to give quicker drying copal varnishes. Copal varnishes yield, upon drying, the most durable protective films, but on account of the manner in which they resist all ordinary solvents, they are very tedious for the restorer to remove after ageing, thereby endangering the painting underneath. Mastic varnish can readily be removed from aged paintings with ordinary solvents, such as turpentine, as can also damar varnish, and should not for this reason be employed together with the painting oils while the artist is laying on his colors.



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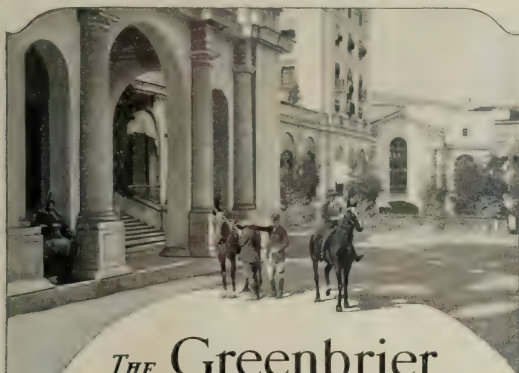
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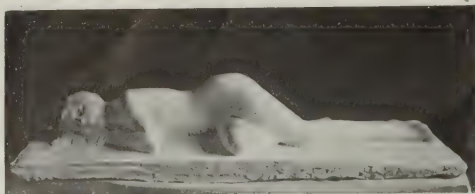
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Some Beautiful New Interiors in a Chicago Home

ONE of the newly completed homes, designed and executed by a well-known architect-decorator of Chicago, will be pictured and described in the May number of ARTS & DECORATION. Readers who are building new homes or re-decorating old ones are finding the suggestions offered in these pages of incalculable value. Others find them fascinating as a study. Chicago, as a city, is making enormous strides in every branch of art and her new homes are among the finest in the world.

Don't miss the May

ARTS & DECORATION

The Best Books of the Month

(Continued from page 92)

arts in our dear country are not as popular as bootlegging. But culture may come to us yet—although you and I and Fred Gregg will probably be dead when it comes.

The illustrations alone in this book (which is for use as a textbook in colleges) are a magical excursion back over the ages—from the Woolworth Tower to the Pyramids and Parthenon; from Rodin to Praxiteles; from the Gothic painters to Cézanne. As old as I am (and I was too old to be drafted in the Mexican War), I still have a child's enthusiasm for picture-books, and that is the reason I spent several hours over the pictorial stories in this book.

It's an image-ride past the Pyramids, the temples of Philae, the Palace of Sargon, the Acropolis, the Temple of Jupiter, the Pantheon, Notre Dame—well, all the way down to a fire-engine station in Berlin. There are many reproductions of famous paintings. The industrial arts are dealt with textually and pictorially; also landscape design and city planning. In the latter chapter you can get tips on how to lay out a Rome, a Paris, a Chicago, a New York or a handy little Woonsocket if you have the leisure.

The reading matter is free from technical matter not essential for the layman. Anecdote and story are freely used in connection with the great architectural achievements of the world. To call the attention of the public to the real importance of the arts is the main object of this book. And, personally, I can say it has aroused my interest anew in architecture.

THE ART OF ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER. By Ivan Nardony. Introduction by Christian Brinton. William Helburn, Inc.

AS Mr. Brinton says, Robert Winthrop Chanler is unique in the annals of American art. If you have never seen any of his work, this book will introduce you to a mind fanciful, grotesque and bizarre. The book itself is one of the most magnificent that ever came from a printing press. Chanler's panels and screens with Nardony's vital and dynamic narrative and Mr. Briton's scholarly and enthusiastic introduction will give any possessor of this book an evening on the other side of Reality, in the realm of morphinated loveliness.

Mr. Chanler's art reaches back to the cosmic symbolism of the Egyptians and the mystic fantasy of the East, and looks forward to a new spheology of decoration. His career represents a series of reactions against conventions, social and aesthetic. He is an Anarch (which is not the same as an Anarchist). He believes that

Chanler is the Law insofar as his own life and art are concerned. He is a man who survived not poverty but immense wealth. He has survived not being nobody but being a somebody. He descends from a long line of Colonial governors and jurists. He survived their ghosts. Being a "sport" in his family, his art is intensely individualistic. His personality breathes flame and inspiration, and it has gone into his decorations. His work is subjective—the visions, dreams and hallucinated realities of Chanler himself.

"Temperamentally," says Dr. Brinton, "he harks back both to the production of the artist-craftsman of more naive and spontaneous days and to the tremendous complexities of those artist-priests of old Egypt, of Babylon, and of that Crete which knew the monstrous Minotaur; and in his mind the long-lost thought of those mysterious artist-sages whose bodies have for ages been part of the dust of the Gobi, lived again."

Chanler considers himself a decorative artist, and he believes that painting's ultimate message lies in decorative terms. But decoration means something far different to him than to the mass of men. Accordingly, his best mediums of expression lie in screens, murals, panels, frescoes and stained glass windows, as his late New York exhibition demonstrated.

A book for those who worship Beauty.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Harper & Brothers.

CHESTERTON is counterfeit. But so far as I am concerned, I prefer his glittering bogus to a good deal of the old, worn, battered current coin of the literary realm. The real greatness of Chesterton, in fact, lies in the fact that he is not sincere. He amuses, he is a fine prose writer, he can even make you think he is thinking—so why should we demand sincerity of him?—sincerity, the father of all vices and crimes!

His paradoxes always contain some form of propaganda. Real paradox attains its enormous power by boldly stating the obvious. Now, the obvious is the last thing that the average human being sees. Chesterton reaches the obvious through fantasy. He talks to us from the moon. Chesterton, like Shaw, never feels his paradoxes—he only thinks them. They turn the clock backward, or forward, and think they have changed the sequence of seconds which we call time.

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years, I recommend "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Here is the mighty Chesterton—mighty in his tomfoolery—*mis à nu*. These stories are clever, clever, clever. They work out crime puzzles in a way that makes you lay down the book after each story and say, "What fun he got out of writing that! How I wish I could do it!"

Horne Fisher is the amateur detective who knew too much. He never brings the criminal to justice because in some cases it might lead to issues that might upset the British Empire or smash society. He has a melancholy skepticism about the existence of good and evil. There are crimes into which we should not look too deeply. There are criminals that may as well be allowed to go free. There is no drama in virtue. Crime adds color to the world—as long as it doesn't happen to you or me!

If these stories do not make you sit up all night, it is because you are getting old.

BLACK OXEN. By Gertrude Atherton. Boni & Liveright.

THE greatest thing I discovered in Mrs. Atherton's book is by William Butler Yeats. It is on the title page:—

"The years like Great Black Oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind."

Yeats is today the greatest poet in the world using English words. "Black Oxen" did one thing for me—it has sent me back to reading Yeats.

"Black Oxen" concerns one Mary Ogden who returned to New York after she had become mysteriously "rejuvenated" in Europe. She takes another name and falls in love with a young column writer—probably Don Marquis. She spills the beans to Don—tells him that while she has got her young body back from the Great Black Oxen, her mind still has the crow's feet and her memories need the lipstick.

It seems this column-writer—Lee Claverling in the story—belongs to a literary group called the Sophisticates, which means that they write well but not wisely. Anyhow, the conflict in the souls of her two lovers (for she throws Lee over for a man she had known in her real youth before she had taken the youth-hooh) is gradually and skillfully developed by this fine adept at novel writing.

There are things going on in the soul of Mary that I can't grasp, as I am a man. It is the solemn opinion of Mrs. N. P. Dawson, of the New York *Globe*, that no man is capable of reviewing a novel written by a woman. I agree with the most amusing of all our philistine book-reviewers. And that is why I cannot competently review "Black Oxen." Another reason is that I stick absolutely to the orthodox theory that women have no souls, minds or morals—nothing, in fact, but divine and radiant womanhood. Which is good enough for a Tory-Anarchist like me.

And now for a long ramble over the hills, where the Divine Scrivener is beginning to write his Incantation to Life on the gray-green pages on the Book of Spring.



"The Parade of the Elephants," a camera art composition by Topse Anderson

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APRIL, 1923

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E. W. Osborne, Literary Editor of the *New York World*, says: "We have been trying to find some new way to tell about the amazing reality of the people who throng the pages of *The Invisible Gods*, the new and soundly American novel by Edith Franklin Wyatt. Nearly every shade and degree of personality is represented. No emotion nor emergency has been omitted which goes toward the telling of the human day." \$2.00

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Clarence Budington Kelland in his latest novel, *Contraband*, as usual in all his best work, combines humor with thrills to the vast enjoyment of his readers. The girl of this story is a valiant heroine. Inheriting a newspaper in a small town mysteriously "wet," she undertakes to run the Liquor Ring out of town. With the aid of an erratic "Professor" she plunges high-handedly into adventure after adventure, with all the "pep" and daring of the best side of the much maligned "younger generation." There are strange disappearances, the mystery and excitement of a detective story, laughable dilemmas, and on top of all, a good roaring romance. By all means read *Contraband*. You'll enjoy it. \$2.00

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ARTS & DECORATION



AT LAKE OF GARDA — By Hans Thoma

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ARTS & DECORATION



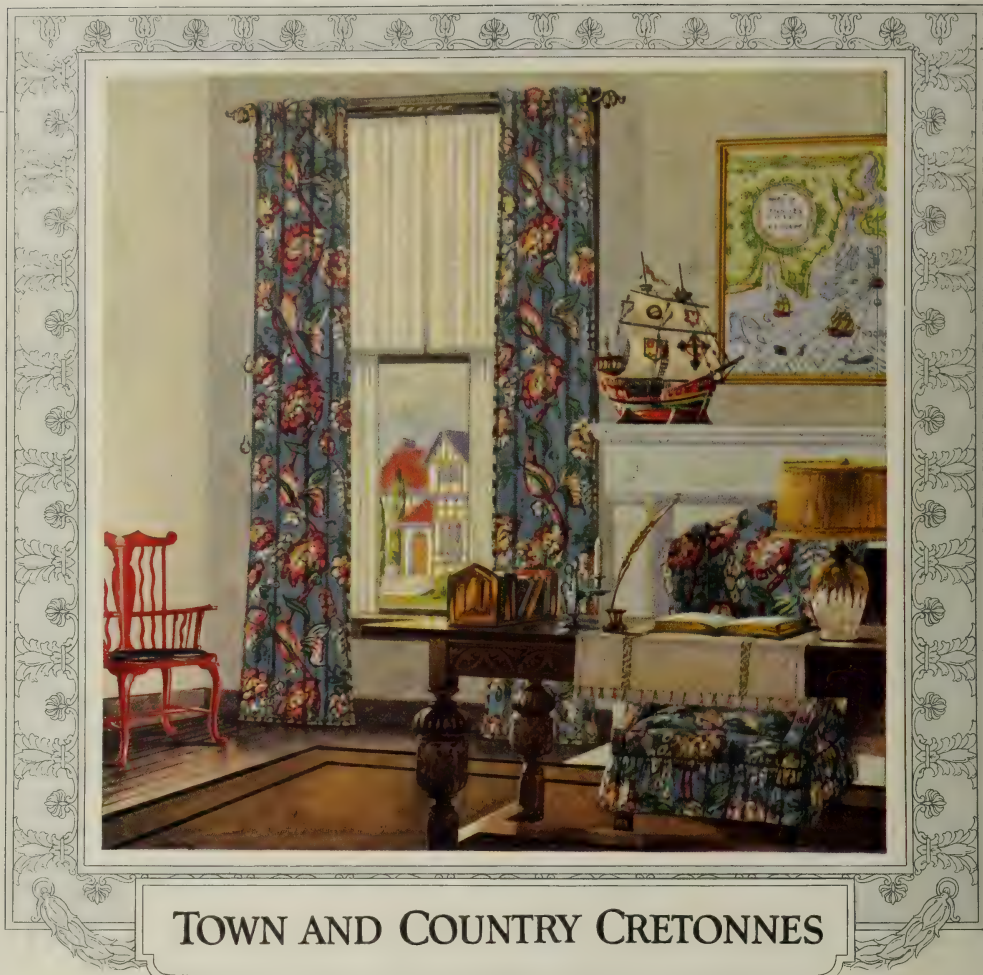
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This photograph from the Hampton Exhibits but suggests the many conscientiously constructed Hampton productions, each distinctive in hand carving or decoration, which have been recently designed especially for the simple country house or all year home.

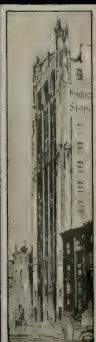
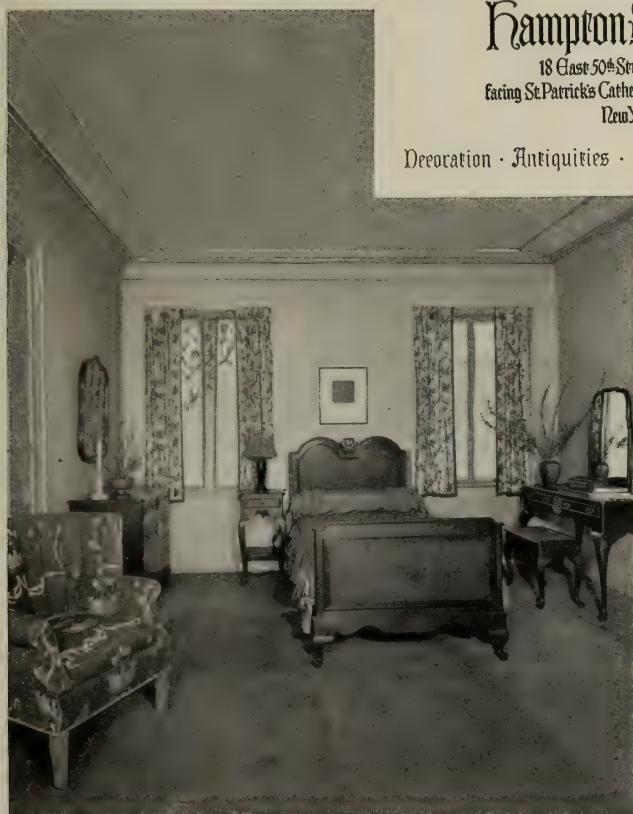
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Three Contributors of Literary Distinction

As special European correspondent of ARTS & DECORATION, Sir John Foster Fraser, traveler, author, lecturer and publicist, will continue to keep our readers informed on the social, political and art activities of the Continent and more especially those of the British metropolis. Knighted in 1917 for his journalistic war services, Sir John had already achieved literary fame through his books of travel



(Below)

Chittenden Turner has devoted himself for many years to the study of musical trends and the work of musical masters, new and old. He writes with authority and a style that is all his own. His monthly contribution to ARTS & DECORATION is keenly followed by the thousands who find his writings both soundly informative and charmingly expressed. Mr. Turner will contribute regularly to these pages on timely musical subjects

With entré to the most exclusive clubs of London, in touch with the doings of the British aristocracy, informed upon all the inner moves of the great political body of the Empire, Sir John, while a discreet raconteur, manages to disseminate in his letters to ARTS & DECORATION every month much entertaining information and a vast amount of engaging facts and all in a way that gives them the allure of the good story well told

(Below)

M. D. C. Crawford is one of the few authorities on Industrial Art who have both a solid background of knowledge and an ability to state facts in a colorful way. His manner of expression is that of the stylist wholly familiar with his theme. He possesses an unusual gift for unearthing the picturesque in its relation to materialistic data. He is the super-reporter and his forthcoming articles will be both delightful and educative



Three Specialists Writing for Arts & Decoration

Miss Ruth Lord Jenkins has established herself in the magazine world as a writer of exceptional ability on the difficult subject of woman's dress and also on the more æsthetic of the crafts. She possesses the gift of vivifying her themes, making descriptive details into a mosaic of colorful words; words which while informing have a high literary quality



The specialists in every department of woman's attire who have been engaged to write for ARTS & DECORATION are supreme in their spheres. The art of dress is among the most important æsthetic endeavors of our day and in no other direction is the good taste and artistry of America so evident as in the designing and fabrication of smart feminine costumes

(Below) Harold Donaldson Eberlein, one of the best-known writers of the country on architecture and interior decoration, is familiar to readers of ARTS & DECORATION. He is the author of a vast array of volumes and is an accepted authority on English and Italian architecture. He will contribute regularly to these pages



(Below) Nancy V. McClelland is both practical interior decorator and a writer on this highly specialized theme. To an artistic temperament she adds a business training and has the happy gift of conveying her knowledge through the medium of her articles, many of which will appear in this magazine



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MAY, 1923

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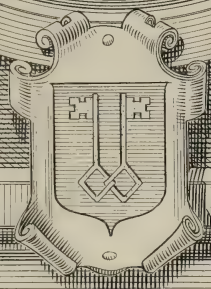
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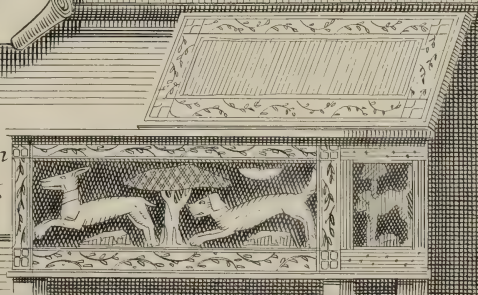
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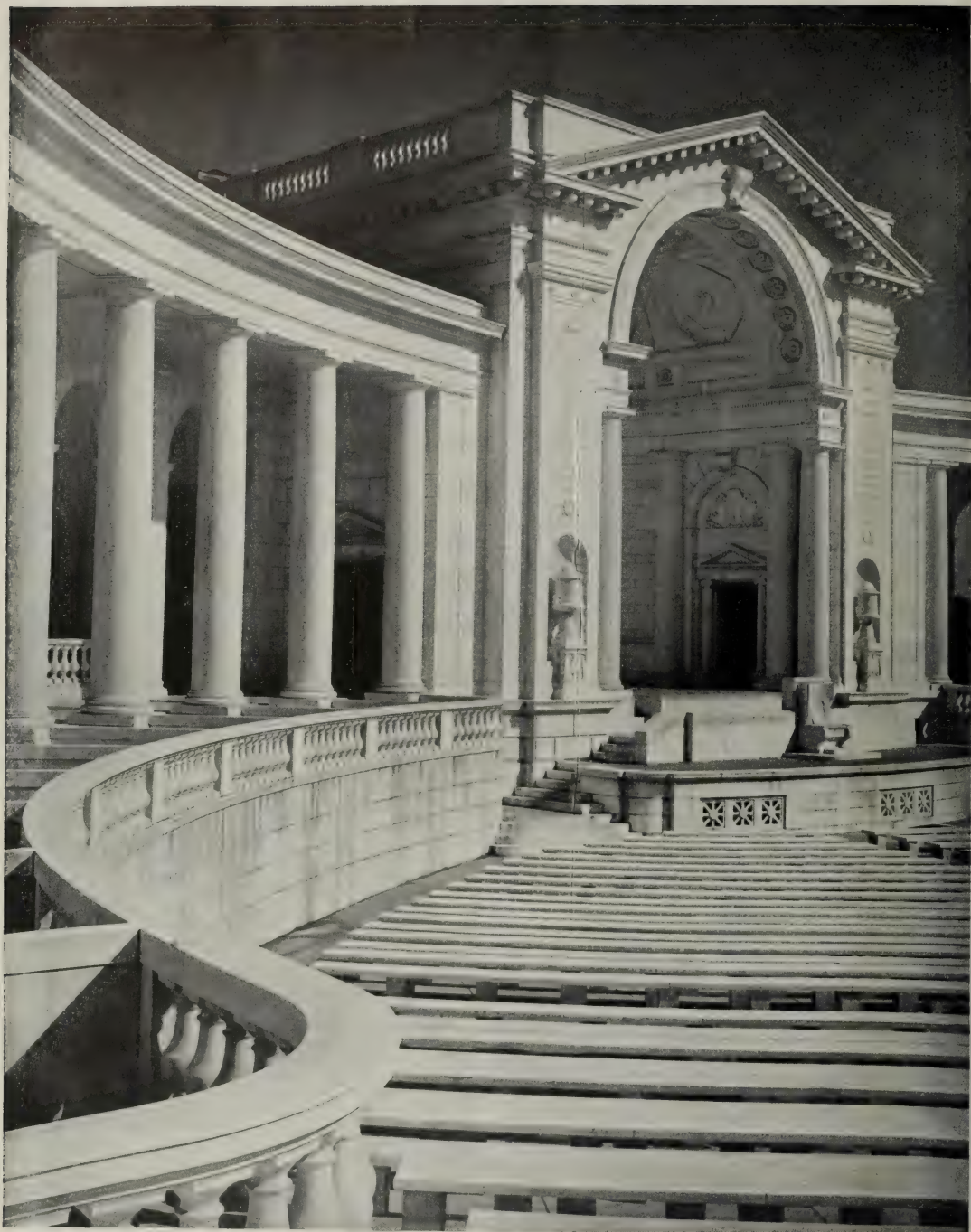
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Never has this great national monument appeared to such pictorial advantage as in this photograph by John Kabel, made exclusively for Arts & Decoration. The artist's viewpoint is unique and the architectural beauty of the structure is made more appreciable through this sympathetic interpretation of its design and scale.

ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts



the undulating sand dunes and the "color" harmonies in the foreground, together with the triangular arrangement of the figures, "composes" well in the scene from Mr. Hughes' newest picture "Souls For Sale"

The Art of Moving Picture Composition

Composing With the Camera is a Matter of Arrangement Within a Definite Frame-Line Under Such Lighting as May Be Available

By RUPERT HUGHES

THE Greeks, who knew nothing, and did everything, made the first film. For when the Frieze of the Parthenon became a strip of moving pictures, what procession? The metempsychoses were like the "stills."

In college I studied Greek archaeology, suggested a restoration of the missing arm of the Hermes of Praxiteles. Afterward I studied first clay and studied sculpture for a while.

When I was enticed into the moving picture field, and gradually slipped into a "modern" life, I found at my hand human clay to be molded with light, posed, grouped and arranged in living architecture, plasticity included.

Here is a wonderful opportunity and it is painful to see the scorn of those "scholarships" who call themselves intellectualists and think to prove it by throwing custard pies at the movies and the "morons" who make and attend them.

The movies are as new an art as the drama was, or painting, sculpture, architecture, or short story, fiction, symphonic music. And the important critics are those who are quick with recognition—and even with abuse, provided it be specific. When abuse is a waste of wind that might be better employed in another direction.

Mr. Hughes is among the foremost and most successful of American literary figures. He is novelist, short story writer, dramatist and essayist, and his fame rests solidly upon his achievements in letters covering a period of twenty-five years. He has identified himself, of late, with the production of moving pictures, greatly to the benefit of this broadly criticized and little understood art. What Mr. Hughes says of moving pictures is what has long needed to be said, and whether you agree with him or not, you will find his viewpoint intensely interesting.



A decorative bit from "Look Your Best," in which Colleen Moore is starred

It is simply stupid and impudent to say that the moving picture is not an art. Of course, most of the pictures are inartistic in their result, though most of them are artistic in purpose and effort.

But here I am using the word "artistic" as if I, or anybody else, had a satisfactory definition for the epithet.

Very few of the plays, novels, statues and buildings entertain or thrill me, and I sleep through most of the movies I visit. But I do not boast of this pharisaically. I admit readily that it may be my own fault or misfortune.

Thousands of great readers have got stuck in "Paradise Lost" and few Greek scholars have been able to wade clean through Homer. That does not prove that epopee is not an art, or that those works are inartistic.

Nothing on earth wearies me like a walk through the Louvre or one of the Paris salons, but that does not prove that painting is only an industry and all the visitors to art galleries morons.

What annoys me in the criticism of the movies is the superior attitude assumed by its scorners. They think that calling a few hard names does for a thing. They think that elevating their eyebrows and their noses elevates their point of view.

As a very young critic I once wrote an assault on Impressionism in general and Monet in particular. It terrified me by its scathing ruthlessness. To my astonishment the impressionists went right on being impressive, and in time I came to be a humble admirer of Monet and to recognize that impressionism had made an immortal contribution to the history of painting.

I note that the movies continue to move in spite of their assailants.

But a few of the moviephobes have already got their eyes open wide enough to be able to see that Charlie Chaplin is both funny and pathetic, and they are generous enough to confess that two eccentric German pictures, "Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem" were almost artistic.

The highbrows always begin by admiring something foreign and eccentric. Eventually they fall in behind the general public—far behind—and admit that many natives were also pretty good. This is usually after the natives are dead. Mr. Chaplin is by no means dead, but the morons had made the young genius a millionaire before the critics found him out.

But my theme is not a tirade; it is a description of certain mental processes which seem to me to follow the general processes of other arts. Each art has its own technic controlled by and controlling its materials; yet each art has certain general principles shared by all.

So it is in the matter of cinematic composition. The difficulties and limitations of the material are in other arts accredited to the artist who triumphs over them and makes a virtue of necessity.

The glory of the painter is that he uses a hairy stick and daubs a canvas or other surface with gobs of colored stickum. The wonder is dual: first, that he can do so much with such stuff; second, that he does not despise his medium, but boasts of it. So we like to catch in a painting a glimpse of the brush work, or a mass of *impasto*; the magnificent, almost contemptuous gesture of the painter; the handling.

The glory of the sculptor is that his capital consists only of a few mallets and chisels and whimsically splintery rock. My beloved and revered friend Gutzon Borglum is quoted as saying that "the art of sculpture is the easiest thing in the world: all you have to do is to take a block of marble and knock off what you don't want."

We love to see places where the rejected stone was boldly knocked off. We love to see where Michelangelo belabored the block, when the chisel slid or paused. We love to see the conspicuously absent backgrounds and colors. We love to imagine what the sculptor had to omit.

In bronze work we admire the obstacles. Cellini's account of how he poured his Perseus is the great drama of a great art.

We do not any longer call bronze-casting or symphonic concerts merely mechanical, though they involve almost as much

mechanism and cooperation as architecture does.

It is silly to damn the moving pictures because they require machinery to make them. So does the human voice. The poet who writes out a sonnet calls into play no end of mechanical and chemical complication.

The motion picture camera is now so highly developed that it is as agile and as flexible as

in one mere gesture only but in a marvelous series showing the history of each expression, each attitude.

If the sculptor of the Laocoon could have continued with his group he could have given a hundred other equally wonderful statues, with the father and his sons and the serpents in constantly altered attitudes and emotions.

The Laocoon is glorious as it stands, and the debates of Lessing and others as to its truly artistic quality are merely proofs of its greatness; as the quarrels over Hamlet's sanity are proofs of Shakespeare's genius. The drama, by the way, is only *tableaux vivants* moving and talking.

But how unbelievably thrilling it would be if the nameless sculptor of that tremendous and pitiful scene, the Laocoon, could have wielded a yielding material and shown the approach of the serpents upon the priest who was doomed and damned because he spoke the truth skeptically: shown the terror of the old man and his petrified boys; shown the fearful battle with the enveloping serpents, and the final collapse in a horrible death.

That would be to movie-ize the Laocoon with a vengeance, and I can hear the haughty critics crackle. But so do thorns under a pot. So did the conservatives crackle when the Laocoon was done in marble. So did the conservatives when Sophokles first brought scenery on the stage. So they have always done and do today, and doubtless always will.

But again to my theme, though it is hard for a movie man to speak calmly of anything since we are abused by the moralists for being wild and perilous and by the art critics for being tame and stupid. It costs so much to make even the cheapest movie, that unpopularity is fatal to the management and popularity is almost equally fatal to artistic recognition.

If the critics would treat pictures as they do other works of art, expecting a general dead level, a common mediocrity, and eagerly seeking and praising the high moments, we and they would all be happier.

Few of them seem to recognize a movie moment of great beauty
(Continued on page 79)



A good compositional arrangement in the desert scene from "Souls For Sale"



A composition such as painters have employed since the birth of art. One of the scenes from "Souls For Sale"

a chisel, a brush, a violin bow, or a fountain pen.

We all know its general results in the moving picture field. But I have seen little or nothing written of it from the technical aspect of composition.

In the first place it must be remembered



A study in *chiaroscuro*, suggesting Whistler, from the ballet-school scene in "Look Your Best"

Some Delightful New England Gardens



The gravel path, a relic of Colonial days, stands out vividly. In the Blake garden at Newton, Mass., we find it most inviting with its background of vines against a protecting wall of stone



Here the old-fashioned garden is entered by a gravel walk along whose borders glow the sweet incense of great grandmother's favorite flowers. One would naturally pause to enjoy the scene as one enters the green arbor which leads to the garden beyond



(Above) Why not brick paths? But avoid laying them in sand. The basket weave or herring-bone pattern, familiarly known as the Chevron or Zigzag, is a favorite. This is in the A. S. Bigelow garden at Cohasset, Mass.

(Below) The sparkle of the spray as it falls from the fountain gives light and color to this tiny Belmont garden plot

The scheme of dividing paths running here and there in the garden setting is a fascinating one, for are we not lured on to what lies just beyond? So it is in the Spaulding garden at Beverly Farms, Mass., where roses form the principal theme



A dining-room which is sumptuous and replete, yet not overbearing, but spacious and cheerful. It would consort with all our temperaments and moods

Illustrative Interior Decoration

A Frankly Conservative Scheme, But One That is Both Interesting and Cheerful

By ALICE M. SWIFT

DECORATING a house may be likened to painting a series of pictures, only that instead of a flat surface to look at one has to create a picture to be lived in. If a painting does not please us we need not look at it, but the room decoration and furniture surrounds us daily, hourly and has a most potent effect upon our temperament and temper. Our imagination, emotion, taste influence and create the picture, but still more are these faculties affected by the results.

Some people are, of course, much more sensitive to the line and color surrounding them, but everyone realizes that certain colors soothe or even enervate them, while others stimulate, invigorate or actively annoy them; the same is true of line, though to most of us to a lesser degree. It is the business of the interior decorator to know in theory and practice what will give one or the other effect.

To the architect belongs the function of designing the house, but as its type and arrangement have a most important bearing on its decoration it must be carefully studied before one can conceive a suitable scheme.

The house with large, airy rooms and plenty of windows can have anything done with it and seems to be the most appropriate to the usual American family. That, of course, suggests, for a large house, the Georgian type, and in smaller

Miss Swift, one of the pioneer women interior decorators of this country, from her mature taste and large experience, as will be gathered from this article, evolves with a sure touch schemes which are invariably right and give lasting pleasure.

With the generosity of the large mind Miss Swift insists that her capable staff be given credit here for their able assistance.

This is the third of the series of important practical articles on interior decoration written for ARTS & DECORATION by well-known experts.

houses the idea taken from the Colonial farmhouse.

Stucco houses can be made quite simple on the outside and delightful in their lines, but if they are truly Italian they belong to another country and should have plenty of ground so that the setting should make one feel that one is in Italy. Otherwise I think it is better not to attempt an Italian house.

Particularly for cottages and larger houses as well, the English plaster and half-beam idea is always satisfactory. It looks well in the flat or rolling country in England and in our East country where there is so much of that type of land it is particularly fitting. It is not necessary to have the discomforts that the very old houses in England had. A clever architect can make a group of windows, an entrance hall, a beamed room so that you can get the effect of the old interior without sacrificing the large, comfortable kitchen and plenty of bathrooms. So much attention is given to gardening now that this type of house seems more than any other to need flowers growing up to the outer walls.

It is strange how, when people settled the country long ago and simply built what they had to from the material at hand, without regard to architecture, what charming effects they produced.

As practical enduring qualities must be combined with aesthetic inclination, the first essential for a house is that it



This is the room for the master of the house. No frills—just dignified comfort. A place for everything, close at hand. The etchings and engravings with the clock and candlesticks are particularly happy

has, for its type, the appearance of the greatest amount of spaciousness, as given this, cosiness can always be achieved where desired, and following the same idea my keynote for the decoration thereof would be cheerfulness.

The radiant point of my ideal house is the living-room, so on it I will first concentrate my efforts and from there stretch the magic wand of paint, fabric, fittings and furniture. Now, here, everyone who enters must feel unconstrained in mind and body and this may best be achieved by an appearance and actuality of solid comfort.

The whole of the room will be wainscoted in oaken panels, those over the fireplace being of the linen-fold pattern. These walls are not at all sombre as they richly reflect from polished surface and moulding the light from the window and doors.

Such a room I would furnish with solid pieces of oak or walnut, with a sofa and chair of rich needlework, another sofa covered with plain, old red velvet with a fine embroidery across the back. There would be a large English ball-legged table with a pair of carved wood lamps and down the centre a strip of old brocade; a carved walnut cabinet and octagonal reading-table of the Italian type, gives variety but still is in harmony with the heavy English furniture. To this I would add a fine, old carved box or chest in the center and a good portrait over the mantel, with reading-lamps, original or copied, in antique wrought-iron, behind the comfortable chair and sofa.

The balance of a room is made by the placing of the pieces of furniture, particularly those against the walls. If there is a high piece it should not be put near high windows and doors unless there is something to balance it on the other side of the room; not too much in one part or too little in another.

Pieces of different countries and periods are, however, not necessarily incongruous, and when grouped together give variety and add interest, provided they are in scale and similar influences actuated the making of each.

Ornaments of any kind would be used most sparingly. The days for crowding rooms I



Here a spacious effect is obtained with the boudoir separated from the bedroom by the fireplace only. The decoration is reminiscent of the gayest of the French periods, but with a refined simplicity they seldom attained

hope is over. A few pieces that are right are so much more satisfactory. I think that people are beginning to learn not to give Newlyn furniture or ornaments unless they let them do the choosing themselves, because many a young woman is sensitive about a gift and will stand it in her house, even if it is absolutely out of place, rather than offend the giver. When the owner of the house is asked what she would like to have, it is better, because the chances are that not being quite sure herself she will ask a decorator.

In these days when half the world is decorating in a business way, it is not considered that people are losing their individuality if

they go to decorators for advice in their house; they still have the choice of everything that is put in. It is the decorator's work to suggest but not to decide what they shall use and, of course, experience teaches so much that when it is the first house that a woman is furnishing it is quite important that she should not entirely trust her own ideas, but rather that she go to someone who can at least show her what is a little uncommon.

As for choosing materials, there is continually something new being either imported or woven in this country that does not get before the public until the decorators have had it and it is always interesting to be able to show something that no one has seen and which is not too well known. There is such a market for beautiful silks and designs for cretonnes that wonderful color effects can be had and when the color scheme is made, an absolutely different and striking contrast may bring it to a perfect finish.

To insure a bright effect in this sitting-room I am describing I would have a rug soft in color, old red damask curtains that generously fall in folds on the floor giving the rich effect of the very old houses.

The room next in importance is usually considered to be the dining-room. Though it should have windows sufficiently large to admit light, air and sunshine in the daytime, this room, where there is a breakfast-room, is primarily for use after dark, and then for a function, so here, even more than in the sitting-room, I would aim at a rich and beautiful effect, and for this I know of nothing more fitting than wood panelling again. But I would cover most of one wall with one of those tapestries whose interesting vistas give a comforting, yet spacious feeling.

Each piece of furniture should be of beautiful old wood, a pleasure to look at and to feel, because of the lovely lines and finish.

The rugs and curtains would furnish the requisite light and color and be charming resting places for the sun's rays shining through the tinted windows.

Ornaments, as such, are hardly necessary; a pair of English silver pheasants on the center

(Continued on page 72)



This living-room in a city home might be taken as an example of the axiom that antique styles are not necessarily gloomy, if designed aright. The English sofa is covered with vestment embroidery. The owner desiring a practical fire-screen, the decorator seized the opportunity and designed one with gates in the centre that ably serves to bring the whole scheme together

A Home in Which Design and Material Are Blended



The imposing charm of one of the great French chateaux characterizes the Lake Forest, Ill., residence of Elmer E. Tolman, Esq. This effective architectural achievement is both a delightful home and a rarely beautiful piece of designing.

The spacious living-room has warm antiqued gray walls and the hangings are of mauve-blue and soft gray-green damask that blends with the foliage in the tapestry. The furniture is covered in black and green brocade and needlework



This room, occupied by the daughter of the house, has turquoise-blue walls with furniture in the same tone with decorated ivory panels. The hangings are turquoise-colored taffeta trimmed with yellow and burnt orange and garnished with festoons of ribbon flowers

The formal gardens of the Tolman estate are a delight to the eye and an achievement in landscapic art. The swimming-pool and bathhouse at the end of the long garden give the finishing touch to the pleasing geometrical vista.



The breakfast-room has a clever arrangement of oblong table with console tables that can be added. The color scheme is blue and yellow. The woodwork and ceiling are painted blue, and the furniture is yellow striped in blue and decorated. The window drapes are also of blue

The owner's bedroom has peach-blow-covered walls with mouldings high-lighted in gold. The furniture is of an ivory tone with a pink cast. The rug is tête-de-nègre, and the taffeta hangings are of shrimp-pink, Nattier-blue and orchid with corresponding colors in the bed-spread



The illustrations on these two pages are published by courtesy of the W. F. Nelson Company



LALA HERDMENGER—CLASSIC DANCER OF MUNICH

The disturbed political condition of Munich does not seem to reflect itself in the amusements of the better class inhabitants of that famous art centre, and the popularity of Lala Herdmenger, the noted Bavarian dancer and interpreter of classical themes, remains secure, even fervid. Her simple beauty is a thing over which the art students rave and about which the dance-loving public is very positive. Also, she has contracted to appear in this country next Fall.



"London Awakes to the Cry of Spring"—a satirical impression

London is Preparing for a Gay Season

Society Folk Crowd the Old Town, While the Prince of Wales is Criticized for His Devil-May-Care Conduct, Titled Ladies Play at Being Busy and the King's Proctor is Threatened with a Loss of His \$500,000 Office

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special European Correspondent for ARTS & DECORATION

WITH royal weddings and other festivities, London is preparing for a gorgeous season. Last summer was very gay, but this year the old town intends to be brighter than ever. County families who have remained down in the shires since the war are already flocking to London, and the demand for furnished houses in the fashionable Westend is so great that rather outrageous prices are being asked.

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, with their well-kept flower-beds, are looking delicious in the early spring. The morning gallop in Rotten Row is increasing in favor, and the world and his wife come along to see celebrities taking horse exercise, and find entertainment when society ladies, striving to reduce their figures—besides dieting exclusively on milk and potatoes, which is the popular remedy for unappreciated robustness—reveal they are not as good horsewomen as they are hostesses.

Sunday morning parade in the Park is again popular. All Mayfair saunters along with its prayer-books, though it is doubtful if many in the throng have come from Church.

JUST as the pitcher can be taken to the well once too often, so the Prince of Wales may go steeple-chasing too much. When not hunting, he is taking part in rather reckless steeple-chasing across rough country, and though he has plenty of pluck he is not the best of riders, and two or three times has had tremendous spills. He has been lamed for weeks by some of his "croppers." He has been badly thrown by his horse, and after picking himself out of the scrub, has gone to extricate the animal from a stream where it has been up to the neck in water.

Though there has been no public protest, people are talking a good deal about the devil-

may-care conduct of the Prince. His first craze was aeroplaning, even looping-the-loop right over London. Then he took to furious automobiling. Now steeplechase races is his fancy. And there are any number of people who prophesy that one of these days the heir to the throne will break his royal neck.

WEEK-END country house parties have always been popular in England. At pretty places on the Thames, men who are political antagonists meet, and are the best of friends in private, which many foreigners cannot understand and think it is evidence we are not really sincere in our politics.

Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham did a kindly thing when, a year or two ago, they presented Chequers, a fine old mansion in picturesque Buckinghamshire, to the nation as a holiday home for the Prime Minister or lesser statesmen if the Prime Minister did not care to use it. When Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister he was constantly at Chequers, and always surrounded himself with pleasant week-end parties. His successor, Mr. Bonar Law, does not care so much for the country, and so Chequers is used by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now the Countess of Warwick, who in the days when she was Lady Brooke and King Edward was Prince of Wales, was one of the most beautiful women in the land, and who of recent years has been philandering with Socialism, has just presented a delightful place called Easton Lodge, near Dunmow in Essex, as a holiday place to the chiefs of the Parliamentary Labor Party.

There are over a hundred direct representatives of labor in the House of Commons and the chiefs like to slip down on a Saturday to Dunmow and play tennis and take tea with H. G. Wells, who lives close by. Of course the wild men of the party are very angry that leaders like Mr. Ramsay Mac-

donald should dine with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. But this is quite in accordance with our constitutional procedure. The King knows no politics, and Mr. MacDonald dines at the Palace, not because he is a Socialist, but because he is the officially recognized leader of the Opposition. If there was a Labor Government, the King, as a constitutional monarch, would act under the advice of Labor ministers, just as he now acts under the advice of Conservative ministers.

IT is not "good form" for English ladies to do nothing else except play about as pretty butterflies. So they are toiling daintily with all kinds of schemes for hundreds of charities. I was looking through a heap of invitation cards, and I find there are at least ten functions a day to which society is invited so money can be got for pet charities as well as for deserving causes.

There is the tall and graceful Duchess of Portland who has been having an exhibition of lace—a woman friend assures me that lace dresses are going to be "the thing" this summer—and a throng of Mayfair damozels who become mannequins to show how lovely one can look in a lace gown.

The duchess is one of our grand dames and is held in loving esteem. She was the daughter of a Norfolk squire and I'm told the Duke fell in love with her when he first saw her on a railway platform with a party going to Scotland for the shooting season. The duke, who is the best of good fellows and gives all the money won by his race horses to providing almshouses for old people, did not have an easy courtship, but persistency got him as bride a beautiful and divinely tall young woman.

I remember the great talk there was about thirty years ago when the duchess refused to
(Continued on page 66)



Futuristic Portrait of a young man with ambitious and sideburns, to say nothing of the moustache



An Australian Bushman—with a beard of golden threads and a crown of polished mahogany



A Congo chieftain in full panoply of war as conceived in the cubistic mode of abstract portraiture

A Cubist Doll-Maker of Montparnasse

The Russian Painter Marie Vassilieff Creates Caricature Toys for Grownups

By ARTHUR MOSS

WHERE are the dolls of yesteryear? Relegated to limbo with the turkey-trot, the Fourteen Points, the custard-pie-movie and a host of other things that could not stand the pace of our cubistic age. The first threat to the existence of the old-fashioned doll came when Rose O'Neill introduced the Kewpie. Then arrived an army of more realistic dolls in imitation of the characters in various nursery tales, and in the past few years the vogue of the doll has been steadily advancing. It is no longer a mere toy but the product of artistic conception and fine craftsmanship. One of the most important figures in this new development is Mme. Marie Vassilieff, a Russian painter who lives in the Paris Latin Quarter. She has devoted herself to the creation of both caricature and character portrait dolls.

Some years ago Marie Vassilieff was giving lessons in drawing to a little girl in Moscow. The child had many dolls of the old style which were not pretty. Mme. Vassilieff, as a sort of game, made one with her own hands to suit the child. The artist found it to her own taste as well as that of her pupil. She then made others and placed them on exhibition. Three of the first dolls are in the collection of the Morozov Museum of Decorative Art at Moscow. A little later Mme. Vassilieff organized an exhibition of modern art at Moscow. Her first portrait doll made its appearance there, an effigy of the Russian painter Tatlin.

Formerly one sat for miniatures, large oil portraits, or cold marble busts; now one leaves to posterity a doll made by an artist who is both painter and sculptor. As the creator of these new dolls says:

"My *poupées* are not children's playthings; they rather represent us after we have been the playthings of life."

While many artists have been making dolls of various sorts for grown-up folk, none of them has approached Marie Vassilieff as a caricaturist. She works in a great variety of materials, always trying to suit the texture to the personality. Her dolls always can be recognized; they are not to be mistaken among hundreds of others.

Vassilieff first makes several sketches and then models a rough masque in soft clay. Her next step is to decide on the material to be

used for the covering of head and hands. It may be cloth, satin, soft leather—whatever she feels is most suitable to the character of the person portrayed. Through the force of her modelling, the solidarity of construction based on the best cubism, she achieves character, she creates personages endowed with sentiments and passions; in a word she gives life to inert materials.

Early in the war Marie Vassilieff opened a school of modern art in Paris. In connection with this she ran a canteen for soldier-artists. Many Russians frequented her place, among them Leon Trotzky who she had to eject because of his penchant for anarchistic discussion. Soon after Trotzky went back to Russia, the Paris police decided that Mme. Vassilieff must have some connection with revolutionary activities and arrested her.

"I knew nothing of the affairs of Trotzky. I am an artist, not a politician. But I had to spend a year in jail as a political prisoner. It was not so bad. I amused myself by making decorative playing cards for the other inmates."

Though Mme. Vassilieff is primarily interested in creating character dolls, a visit to her studio impressed me with her amazing versatility. Her paintings have been exhibited at the official Spring and Autumn Salons as well as at a number of more restricted showings. Her canvases, though cubistic, display a marked individuality.

Along with many other prominent modern painters, Marie Vassilieff has become tremendously interested in African negro art. She has made dolls, fantastic heads, and masques based on these primitive sculptures.

Last year at a big exhibition of modern art at the Galerie de la Rotonde, Marie Vassilieff's dolls were the focal point of attention. She displayed extremely clever doll-caricatures of Picasso, Derain, Matisse, Paul Poiret, and other people well-known in the art world.



A table de toilette humanized (or dehumanized) with a bit of Futuristic portraiture



A typical Galli-Curci audience at San Francisco, where 9,000 persons gathered at the Exposition Auditorium—a box office triumph of \$18,500

America the Foster Mother of the World's Music

As a Nation We Spend \$700,000,000 Annually on Music and Its Allied Manufactures

By CHITTENDEN TURNER

AFAMOUS singer recently returned to us declaring that Europe was playing second fiddle to the United States in all matters musical. The statement seemed, at first blush, a mere sample of the selfish politeness that gets publicity. We have read so much flattery from arrivals, and from those who yearn to arrive, that we have become callous. But the ripples that have blown us sweet compliments are truly in the wake of a towering tidal wave of art which has swept westward to inundate and make fertile a land where, even still, as some citizens aver, no full-fledged ear yet warrants our years of plenty. Collected facts indicate that the best music has finally gravitated to our shores, and it is now generally recognized that New York, spending approximately \$20,000,000 on its yearly fare, has become the musical metropolis of the world.

The question whether our musical stock is inflated and must collapse before our own Beethovens and Wagners rise from the yielding humus, will be answered more readily by Europe than by America. Our catholicity in art, however, has inspired such cordiality that foreigners are at present giving us every encouragement.

America has virtually established her title as *Alma Mater* of music. Not because of the money spent here, nor the presence of celebrities, nor the importing habit, nor the successes and failures of various enterprises, will her shrine be built; not solely because of promotive organizations, private capital and journalism. This country has an omnivorous palate for music which is incessantly whetted by a volatile, amusement-loving disposition. Appetite, plus a phenomenal, automatic fad-making machinery, which influences all business as well as art, has proved a magnet and a dragnet for the brightest musical nuggets of the old countries. Sheer demand will erect our temples and monuments to music, because granaries are built by hungry mouths. Materialism, instead of blighting music, has abetted it, made it more necessary than ever. Despite its dampening effect

on production it has widened the field for consumption immeasurably, since the strenuous life in America has now found the peaceful errand of music to be an indispensable act of mercy.

With 14 established symphony orchestras and others in the making, more than 300 smaller orchestral units exclusive of theatres and schools, and a federation of 1,300 musical organizations with a total membership in excess of 100,000, representing for the most part the development of a few recent years, we have evidences of an activity unparalleled elsewhere in the field of music. Though we are aware that much of this advancement has been made possible through foreign influence, that all but one or two of the leading orchestras, for instance, are conducted by Europeans, as well as manned largely by them, the facts of patronage and appreciation are significant enough. The Cymreigyddion Society of Utica may look as foreign as the Rhondda Cymric of Wales, but for all intents and purposes it is American.



E. Underwood & Underwood

Our Bernhardt of the concert stage, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who, at the age of sixty-two, will have sung to eighty audiences this season

What if it was Paolo Gallico who won the \$5,000 prize of the National Federation of Musical Clubs with his "Apocalypse"? The invisible four horsemen in the case were American, as is Paolo by naturalization. And we are not heedless of the recent conquests of American compositions in Europe, where they are heard in virtually every music center.

The Symphony Society of New York has given 105 concerts in the East, as far as Ohio, in its season of six months, while the New York Philharmonic is said to have exceeded this number. More novelties from American pens have been presented throughout the country during the last two seasons than from any other nationality, and a single conductor is known to have introduced 80 works by Americans in half this period.

It is evident that the time is not far distant when the adoption of foreign names by interpretative as well as creative artists will be abandoned as unnecessary and even unadvisable. In this connection is recalled the failure here of several really prominent European artists, who did not measure up to our standards. The roster of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and especially those of the Chicago and San Carlo companies bear increasing proof of the triumph of American singers. The former successes achieved abroad by such stars as Geraldine Farrar, Edward Johnson and Forrest Lamont have helped to blaze a trail for many of our exploring sons and daughters, till the old discrimination against Americans has become forgotten. Our recitalists are now regularly touring in other lands, except in Central Europe, where financial conditions do not warrant it, and adding luster to the American diadem. As for the famous Europeans, their home audiences, so generously provided for by governmental paternalism, are obliged to wait in peace until the former are not too busy catering to the American public.

It was a source of much self-congratulation when in the season of 1892-1893 in New York there were presented 16 novelties by Dvořák, Moszkowski, Goldmark, Parker, Mascagni, (Continued on page 61)



Winston Churchill, the novelist, in his remodelled home, has evolved a large living-music-room which occupies one entire end of the house. The piano is placed at one side and against a background of rich tapestry

Placing the Piano

In Proper Relation to Other Furniture the Instrument May Become an Effective Decoration

By MARY HARROD NORTEND

IF the piano is the most difficult to "place" of all articles of furniture in the home, it is, compensatingly, perhaps, the most satisfactory in effect when advantageously placed. It imparts to a room an air of dignity, an atmosphere of culture, and a promise of enjoyment as it stands, its dazzling keyboard invitingly open, to tempt the musician. The very play of light and shadow in the depths of its polished surface is a fascination to the eye.

Today, when the grand piano is made small enough for even a tiny apartment salon, this type of instrument is found increasingly in the least pretentious homes. Regarded merely as a part of the furniture, and apart from its musical attributes, the grand piano offers greater possibilities than other styles of pianos. For one thing, its gracefully curved side provides at once a line of beauty which the more commonplace upright is without. The grand is low enough not to interfere with effective wall or window treatment, and large enough to give an appearance of imposing solidity to a room whose other furnishings may be undistinguished.

In the home which contains a music-room proper, it goes without saying that such a room has been planned with care as to its acoustic properties, and that the piano, correctly placed with every requirement of performer and audience in mind, is frankly the chief object of interest. Such a one is the music-room illustrated, where the piano, beside a high window, the player facing the room, is perhaps even more prominent than the organ itself.

But the majority of homes in which a piano figures have that instrument in the living-room or hall, where it has its part in the intimate daily life of the family, and where the question

of its proper placing in relation to the other furniture is so highly important.

For acoustic reasons it is generally advisable to place the piano close to a wall, yet it should not be cramped too close. If the keyboard runs at a slight angle instead of directly perpendicular to the wall, the effect is freer and more pleasing. Obviously the curved side should be turned toward the room, and it is desirable to gain spaciousness by setting the

piano sufficiently apart from all the other furniture.

Light over the player's left shoulder is generally acceptable, although the idea of lighting from behind, and well above his head, is not without its adherents, particularly when a large and high window or a strong wall-light is directly back of the keyboard. For artificial lighting, however, the tall floor lamp, attached to a nearby wall plug, is considered best. And the plug must be *near*. Who has not witnessed the embarrassment of a player, ready to retire from the piano bench, painfully trying to extricate himself from a literally entangling alliance with a long cord, uniting the piano lamp to a distant wall plug!

Of course, the attitude of the family toward music is a factor to be considered in placing the piano. Where the family includes a professional musician or a highly trained amateur, the piano will be treated much more seriously, not to say reverently, than where the family takes music informally, as a pleasant diversion merely. Your conscientious musician will ruthlessly banish any chairs or tables in too close proximity, however artfully arranged; heavy hangings which might interfere with the sound will be excluded; and a beautiful square of tapestry covering, or an exquisite vase on the instrument itself, although to be removed when it is used, are seldom permitted by the true devotee. The piano must, of course, be placed on the bare floor. Many of us can recall homes in which the piano is thus worshipfully treated, and while true musicianship no doubt justifies this rigorous isolation, the effect on the layman is a trifle barren, not to say austere.

Where piano music is more casual and incidental, the instrument is regarded somewhat less formally, and placed more in harmony with



In the Rose Dexter house on Beacon Street, Boston, the grand piano is placed, together with the harp, so that the two musical instruments are against a background of blue brocade framed in white



Lieut. Governor Fuller's house on Beacon Street, Boston, has a Louis-XV. music-room in which the piano, itself highly decorative, has for background hangings of antique blue, with a tapestry chair in the foreground as a foil

its surroundings. Such a case is suggested by the arrangement in the library of the Maxfield Parrish house in Cornish, New Hampshire. The piano is tastefully placed, yet not made a conspicuous entity as in the music-room of the ordinary home. Light falls on the keyboard from a fan-topped window directly behind, and a floor lamp stands conveniently near. Any suggestion of flatness is relieved by the charming decoration on the panelled wall above the instrument, the curve of which serves as a recess for a small table. The general effect is decidedly good.

Such a placing of the piano would suggest itself for a home where vocal music prevailed, in which case the pianist, as accompanist, would naturally be less prominent, and the singer, on whom attention would be focused, might stand where the table now is, facing the room. Concert-goers of a few years back may recall the fondness the great soprano Marcella Sembrich always evinced for standing close in the curve of the instrument, which seemed almost to enfold her, while she toyed with a handkerchief, flashed brilliant smiles at her accompanist, and prepared to enchant an audience with her wonderful feats of colorature. Notice, in the homes of your friends, and see if it is not true that the singer's place will almost always give the position of prominence to the curve of the instrument, whereas the pianist's will emphasize the keyboard! The latter will frequently prefer to have the keyboard confront one immediately on entering the room, even though this may mean shoving the rounded end into a corner and hiding the curved side against an unappreciative wall.

To place the piano against a large piece of tapestry on the wall is to throw in bold relief its rugged outlines, and if the performer's back is against an artistically curtained window he is given a flattering prominence. In "The Art of Interior Decoration" the authors caution their readers to "see that your piano is so placed that the pianist has an unbroken background of wall, tapestry, a large piece of rare old silk, or a mirror. Clyde Fitch, past master of interior decoration, placed his piano in front of broad windows, across which at night were drawn crimson damask curtains. Some of us will never forget Geraldine Farrar, as she sat against that background, wearing a dull cling-

ing, blue-green gown, going over the score—from memory—of 'Salome'."

The entrance or reception hall of a house, especially if it is square and spacious, may be exactly the right place for the piano, or the recess furnished by a broad and well-lighted staircase affords an excellent retreat for the instrument. Such a device is frequently employed in large homes, where an orchestra is engaged for dancing or receptions, and it is desired to have the music in the very heart of things and yet maintain a certain privacy for the musicians.

Then, too, the acoustic properties of such a spot in the house may be advantageous, and the pianist equal to the heavy demands of Beethoven sonatas or Bach fugues will appreciate this extra depth and space to fill with the immortal voices of the masters.

Many who esteem the piano principally because of its possibilities for adding "life," and an air of liveliness to a room, favor its placing so that the person entering will be confronted with the keyboard, whether near or across the width of the apartment. The open keyboard, with music spread upon the rack, does undeniably give a welcome sense of daily companionship with the piano. If the music displayed reveals title pages of charm in line and color, so much the better. The taste of the music publishers, like that of all other caterers to public fancy, has kept pace with modern ideas in art decoration, and there are some really delightful drawings of the fantastic poster type now serving as title pages for published music—drawings which are the desired happy medium between the garish covers of frankly "popular" tunes, and the severe scholastic bindings which collections of the classics usually affect. The writer has in mind one somewhat sombre living-room with dark panelled walls and a grand piano, whose case was ebony. The chief note of color came from the title pages of the music on the rack, beautifully colored water scenes and a couple of daring futurist drawings which adorned the score of a celebrated comic opera. This music, quite without intention on the part of the owner, supplied a badly needed touch of liveliness to an otherwise dull room.



Here the ancient spinet becomes an integral part of the room's decoration. The built-in bookcases and gay chintz curtains and chair covers enhance the decorative value of the instrument with its fine old mahogany case

The question of putting any object on the piano itself is one that may give rise to acrimonious discussion. A vase of flowers, a lamp, a covering of silk, are matters of individual taste and depend on the views of piano owners. And these range all the way from the woman who honestly thinks the instrument an ugly object, and insists on dressing it up, to the fanatic who would not suffer the smallest object to mar its beauty, much less interfere with its precious voice.

If anything is to be placed on the piano, it should be done with discretion, and the object should of course be one whose intrinsic beauty justifies such a position. A piano covering,

(Continued on page 78)



Here is a remarkable combination living- and music-room in the home of Maxfield Parrish at Cornish, N. H. The walls are panelled in wood and the piano is placed at the farther end of the room so that the music reverberates pleasantly throughout



HENRY CLAY FRICK'S GRANDCHILDREN

The three charming little girls in this group are Adelaide, Frances and Martha Frick, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Childs Frick of New York and granddaughters of the late Henry Clay Frick. The painting is by Harrington Mann whose recent exhibition of portraits at the Knoedler Galleries received the critical approval of both the general public and the connoisseurs. In this group of the Frick children, however, it is the consensus of opinion that Mr. Mann has produced a chef-d'oeuvre.

Seeing Familiar Objects as Pure Form

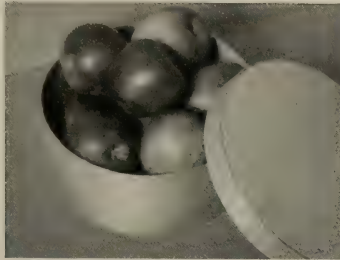
The Pleasures of Observation are Unlimited for Those With Eyes That See

By PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, Jr.



"The Dragon Fly's Wing"—a simple electric light bulb holding many possibilities for design

Mr. Outerbridge is primarily a painter. He has recently devoted much of his time to the interpretation of commonplace objects through the medium of photography, achieving in this manner effects not otherwise to be obtained. Besides being a painter and photographer Mr. Outerbridge has executed many posters in flat tempera washes, with large areas and bold design, and as long ago as 1916 he successfully experimented in painting scenery with light alone. His results have created a new technique in stage sets



"A Gift from Pomona"—a composition in interesting circles with an interwoven angular scheme



"Wind and Water"—a study in related circles with rectangular lines accentuating them

OSCAR WILDE once remarked, in his characteristically clever manner, "To look at a thing is not to see it." This unfortunately is the truth and applies to most people in many things, but especially in those things relating to the form or shapes of the common objects vitally associated with our daily life.

To quote from Clive Bell's ably written book, "Art" (which, by the way, I think is probably the best answer to *what is art?* that has ever been written): "Occasionally when an artist, a real one, looks at objects (the contents of a room, for instance), he perceives them as pure forms in certain relations to each other, and feels emotions for them as such. These are his moments of inspiration; follows the desire to express what is being felt. The

emotion that the artist felt in his moment of inspiration he did not feel for objects seen as means, but for objects seen as pure forms—that is as ends in themselves. He did not feel emotion for a chair as a means to physical well-being, nor as an object associated with the intimate life of a family, nor as the place where someone sat saying things unforgettable, nor yet as a thing bound to the lives of hundreds of men and women, dead or alive, by a hundred subtle ties; doubtless an artist does often

"Now to see objects as pure form is to see them as ends in themselves. For though, of course, forms are related to each other as parts of a whole, they are related on terms of equality; they are not a means to anything except emotion. But, for objects seen as ends in themselves, do we not feel a profounder and more thrilling emotion than we felt for them as means?"

"All of us, I imagine, do, from time to time, get a vision of material objects as pure forms. We see things as ends in themselves, that is to say; and at such moments it seems possible, and even probable, that we see them with the eye of an artist.

"Who has not, once at least in his life, had a sudden vision of a landscape as pure form? For once, instead of seeing it as fields and cot-

(Continued on page 94)



"An Enemy of Wrinkles"—a print roller photographed in an interesting, if extremely simple, composition



"An Abstraction in Angles"—this bit of step-ladder, box, newspaper, can and cake of soap fall into a delightful arrangement

feel emotions such as these from the things which he sees, but in the moment of aesthetic vision he sees objects as pure forms. It is for, or at any rate through, pure form that he feels his inspired emotion.

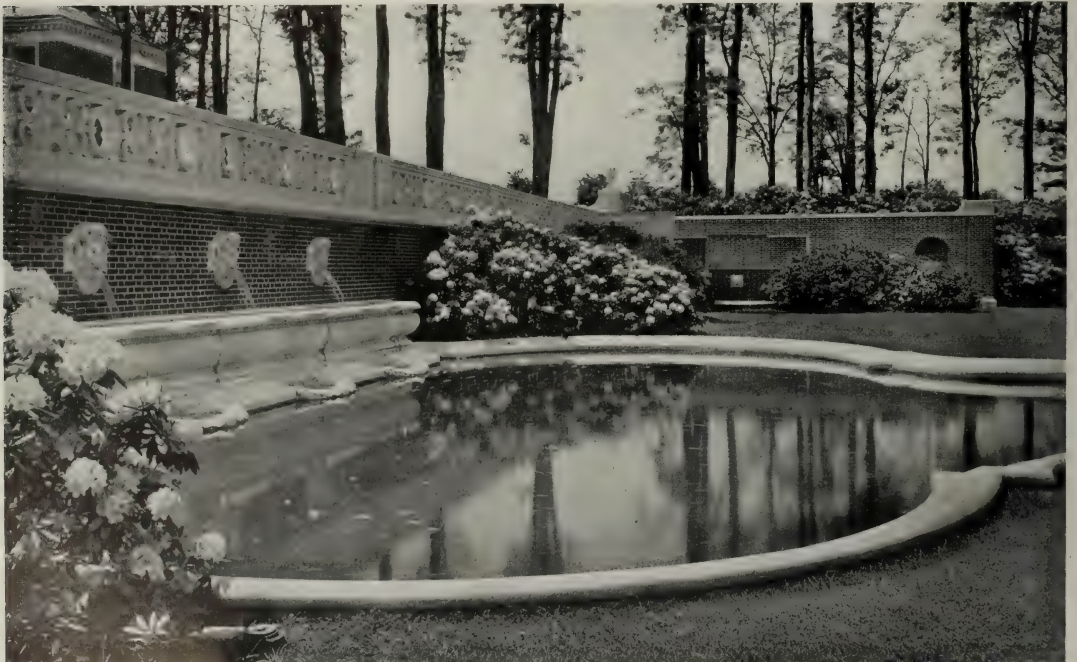


"Breakfast Essentials"—the cup and coffee-pot make, with the scalloped oilcloth, a pleasing pattern

One of the Great Show-Places of Long Island



Roslyn Manor, like a rare jewel, is ensconced in its setting, and occupies a plateau, the environs of which are enclosed by a classic marble balustrade, punctuated at intervals by graceful marble urns



The estate is replete with surprises, none of which strikes a more vivid note than the garden pool and fountain, hidden away on the lower level to the East of the great white steps. This feature is suggestive of the Italian influence as well as the Georgian feeling



The interior treatment of Roslyn Manor may be concretely expressed as that of chaste simplicity, in which the more highly ornate evidences of the Adam style are lacking



The Chinese Chippendale influence is noted in the bedroom furnishings, not only the chairs but the four-poster being illustrative of this craftsman who designed pieces to suit the English architects

Roslyn Manor, the 260-acre estate of Mrs. Frederick Guest, formerly Miss Amy Phipps of New York, now the wife of the Minister of Air Service in Great Britain, just beyond Roslyn on the North Shore of Long Island, N. Y., is one of the show places in this region of beautiful homes. Adjoining Harbor View, the estate of Clarence Mackay, it is also contiguous to those of Harry Payne Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan, Elbert H. Gary and other American millionaires. Originally built for Mrs. Alfred I. du Pont at a cost of \$500,000, it was never occupied owing to her death before the house was completed. It was later bought for Mrs. Guest by her brother, Howard C. Phipps, and the name changed from White Eagle to that of Roslyn Manor. The purchase price was said to be \$470,000.



Designed by Carerre & Hastings in the style of the Brothers Adam, the dignified structure of red brick with white marble trim is set down in the midst of a charmingly landscaped park. While in no sense a replica of the Adam edifices, it possesses much of the feeling for which Bowood, in Wiltshire, England, is famous. Long and low, the central portion of the main façade is recessed between projecting wings, the carriage entrance being at the back where a wonderful Georgian doorway, capped by a broken arch, opens beneath a tall, pillared portico. The fenestration is typical of the style, having long windows with lunettes and trim of white marble on the first floor and smaller, but excellently proportioned openings above, those in the central portion being divided by small oval niches set into the wall, illustrative of the exquisite detail for which these master architects are so justly famous.



Sunktoya-Wiya or Rosie the Coyote-Woman, a typical Stoney Squaw



Wahiya-Cincina or Little Thunder, a Stoney Indian of the Alberta Prairies



Wayash or Agnes, a young Nootka girl of the West Coast of Vancouver Island

An Artist Among the Northwest Indians

Langdon Kihn Has Pictorially Recorded Some Types of a Little-Known Race

By C. MARIUS BARBEAU

WHEN Langdon Kihn recently decided to look for pictorial themes among the native fisherfolk of Vancouver Island and the prairie hunters of Western Alberta, it was his good fortune to invade a colorful and inspiring field which seems so far to have been neglected by other artists. The striking diversity of scenery and aboriginal tribes could not fail to impress his responsive imagination, for the northwest coast is as different from the rolling plains and the foothills of Canada as are the red men who used to claim their undivided possession.

The Nootkas of Vancouver Island are village dwellers. Their old-time rectangular houses of cedar planks formerly stood close to the water's edge in the majestic fiords that indent the impenetrable mountains and forests of the interior. Now their small modernized settlements are strung north and south in bead-like fashion all along the west coast of their island home. They have occupied the same coves from time immemorial. Mr. Kihn has characterized the rugged features of their habitat in two fanciful landscapes reproduced here.

Far away to the East, across the mountains, lived the elusive hunters of the endless plains, the Crees, the Stonies and the Blackfeet, whose nomadic existence admitted of no fixed abode and whose conical skin *t tipis* incessantly shifted from place to place for the requirements of peace and war. Even at the present day, after the government has barb-wired them on reserves, their Indian Agencies and Missions stand in lonely isolation, like symbols of the new restrictions which have not yet won full recognition in the land.

Whereas the Nootkas depended on the deep sea for subsistence—their foods being codfish, salmon, whale,

candle-fish oil and seal blubber—the restless rovers of the prairies coveted nothing but buffalo meat, which, once their ravenous appetites were satisfied, they dried in the sun or prepared into pemmican for preservation. If the former cared nothing for the flesh of land animals, the latter—the Blackfeet in particular—loathed all fish-eaters, for fish in their estimation was as "unclean" as snakes are to most white people.

Their respective modes of travelling and hunting were as far apart as the nature of their foods. The coast fishermen could not

betake themselves to any distance without their one-piece canoes hollowed out from the trunks of the giant cedars; they fished with nets of wild hemp and hooks made of bone and hardwood. They gathered in canoe parties for hunting the whale, their weapons being detachable harpoon heads fastened to large seal stomach floats and propelled by long poles. The whale-hunting songs and magic rituals of their chief were, in their belief, no less essential for the success of their venturesome enterprises than the primitive harpoons they employed.

No such devices, of course, were ever known to the prairie dwellers. Travel on foot across the plains was the only means of transportation in pre-Columbian days. Women and dogs acted as beasts of burden, while the lords of the land led the caravan forth, their hands free for action in case of encounter with a hostile band. When the Spanish settled in Mexico and wild horses, or "cayuses," spread over the northern plains, even before the white man was first seen, the buffalo hunters changed their ways. They captured the "cayuses" or stole them from their neighbors, and became expert riders. Instead of crawling near the buffalo herd or waiting for it in ambush, they pursued it in the open, surrounding it on their swift broncos. The introduction of the gun made the hunt so easy that it degenerated into slaughter; the buffalo tongues were the only delicacies sought for in times of abundance.

The sharp contrast between these two stocks of Indians will be made more intelligible to the reader by the examination of some of Mr. Kihn's remarkable portraits, those of *Ehattis-Aht*, or "Sam," a Nootka fisherman, on the one hand, and of "Little-Thunder," nicknamed Dan Wildman, and Rosie Coyote-Woman, two Stonies of Alberta, on the other. The face of the Nootka is broad and square; his jaws



Indian village with its Totem poles, Vancouver Island

are massive and his nose flat. His physiognomy is Mongolian-like, and not a few will think of North Asiatic affinities. The aristocratic features and expression of Little-Thunder, the prairie hunter, belong to an altogether different lineage. The face is long, narrow and oval; the nose is markedly aquiline and the arch is high. The contours are not unlike those of a Polynesian of the South Seas.

The Kootenays of the Rocky Mountains and the Upper Columbia River, whom Mr. Kihn also visited last summer, are closely affiliated with the plains people. Indeed they used to cross the mountains twice a year for the buffalo hunt and proceed to the domains claimed by their ancestors at the head-waters of the Missouri. If a few faces among their numbers are reminiscent of the west coast, this is no doubt due to frequent intermarriage with the other Rocky Mountain tribes of their neighborhood.

The assumption has long been current that all American Indians form a racial unit apart from the rest of mankind. The very names "redskins" and "American Indians" have served to crystallize that popular notion. But the time may not be far distant when ethnol-



One of the Indian fishing villages of Vancouver Island

surpassed their comprehension. But, in the supreme crisis of their existence, their foresight fell miserably short of the mark; it could not reach beyond actualities. The wisdom of their forefathers was of no avail in the new problems that confronted their councils. Dangers and disasters came upon them unforeseen, in quick succession. Yet, they never thought of living in peace together, of offering a solid front to the real conquerors of their lands. Instead, they engaged in bloody feuds that were made more destructive through the introduction of improved weapons and facilities of transportation. They blindly used the advantages they derived from their white allies against their enemy kindred, without considering that a few years later the balance might turn against them, as it often did. As a result of these wars, native frontiers were violated, territories and hunting grounds invaded, traditional rights trampled upon, and deadly enmities engendered that could only cause the pendulum of blood revenge to swing both ways and lead to ultimate extermination.

The northern Crees were among the first to secure firearms from the fur-trading companies. With their new equipment they

started on their westward migration into the plains. The bounties of the buffalo hunt soon changed them into inveterate prairie rovers, and they drove away the earlier occupants who happened to stand in their path. But the Blackfeet, a powerful nation of the Northwest, challenged them and checked their progress as soon as the dreaded "lightning and thunder" weapons could be obtained from the white men. The nations living south of the Great Lakes, much disturbed by the gradual encroachments of the white people, also began to shift westward. In the confusion that followed between trespassers and early occupants war and retaliation seemed the only remedy. The upheaval became general and it spread even beyond the barrier of the Rocky Mountains. Weaker nations sometimes formed alliances for self-defence before it was too late, but many puny tribes were entirely wiped out of existence.

The Stonies, of whom Mr. Kihn here presents some portraits, were not favored by the new turn of events in the early days; they were forced to relinquish their vast hunting grounds between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. When they also secured firearms they



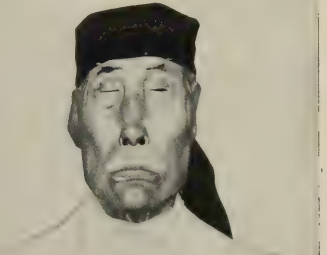
A Kootenay Indian boy of the upper Columbia River

ogists will undertake to disprove the theory of American insularity and figure out how races still represented on other continents are likely to have expanded into the "new world" at various times in the remote past.

Whenever this is done, the northwest coast people, the Nootkas like the others, are quite likely to be considered as belonging to an Asiatic migratory wave that has rolled over the edge into America long after other races of man had preceded them; for instance, the plains and woodland Indians, the Eskimos, and the other central and southern stocks which seem to be more typically American even to the chance observer.

The advent of Europeans on this continent proved a momentous event, a sharp turning point, in the lives of the American tribes. Greeted as sky beings and benefactors, the newcomers soon turned out to be helpless and meddlesome. They had brought with them more evils than blessings, and their ubiquitous transgressions were in time to spell the ruin of whatever was not their own.

Caution and a feeling of solidarity would certainly have helped the cause of the Indians in their initial dealings with a shrewd invader whose material culture and ambitions so vastly



Qua-Ui-Na or Ehattis-Aht Sam, an old Nootka fisherman



A Nootka town-crier with his ceremonial mask of cedar-wood bark and feathers

retrieved their fortunes somewhat and reasserted their power. For a time they gained the upper hand and inflicted defeat upon their deadly enemies the Blackfeet. But fate was against them, and to avoid total extermination they finally sought shelter at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where a few hundred of their descendants are now parked on reserves.

Since the success of warfare depended upon "long knives," guns and ammunition, every tribe wanted to monopolize the white traders' favors. The Crees at first served as intermediaries or middlemen in the western trade. Later the Blackfeet did their utmost to intercept the parties of white explorers who tried to establish trading posts in the land of their enemies to the west. For many years they had held sway over the tribes of the upper Columbian River, the Kootenays, the Flatheads and other plateau dwellers, whose ambition was also to hunt the buffalo. The Blackfeet naturally were anxious to prevent the fur traders from furnishing their rivals with firearms, for fear of punishment. It was for that reason that they massacred the de la Vérendrye's party,

(Continued on page 95)

A Chicago Apartment of Exceptional Character

The focal point of interest in the library is the fine Gobelin tapestry. The finish of the bookcases and paneling is of walnut, as is all the furniture, excepting the desk, which is a genuine antique satinwood piece. The lamps and wall-brackets were specially designed for the room



All the furniture in this apartment is antique of various periods and the tapestries are genuine Gobelins. The carpeting throughout, with the exception of the bedrooms, is a high-piled Chinese weave designed in the Marshall Field studios. Its general tone is dark purple

The above room—library—and the other six rooms are part of the apartment of P. J. Schaefer, Esq., Chicago, and were decorated by Messrs. Marshall Field & Company



A view of the living-room showing the Grinling Gibbons fireplace and a pair of Cellini bronzes on either side. The andirons are of finely sculptured bronze

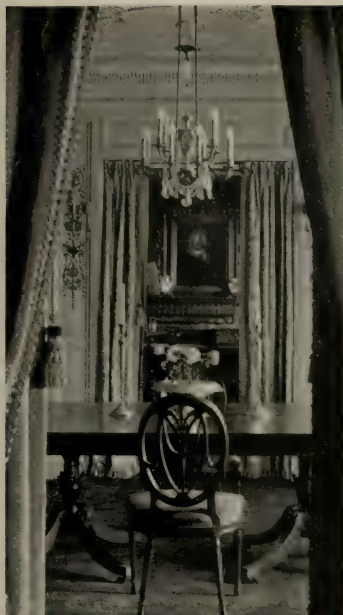


Another view of the living-room showing the window drapes and the mirror window in wall. The furniture is antique with needlework and damask covering

A corner of the living-room where the piano is well placed and the scarf on the instrument is of brilliant old cream-colored damask. The furniture is of authentic antiquity and covered with gros-point and petit-point needlework



The upholstered furniture in this room is in an old Burgundy shade of antique damask, the tones being in harmony with the deep purple of the carpet. The walls are paneled and the door-frame and ceiling cornices are hand-carved



A vista looking through the dining-room to the living-room with the draperies of red damask framing the view. The colorful portrait over the fireplace makes a focal point and adds to the general color warmth of the scheme



This bedroom is finished in a light pastel shade of peach color with paneled walls and over-door panels of cupids on a background of blue clouds. This blue note is repeated in the Savonniere rug. The draperies and bed-covering are done in peach color taffeta, merging to an orchid rose. The candelabras on either side of the bed are authentic Dresden pieces from the Morgan collection. There is a concealed light in the drapery which can be operated from the bed

This spacious dining-room is in antique ivory, beautifully paneled, and the fixtures and carved wood candelabras on either side of the satinwood buffet were specially designed for the apartment. The scheme throughout is the satinwood furniture harmonizing with which are the soft green damask window and doorway hangings. The chairs have seats of fine-point needlework. The ceiling is of moulded plaster in a design of floreated Wedgewood motifs



The illustrations on both these pages are published by courtesy of Messrs. Marshall Field & Company of Chicago



"Old Cedar and Spanish Peaks," an etching by George E. Burr

The Story of the Printed Picture

Engraving Antedates Civilization and Etching is Grandfather of the Graphic Arts

By WILL SIMMONS

ENGRAVING a design on a bit of permanent material is older far than history; there exists a piece of mammoth ivory on which is deeply scratched the portrait of the mammoth itself, and not by any means inadequately, by some prehistoric artist. But the art of taking impressions from the engraved surface, of printing this designed matrix, was only discovered during the fifteenth century. The first real prints, as we know them today, came in response to the demand for visualized ideas in duplicate, from a budding democracy, newly-formed with the Guilds that were organized for self-protection by the middle classes of the feudal age. From the beginning the print was the product of the people, for the people, as opposed to the art made for the churches or for the nobility; for in feudal times, in the fourteenth century, only the priests could read and write, only the nobles could own books and pictures; the others were peasants and "varlets."

The visualization of ideas, ideography, is one of the most potent forms of education, and so, as the people became more and more informed, the demand for art grew, new processes were invented to supply a more exacting criticism, and these new forms of art created increased demand, up to this day. Ever since the Dark Ages, the story of the print is parallel with the story of democracy, and the evolution of the graphic arts is the evolution of the thought of the people, through various modes, but always from the definite, the concrete to the abstract idea; from the statement of illustration to the suggestion of art.

Speaking of democracy, the



"The First Etcher," a drypoint by Will Simmons

thought occurs of those ancient republics of Greece and Rome—did they have prints to speak for the people? Apparently not. But

they had pottery, the terracotta and bronze statuettes in duplicate, and Saint Paul speaks of the large trade in little silver souvenirs of Diana of Ephesus, evidently a prototype of religious prints of the Middle Ages, as we shall see, and a truly democratic form of art. In ancient Egypt the immense number of scarabs found, and small images of the strange divinities of the Nile valley, seems to show that even in that forgotten era there was a supply to meet the demand, however crude, of the populace.

It may seem a large order to say that the greatest invention in history is the print, the picture in duplicate, but so it is; and this has often been noted, as, for example, by our own Ben Franklin. For the invention of the printing press did not come from the open sky, but was evolved from the old wood-cut print. And all that printing implies, good and bad, periodicals, illustrations and calendars, books

without end in sight, and, indeed, the very sciences whose growth is so largely due to the spreading of information by the printed word: all this first originated in the attempt of some humble artist to sell his wares in duplicate, much as the etchers try to do today.

It is not known who was the first inventor of the print, but we can trace a plausible evolution in the prints themselves. Early in the fifteenth century we find crude woodcuts of saints, such as might be used as souvenirs of feast-days or pilgrimages, a parallel with the silver images of Diana of Ephesus; then there were naively drawn woodcut playing-cards, and finally the monks who patiently compiled the written books of yesterday began to



"The Elysian Fields," an etching by Ernest Haskell

save pious time by using initial letters cut in wood-blocks, to stamp their manuscripts. Soon these monks began to paste wood-prints into their works, by way of illustration; then both text and picture were cut into the block, like the modern process which casts type and picture in a solid piece of metal. The use of movable type was soon invented after the fixed block, and so we find the first printing press in use by Gutenberg and others of his day.

The origin of metal engraving, with its subsequent developments of etching, mezzotint, etc., is not certainly known; but we can trace its evolution from the success of the early woodcuts, to the days when the Italian goldsmiths used to sell the trial prints they made of their gold and silver engravings. These were little plates, engraved, like the first wood-prints, with the figures of saints, and used as souvenirs; the hollowed lines were filled with enamel, but to get a working proof of the design, one only had to fill the lines with ink, and press paper onto the plate. We also find early playing-cards engraved; it is curious to think that we still use playing-cards of a very ancient design, and that the enamelled souvenirs of Italy still have much the same design as the old plates, though now all forms of cards are made by machinery.

The story of the invention of each medium would be too technical, and would mean a long list of names and dates, and remind one too strongly of the forced erudition of our school-days. So we will simply note that after line engraving, stipple, roulette, etching, mezzotint, and finally aquatint, were invented to supply the greater appreciation of the people. Appreciation, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing; one quickly learns to appreciate the bad as well as the good in life. And it would seem that the people evolve much like the individual, from childhood to old age; we must each, apparently, pass through the states of conscious reason-



"In the Pool," a drypoint by Sears Gallagher



"Spring Plowing," a drypoint by Kerr Eby

ing, caring only for the concrete, the informative, before we learn to understand the abstract side of things, and, in art, appreciate its beauty. So the world yielded to the obvious, and required more and more technical excellence, more perfection of statement and detail, from the artists who made the now popular prints. As in religion, art needs from time to time a prophet to bring the work back to standard, to remind even the artists that their business is not to please nor to instruct, but to create beauty. Such men were, each in his time, Albrecht Durer, Rembrandt, Whistler; men who brought the graphic arts back from imitation and definition to their primary duty of choosing, of drawing attention to

the abstract, to the beauties hidden in the mass of information. The graphic arts, however, still progressed technically, until they became extremely intricate; men used their powers of imitation until little else was expected of the arts. Then came a change.

The invention of photography has been epochmaking in the graphic arts; the camera sees all things all at once, there is no choice, no separate message to convey; and for detailed statement nothing of man's handiwork can compare to this natural process of registering light and shade. The subsequent invention of the modern photo-printing methods, whereby a picture can be reproduced mechanically, destroyed to a great extent the need for descriptive drawing, for concrete statement in art, and allowed the print to revert to its primary aim—abstract creation. With all the evil that has been said about it, the camera has been invaluable in causing people to look for something better than description in art.

With photographic reproduction achieved, there was little need for the highly skilled engraving on wood and metal which we so much admire, and the rich medium of mezzotint, the delicate aquatint, began to lose their exponents, until today there are hardly a dozen first-class engravers in these mediums

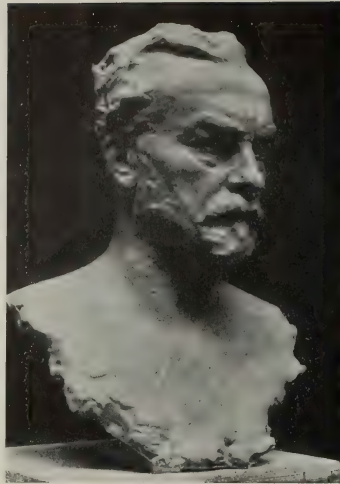
(Continued on page 82)



"Ducks at Dawn," an etching by Frank W. Benson



Beethoven, the man whose work is symbolic of the enduring mountains



The bust of Pasteur recently purchased by the New York Medical Society



A head of Christ, expressing the man of sorrows in a material world

A Dreamer in Stone

The Russian Sculptor Naum Aronson Has the Vision and Strength of a Rodin

By PHILIP SAWYER

DOWN at the end of a cobbled stone *impasse* in the Mont-parnasse quarter, I knocked at an unpretentious doorway. It was immediately opened. Before me stood a stocky little man with a square grey beard and a grave face under a big slouch hat—the Russian sculptor Naum Aronson. He invited me in. Here were two high-ceilinged workshop-studios filled on shelves and flooring with busts and figures in all stages of evolution. From miniature sketches to heroic figures, they were the result of some twenty-five years patient toil; the artist has never lost sight of the guiding star which beckoned him through hardship and privations to the high pinnacle of success which he has at last attained.

In Aronson we find, and I say it advisedly, one of the greatest sculptors of France, for after all Aronson is a Russian only by accident of birth. His recent bust of Pasteur, which represents five years of research, has just been acquired by the New York Medical Society and this brings the sculptor, almost for the first time, before the American public.

There is the tragedy of his race in the masterpieces of this man. There is in them all a deep sincerity, an earnestness of purpose and sometimes a sentiment almost poignant in its sublimity. His figure pieces have not the surface quality of Rodin with their accidental anatomical forms, but rather in their purity and simplicity they recall the work of the early Greeks. His sculptures, often suggesting incompleteness, are none the less com-

plete; every inch of their surfaces has been gone over with a caressing touch, albeit with a severity of control and always a suppression of the non-essential.

With great dignity and yet with a kind of mystic fatality he executes in marble a superb woman's figure! One feels the beauty of the earth raised to its *n*th degree in these nudes, but always in a powerful mood which senses the moral responsibility of man.

The nude figure of a woman is to Aronson but the key to a marvelous language that can be expressed alone in sculpture. The figure under his chisel more than breathes, for it is the symbol of a higher realm of thought and beauty than we have on earth; it is a link with the spirit. Besides, the solid constructive quality of this master craftsman, we feel that inexplicable something which is above nature

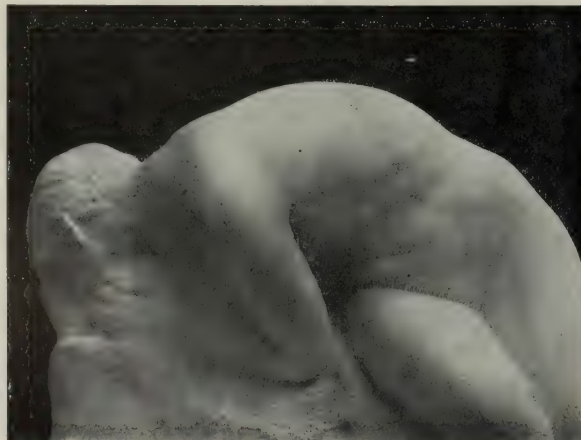
herself, the kind of thing we find only in Greek sculpture.

Sometimes this man dangerously touches the sweetly sentimental, but like an adept chauffeur he dashes by such pitfalls into the open road; he avoids the ruts of commercialism. Aronson is, indeed, a man wedded to his art; nothing else has a real meaning to him. Of an extremely sensitive fiber, keyed with the refinement of a harp, this Russian feels intensely, and records his emotionalism in enduring stone or bronze. What man that has not felt the whip of bitterness could depict the Christ in the way he has done! Passionately fond of music, his studio "at homes" on Sunday afternoons are famous for their assemblage of musical stars. It is little wonder he should have given to the world his masterful interpretation of Beethoven.

In Aronson's cherished collection is a series of some fifty red chalk drawings of his friend Count Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, made from life.

Although most of Aronson's works are in marble, which seems to bring out the softness and delicacy of flesh to the utmost, he has worked in every material known to the sculptor, from a microscopic head carved in ivory to a heroic figure fifteen feet high. The latter was a monument for one of the South American cities.

Big units of emotion are these pieces which constitute the life work of Aronson. Sculptures of distorted action, exaggerated pose, he has not allowed within his quiet sphere of creation. His nude figures, which are sensuous



"Grief," one of Aronson's exquisite nudes typifying the burden of all womanhood

(Continued on page 75)



SPRINGTIME ON THE "SWIFT CURRENT TRAIL" TO GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

A camera nature study by John Kabel who has spent sixteen years in photographing the large open spaces of the country.

The Charm of Old English Color-Prints



"Death of the Fox," from sketches by E. Gill, painted by James Pollard



These prints reproduced by courtesy of the Ackermann Galleries

"The Cambridge Telegraph," starting from the White Horse Tavern, Fetter Lane, London. Painted by James Pollard and engraved by Geo. Hunt



ERNA MORENA, INTERPRETER OF CLASSIC RÔLES

The Continental fame of this gifted actress has reached across the Atlantic and into the office of a prominent play-producer of New York who will introduce her to the American public next season. Italian by birth she has appeared in such rôles as "Juliet," "Desdemona," "Rosalind" and the modern characters of "Hedda Gabler," "Camille" and "Sappho," playing these parts in Italian, French and German. She has been hailed as Mme. Bernhardt's successor, but whatever her histrionic ability there is little doubt about her linguistic accomplishments.

An American House in the Italian Mode



Residence of John Leitsch, Esq., at Pelham Manor, N. Y. This is one of the exceptionally fine houses recently designed by Dwight James Baum, winner of the Architectural League's Gold Medal. The house is set diagonally on a lot 100 x 100. It is of simple Italian motifs adapted to American living conditions. The walls are of light cream-gray stucco, the trim is in pale green, the shutters are blue-green, and the roof is of brown hand-made tiles





Courtesy of Emil Hansel

THE CATHEDRAL OF CAMBRAI, BY THEO. BLUM

In this etching of the Cambrai Cathedral Mr. Blum has taken a point of view which presents the most interesting architectural features of this fine old structure in the city of northern France made famous by its exquisite linens.

Some Fantasies By a Decorative Water-Colorist



A Lady of the Court in Queen Elizabeth's day, when women's fashions were imposing, if not comfortable



Jeanne d'Arc on her way to the execution pyre



An interpretation of Salome, which, if not historically accurate, none the less has decorative charm

Paul Boye-Sorensen, whose water-color drawings are reproduced on this page, is a native of Copenhagen, where he received his first tuition in art. He came to this country in 1916, became a citizen, enlisted in the A. E. F. and was sent to France, where he served in the camouflage corps.



A Reminiscence of Old Florence—the Romance and Tragedy of the period indicated in a mural panel by Paul Boye-Sorensen

Returning to America after the war, Mr. Boye-Sorensen engaged in illustration and decorative designing. In 1920 he returned to Paris and studied under Prof. Bernard Neaudan at the Academie Colarossie. His work is informed with an exquisite feeling for decorative values.

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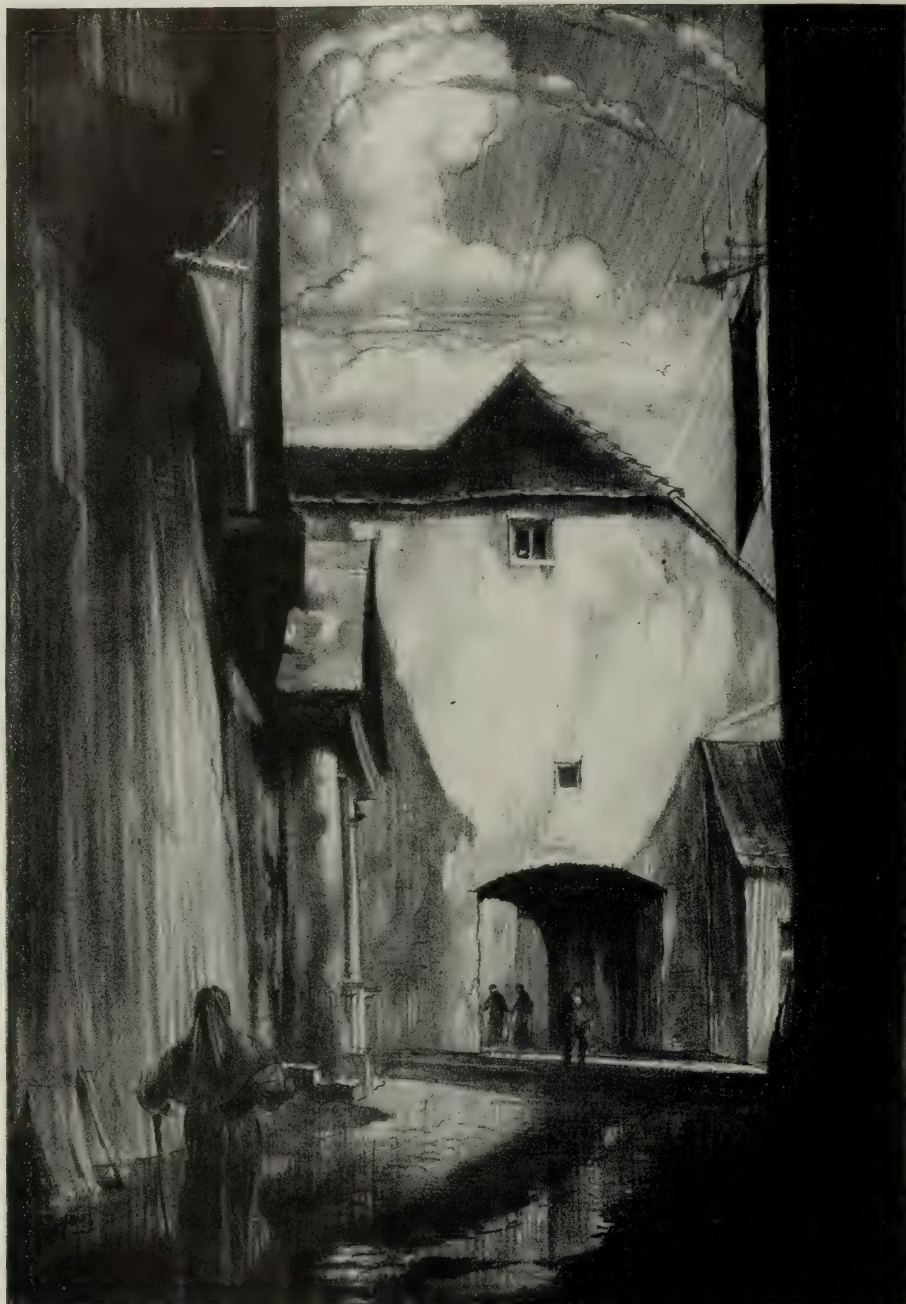
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(TRADE MARK)



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with simple classic ornament



STREET SCENE, INNSBRUCK, AUSTRIA

This original lithograph by C. O. Woodbury is especially interesting as being the work of an artist who is expressing himself directly on the stone. Mr. Woodbury studied at the Royal Academy in London and has specialized in picturesque scenes in France, Switzerland, Austria and England. His effort is to use the stone with a view to bringing out a true lithographic quality.



An example of pure Egyptian design is this Schumacher Damask

FROM THE TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS

Recent art treasures found in the Valley of the Kings give a fresh impetus to the Egyptian influence in decorative design



OVER a hundred years ago Napoleon brought back from Egypt relics of the ancient Pharaohs, the first to have any noticeable effect on the art of Europe.

The influence these findings had on the French decoration of that day was pronounced, the Empire Period being directly traceable to this source.

Now the Egyptian influence has received a fresh impetus which promises to implant it strongly in modern decoration. Recent excavations made in the Nile Valley by archaeologists have revealed unsurpassed splendors in decorative art.

A beautiful example of pure Egyptian design is this damask woven in France for the exclusive use of Schumacher in this country. Symbols sacred to the civilization of the Pharaohs are arranged in a manner as closely related as possible to the compositions found in their tombs. The sacred snake, or uraeus, the sun disk, the lotus flower, the stretched wings of the vulture—each of these has its own important place in the design of the whole. And of special historical interest are the costumes worn by master and slave.

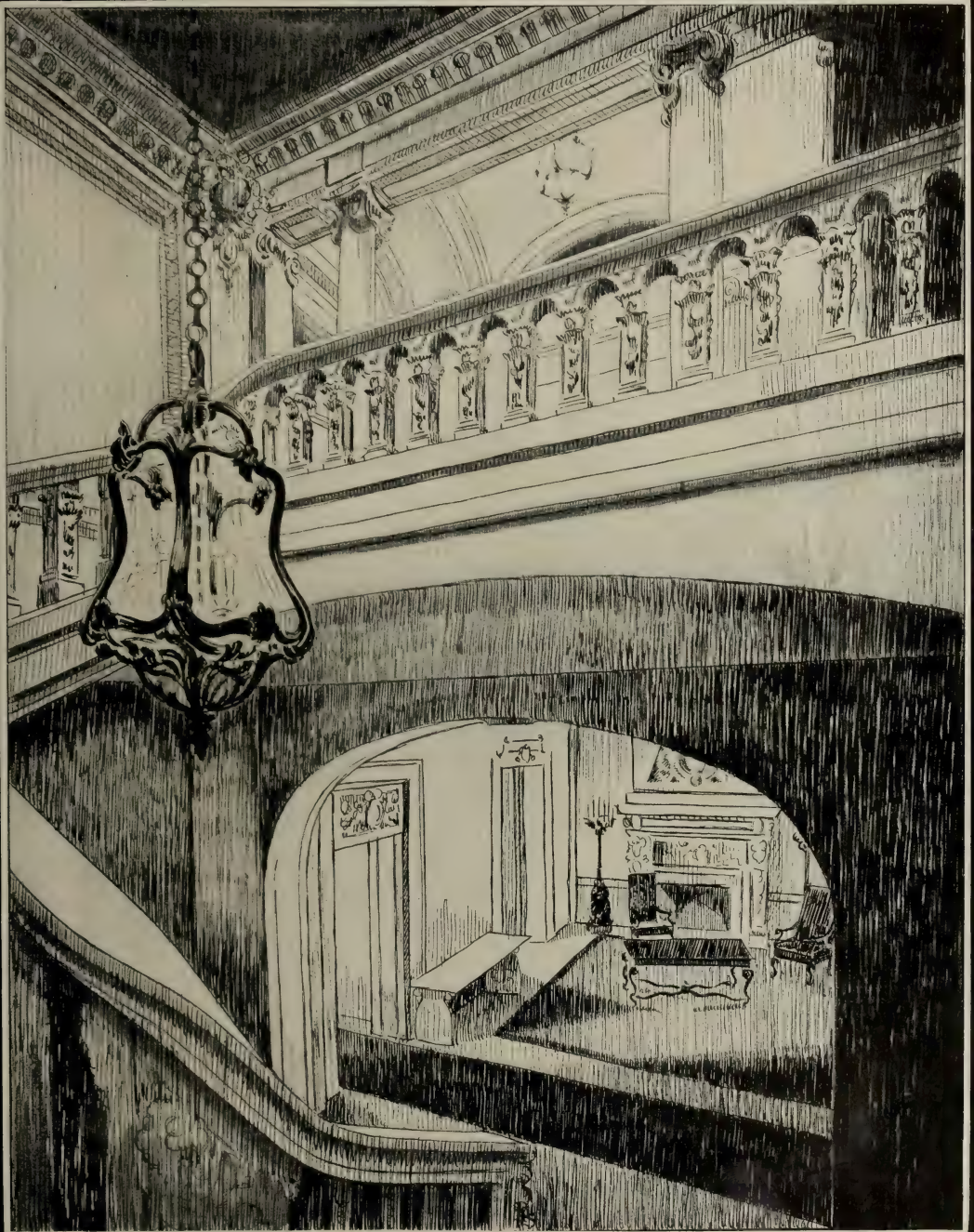
Together with other Schumacher fabrics this Egyptian damask may be seen and purchased through your own decorator or upholsterer. F. Schumacher & Co., Importers, Manufacturers, and Distributors to the trade only, of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics, 60 West 40th Street, New York. Offices in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.

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LILLEBIL IBSEN, NOW APPEARING IN "PEER GYNT"

Miss Ibsen, who in private life is the wife of Tancred Ibsen, the grandson of the great Norwegian dramatist Hendrick Ibsen, is appearing in that master's "Peer Gynt," successfully presented in New York by the Theatre Guild. It is an unusual relationship that Lillebil Ibsen enjoys, but she does not in any degree depend upon it for her success as an actress. The portrait is a camera study by Aage Remfeld



BOYE-SORENSEN

*Italian Renaissance reception room and grand staircase in the
Thurn establishment, the House of Exclusive Fashions
for Women, in New York*



A TRAGEDY QUEEN OF THE DANISH FILMS

Olga Semalof, who in Denmark bears the same relation to the screen of her native country that Mary Pickford enjoys here, is winning high praise for her cinema interpretations of the great heroines of history. She has a piquant personality and many of the motion pictures in which she appears have already been released for the enjoyment of American audiences.



CHARACTER in Valiant furnishings is expressed by their design, utility, construction and finish. The photograph is an example of good taste and harmony built into interiors designed and executed by Valiant.

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BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

PARIS

A Renaissance of Swedish Interior Decoration



A boy's room by Carl Malmsten, one of the leading young architects and furniture designers of Sweden. He is especially known for his fine use of birchwood



Library in a private house in Stockholm, designed by Professor Carl Westman, a well-known architect. Every object in the room is a product of the Swedish applied art movement. They are of modern design based on traditional patterns carried over from the old handicraft movement which has flourished in Sweden for centuries

Swedish furniture design and the making of furniture have made great progress in the twentieth century under the impetus of the drive of the Swedish Decorative Arts Association which has succeeded in creating a basis for active co-operation between the designer and the manufacturer. This year at the Gothenburg Jubilee Exposition, May 8th to September 30th, the first great muster of modern Swedish industrial art and art handicraft will be shown to the world. One section of this exhibition consists of a series of room interiors modelled on those in dwellings in various parts of Sweden. A number of these are here presented



An interior designed by Hakon Ahlberg, the architect of the Hall of Industrial Art in the Gothenburg Exposition. In this room he makes use of pine and birch. The upholstery is of simple Swedish pattern

Furniture design in Sweden has followed the general tendency of the industrial art movement of the country, searching out the old designs of the people, designs which exhibit a northern origin influenced by a great many other countries. The influence of Russia, and of Byzantium, even, may be seen in Swedish art, since Sweden has had traffic with the East for centuries. Swedish architects have given much attention to furniture designing. They put considerable stress upon suiting the furniture to its surroundings, and they are very fond of using the common woods of Sweden, such as birch and pine



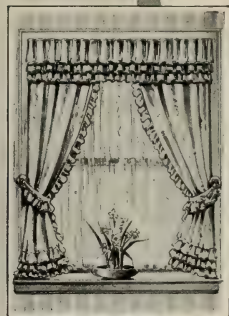
A simple interior by Carl Bergsten, one of the most brilliant of Sweden's younger architects. The furniture is of dark pine, the upholstery alternating stripes of grey and black. The walls are grey of a light, rich tone



Restfulness and simplicity are the keynotes of this interior by the architect Storvik. The furniture is hand-made, though machine production is finding its way in here as elsewhere. The wood is pine, in a dull finish



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This town house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, at 242 East 48th Street, New York City, is an achievement in reconstruction. Originally an unprepossessing "brownstone front," like its neighbors on either side, it has become the most picturesque building in its neighborhood. It is based on Spanish motifs, the façade being of creamy pink stucco in rough texture and the trim in pale green. Over the paneled door is a modeled cement ornament (shown in detail at the left) and the lantern and grilles are of Spanish design in wrought iron. The house is the work of Dwight James Baum, architect, of Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York

FISH BRICK

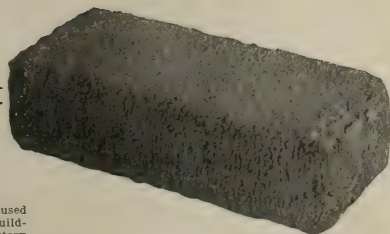


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How to Choose, Frame and Hang Pictures

Some Practical Suggestions for the Selection and Placing of Paintings and Prints

By NANCY V. MCCLELLAND

IN considering pictures and their place in modern decoration, it is interesting to begin by understanding how they first entered into the schemes of rooms.

Up to the time of the Renaissance most paintings were done for definite places, as an integral part of the church, the hall or the room where they were to be hung. For the greater part, they were panelled into the walls and the mouldings around them served to mark off the wall from the picture, so that frames were not an important consideration. With the practice of using gold in the decoration of ceilings, however, came the need for having gold repeated on the walls in some way around the pictures, and out of this need developed the gold frames that are still the accepted method of showing a painting to the best advantage.

The most beautiful frames were made dur-

ing the Renaissance, during the time of Louis XIV, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when carvers of the highest skill cut out of wood the most exquisite and delightful designs. It is not too much to say that as much care was lavished on the making of frames as was given to the making of the paintings themselves.

The discovery in the middle of the eighteenth century that composition could be moulded into designs for frames killed the art of the old wood-carvers and was eventually the death-blow of the artistic frame. How difficult it is today to find some one with love enough of his art and skill enough to frame a picture to perfection!

But we can still live up to the standards of the old frame makers and exercise the two great principles that guided them in their work—suitability to the picture, and harmony with the plan of its surroundings.

The observance of these two laws will do much for the beauty of a room.

"TELL me what a man reads and I will tell you what he is," said a profound student of human nature. He might have said just as truly: "Tell me what pictures you hang on your walls, and I will tell you what you are." Nothing is a more immediate and definite indication of culture and education in the home. Yet nothing is purchased so thoughtlessly by the majority of people.

One member of the family buys sporting prints for the living-room because he likes them; another indulges in a desert scene; while a third, carried away by the exotic color of the new school of painters, acquires a cloud-burst that is expected to live side by side with a Gibson drawing.

How in the world could such a collection be harmoniously assembled and suitably placed in any room?

The courtesy of consulting one another and also of consulting the room to be decorated, should be unfailingly observed. After that the pictures determined upon should be selected with great discrimination and with the exercise of good taste.

Appropriateness must be one of the first requirements, and this can include also the consideration of size, and of position in the

room. A good picture may be ruined by placing it in the wrong place in the right room. It is far better to have a house without any pictures at all than to have it hung with the wrong things. Infinitely more restful to see blank walls than to squeeze a picture that needs space into too small a panel or crowd it with unpleasant neighbors.

Decisions upon pictures may very well be left until after the room has been furnished, except in the case where paintings are to be panelled in as part of the wall decoration. After the room is furnished, the walls themselves will tell you what they need and you will buy much more sanely and safely.

This is a general rule. Of course, there are cases where a painting is used to give the color-key for an entire room. In such instances, this painting will, of course, be hung at the outset and hold the place of honor while the room is being worked out. But in most

(Continued on page 62)



A demonstration of how a large group of little pictures may be effectively hung. These old Venetian costume prints lend interest to the simple fireplace



Here the two paintings are hung over the two most important pieces of furniture, accentuating them and bringing a desirable note of color into the room

Announcement

I AM pleased to announce to the readers of ARTS & DECORATION that I have purchased the entire interest of Messrs. Oscar and Max Bach who were formerly associated with me in the ownership of the Oscar B. Bach Studios.

The concentration of the direction of the Studio in one person will enable our artisans and craftsmen to carry on their creative designing more efficiently and in greater harmony with the artistic ideals underlying the work of this Studio.

Architects, Decorators and those interested in having homes of charm and distinction will be glad to learn that I am adding to our art staff men whose creative achievements as sculptors in metal are recognized throughout Europe and America.

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President and Sole Director

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Some Interesting Structures Built of Limestone



The larger view shows the Chicago residence of Frank D. Stout, Esq. It is based on Tudor motifs and is unique in that it occupies an entire block enclosed within stone garden walls. The structure is built wholly of Indiana limestone. The smaller view shows the residence of Benjamin Allen, Esq., Winnetka, Ill., and is also an Indiana limestone building.



This Gothic fireplace in the residence of Henry C. Butcher, Esq., Philadelphia, is carved limestone.



Bathing pavilion with swimming-pool on the beautiful estate of Harold McCormick, Esq., Lake Forest, Ill., constructed of dressed and sculptured limestone.



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To conceal the fragile little frock a long sleeveless wrap of cream-colored crêpe becomes a desirable garment. It is unlined and made with a deep yoke and pleated cape



Black and white brocade in Egyptian design is fashioned on simple lines to wrap about the evening gown. Black caracul outlines the graceful sleeves and neck-line

Miss Diantha Pattison posed for the three top panels and Miss Louise Huff for the two bottom photos

The styles here presented are by courtesy of MESSRS. L. P. Hollander Co., posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION



The wrap for evening becomes a delightful bit of costumery when it is fashioned of translucent metal cloth with a knee-deep flounce of silver lace over sapphire blue chiffon



An ideal hat for Summer is of transparent peach-colored chiffon in several layers over fine Neapolitan straw



A feathery halo of bright green wheat, with lacy green tendrils, trims the shallow brim of this Milan straw

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THE SUPREME TOILETTE POWDER OF LINGERING PERFUME

The Charming Little Sartorial Things That Count

News from Paris of Accessories Which Emphasize the Carefully Chosen Costume

By MADAME HAGUÉ
Head of the House of Thurn

CHIC is an ephemeral thing, difficult to define. You either have it, in the words of the playwright, or you haven't it. And it is not always that you can put your finger on what has made the difference. You have seen women who seem to radiate that indefinable smartness. It lurks in the lilt of their hat-brims. It flirts in the line of a jacket. Frenchwomen, many of them, are wondrous embodiments of the thing. It is not beauty. Indeed, there is a type of ugliness that seems blessed with chic. It is as though the gods smiled upon these unbeautiful ones, and recompensed them with an even greater gift.

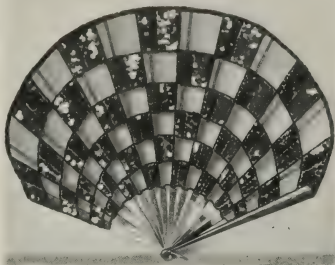
And yet it is not necessarily a gift. For while it is true that chic is the natural heritage of a few lucky ones, it may also be acquired by the clever.

Many women just fail of having chic because they neglect to realize the importance of the details of a costume. Therein lies the secret of the true *Parisienne*. She chooses her gown with wisdom, of course. But then she regards her gown merely as a foundation. Her hat requires infinite skill in the buying and wearing. Earrings are chosen to point up the contour of the face. A string of beads is selected, with one eye to their color and another eye to their length. For be it known that the oval formed by beads about the neck is very flattering in some lengths, and very trying in others. A bag, teeming with exquisite nothings, is the essence of feminine charm. What lure there is in a fan! This year even the *mouchoir* becomes a fleck of color, a part of the ensemble. Correctly assembled, these accessories are the ingredients of chic. With them, a costume acquires new and charming distinction.

A gown should be planned with its accompanying accessories. They are so expressive of the whimsies, the quick spirit of each new season. How unmistakably "of the hour" are the short white doeskin gloves to be worn with the briefest of sleeves! Such details emphasize the tendencies of each collection. And therefore I always come back from Paris with boxes full of many interesting things beside clothes. I have just returned now, and we have been busy unpacking the treasures that are coming through the customs every day. Let me tell you about them.

The fans are most enchanting, I think. They are so magnificently large, or so amusingly small. Oriental influence has brought forth a number of statuesque gowns, draped, knowing gowns such as Poiret loves to conceive. And for them, there are the large fans. The fan "Chanticleer," for instance. Isn't it jolly to have a fan named, as the new model creations of the couturières are named?

"Chanticleer" is very gorgeous. It has brilliance and dash, as a fan should have which bears this name. It is square in shape, and of the finest gold tissue stretched over



Black gauze and black spangled fan. The spangles are set in squares and the sticks are of dark brown shell—an entirely new note in fans

slender sticks. And splashed across the tissue is a great smart cock, *rampant*, as the students of heraldry would say. His comb is smartly pointed. His plumage flies like a banner of courage. He is all gold spangles, with markings of red and green and blue jewels. Would he not add inestimably to the splendor—and the chic—of a gown of Oriental inspiration? A black gown, a white gown, a gown of those warm primitive colors that Tut-an-ah-Amen has brought into high favor? Remember "Chanticleer" and his fan when you plan a new evening costume.

Another large fan I found in Paris is reticent as "Chanticleer" is flamboyant. But it is

as smart, in a different manner. Its outline curves up in a fine arched sweep. And it is black, the soft rich inky black of crepe tissue, and the jetty sparkling black of spangles, in checkered squares. Why should a checkered fan be so *distingué*? Probably because it hints of Pierrot, of spangled masks and dominos. It is a black fan, but what vivacity it has in its checkered blackness! The spangles wink like Spanish eyes; the dull tissue is velvety as the lashes. *Là, là*, it is a wicked fan. It should be worn with a gown of an unfigured material, to snap up the costume's ensemble.

For the *robes de style* that Lanvin sponsors, there are the small fans. What delicate fascinating trifles they are! Like the little jewel fans of Marie Antoinette and her flirtatious ilk.

One of these naïve little fans has sandalwood sticks, and the rest is palest blue chiffon, with gossamer insertions of net, and a sprinkling of spangles. Another small fan might be a true Watteau original, for sticks and fan are painted with delicate figures and Cupids and ribands in the mellow tints of a rare antique. What a subtle bit of color to add to a gown!

Headdresses are not universal, but they appear with enough frequency to maintain a foothold in the mode. They are sometimes a band of flat flowers, of silk or metal brocade. Often they are quite barbaric in spirit, as one would expect in this season of Oriental excitement. A favored form is the tightly swathed turban of gold that conceals every wisp of the owner's hair.

Chanel has created some pretty crystal beads, that I could not resist importing. One string is of pale green—pistache green, almost!—alternating with smaller beads of crystal. A more unusual string of crystal beads, smooth and round, but with centers that look like crushed ice. To match these Chanel beads, there is a big pin, with an ornament at each end.

And then there are the bags. You have never seen such lovely bags as I brought back from Paris. The season has brought three innovations in the world of bags. The needle-point ones. The linen ones. And the flat envelope cases.

The linen bags are for sport costumes. They are very new, and they come in a great variety of shapes and colors, embroidered, most of them, in brilliant hues.

The flat envelope cases are quite original. They are so flat, without even the bellows plaits usually provided at the ends of envelope purses to increase their capacity. These new cases are flat as a wafer, and they have no handles at all! One just holds them in smartly gloved fingers, or lays them down on the luncheon or bridge table. They are generally of rich embroideries in dull colors. And they add much to the elegance of an afternoon frock.

Voilà the details of your new costumes of spring!



1. This tiny fan and the larger one below have delightfully painted decorative motifs or Watteau-like scenes. 2. An antique brocade pocketbook which, tucked modishly under the arm, adds a charming note to the afternoon frock. 3. Small colored beaded case for "milady's" bridge change or *Thé Dansant*. 4. Black taffeta bag with gold frame set with knobs of coral. 5. Modish flat pocketbook of black leather with tooled gold design. 6. Black enameled vanity case trimmed with marcasite. 7. Colorful beaded bag with double-loop handles



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3

No. 1 Benjamin Allen Residence, Winnetka, Ill. Marshall & Fox, Architects
 No. 2 B. L. Behr Residence, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Geo. W. Maher, Architect
 No. 3 Merrill Gates Residence, 75th and Park Avenue, New York City
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The present-day trend toward simplicity and artistic refinement in architecture is strikingly manifested in the construction of the modern home. The best building materials may now be employed at low cost and a greater degree of permanence and beauty obtained.

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The clear white of tradition is never more charmingly expressed than in brocaded slippers, beaded and buckled with a fretwork of fine pearls

The New-Style Slipper and the Bridal Outfit

Fashion's Trend in the Bride's Footwear is Toward Highly Decorative Effects

By JAMES C. PAPE

BUT one brief year ago a designer of exquisite footwear thought it quite sufficient to include in a group of early summer slippers, ties and sandals a single example of a bridal shoe. This, needless to say, was of pure white satin adorned, perhaps, with pure white pearls; it met quite perfectly the needs of the bride of that season, for her gown was almost inevitably of a clear white fabric relieved by brilliants, lace, pearl trimming or a touch of silver.

But the bride of the coming June requires an entire article and descriptive illustrations exclusively devoted to her peculiar needs, for that expansive and imaginative spirit in dress which has reached out and drawn together for the uses of modern femininity the cut and color of the Orient, the line and ornament of classic antiquity and the silhouette, taut corsage and furbelows of the formal nineteenth century, has also liberated all brides-to-be from the convention of dead white and has introduced them to a range of attractive variations, every one of which is conceded to be in the best of taste.

Not long ago it was my privilege to construct a pair of wedding sandals of a satin so pearly in caste that it might well have been denominated pearl-gray instead of white. The toes were rounding, the heels were French and not strikingly high; a single strap crossed each instep and each toe was adorned by an upstanding oval tongue of gray satin embroidered in fine gray pearls and outlined with a frill of narrow silver lace. With the bride's pearl satin gown and soft tulle and lace these silvery slippers and stockings produced an effect of exquisite delicacy. Since this wedding, which occurred quite recently in Long Island, was one of international note, its rumor is broadly affecting the trend of fashion in bridal costume.

Again, a vivid note may be introduced into wedding slippers if the prospective bride so desires. By way of illustration, I have just

completed a pair of amazingly attractive sandals in silver cloth tinged with flesh, their ankles strikingly latticed with strappings of silver kid and then snugly bound above each instep with a length of silver ribbon. An open interval of an inch or so between toe vamp and heel foxing at either side of each shoe shows the matching flesh silk stocking in all its coquettish charm; for, needless to say, when a bride elects to wear delicately tinted slippers her stockings should harmonize with these.

Cloth of silver shot with pale blue will be worn as well by the brides of early summer, especially by those who heed the mandate of tradition—"Something borrowed and something blue."

Lace mellow with age is not infrequently the motif from which a sumptuous bridal costume is developed. This year a world-famous creator is displaying a gown of old ivory satin

draped with *point de Venise* which is fairly écriu from the mellowing of time. This suggestion has met with an enthusiastic response, for I have been asked to make slippers of rich ivory satin for several distinguished brides.

That there may be no sense of surfeit from too much design I am offering as an accessory to the lace-trimmed gowns, sandals of plain ivory satin, strapped across the instep, and again from instep to toe, but without tracery, tongue or buckle.

The obvious foible of the moment, such as low heels, aggressively blunt toes and exotic ornaments hold their appeal for an ultra modern bride, and so she will find supremely desirable a pair of flat heeled, intricately strapped sandals made dazzling with tracteries in silver and gold.

But high in favor and utterly charming as are these delightful innovations, clear white for wedding shoes is by no means defunct. One of my most sought after models is an opera slipper of plain white satin brocaded with silver, moderately pointed of toe, moderately high of heel, with a triform cut-out design in white seed-pearls flatly applied to the toe and a fretwork of seed-pearls forming a square upstanding tongue below the instep.

This unprecedented variety in the color, form and ornamentation of wedding shoe suggests not only delightful and individual possibilities for the costume of the bride herself, but a happy solution, as well, of an always puzzling problem—the bride's gift to her bridesmaids. Not since the luxurious eighteenth century have shoe buckles so exquisite in design been fabricated as those now offered with slippers in satins or brocades.

Quite logically then, these rare bits of workmanship assume the rank of jewels rather than of mere metallic accessories of dress.

These beautiful buckles arouse always the enthusiastic approbation of their youthful recipients who look on them not only as charming mementoes but as rare gifts to be treasured for a lifetime.



Many brides are now affecting slippers of pale gray satin relieved by a bit of silver lace and a cluster of gray pearls

F I T T E D B Y C R A F T S M E N



“Shoes by Henning”

—A Comment

IF you are a reader of the finer fashion magazines you have frequently observed in the description of gowns portrayed, this little footnote: “Shoes by Henning.” Those designers who devote their lives to gowning the American woman recognize “Shoes by Henning” as the essential complement to their own skill and genius. Footwear must be as original as the gown—else the harmony of originality is lost. Hence Henning shoes.



Even Paris acknowledges the ascendancy of Henning in feminine footwear. On this page, for example, are new and original slippers by Henning. Paris has accepted and copied them *ad libitum*—because their artistry is the artistry of Henning. *Una voce* (with one voice)—the world of fashion acclaims Henning.

Therefore, for the consummate note in individual dress the shoes must be . . .

. . . BY HENNING!

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THE NARROW HEEL”

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Smart Suggestions of Seasonable Interest



(Above) *Robe Infante*, a filmy summer frock of cream organdie with Venetian lace over a foundation of Nattier blue taffeta adorned with a beautiful corsage of hand-made flowers



(Top right) *La Vallière*, a quaint but chic effect in navy blue taffeta with a large hand-embroidered lingerie collar. The charm of a Reuben's portrait inheres in this frock

(At right) Exquisite in its broad simplicity is this *Natacha* three-piece costume of red charmeuse trimmed with gay red beads and embroidered in harmonious tones of red



These costumes were posed exclusively for ARTS & DECORATION by the House of BOUTIQUE

America the Foster Mother of the World's Music

(Continued from page 19)

Gilson, Tinel, Schönefeld, Koch and others. During the last few seasons new offerings have increased from five to tenfold, native works steadily gaining in favor. So widely has the slogan "American musicians first" been taken up by local organizations, that we may well beware of that chauvinism and intolerance which has reacted so unfavorably in Germany, France and Italy, where artistic progress has been checked by too ardent a nationalism. A "closed door" policy on this side would be little short of disastrous, unless, indeed, such artificial appetites as crave "The Love for Three Oranges" require a leavening.

It has been estimated that \$700,000,000 is spent annually on music and its manufactures in the United States, a sum, which at the present rate of increase may be more than doubled in the next decade. So completely has music entered into every phase of civil life that police bands and glee clubs, factory choruses and similar outcroppings among corporations are exceedingly common, while community singing is now an accepted feature in every quarter of the country. The potency of music, effectually demonstrated in the soldiers' camps during the war, has become a subject for wide psychological investigation. Hospitals, prisons and insane asylums are equipped with experimental mechanical records. Radio outfits are being installed in restaurants and shops. From high to low estate music has become presumably an indispensable adjunct to daily existence, a fact which has evidently impressed a diminutive negro elevator man in a fashionable New York apartment, who now operates his car with one hand and blows a harmonica in hopes of beguiling his passengers into tipping more profusely. That sort of musical anarchy which permits scale practice to drive lawyers from their newly furnished abodes doubtless explains the adage: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

Judged at least by its capacity America may be called the most musical of nations. If the average individual has but a partly developed feeling for synthesis and little knowledge of theory, his unjaded likings augur much for healthy growth. He is at least unprejudiced and sufficiently fresh to resist such rampant exoticism as threatens at times to annihilate our budding nationalism.

Despite pedants who inveigh against emotionalism in music, it is an indisputable fact that the "heart interest" of folk tunes has laid the foundation of our greatest masterpieces. From the same soil which gave in a period of ten years a



Davenport 6855 and Floor Pillow

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Karpen pieces are designed with a fine appreciation of style and art, and are built by the most expert craftsmen. The name Karpen on a piece of furniture is a warranty of quality.

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KARPEN

number of characteristically American popular ballads, beginning with the still remembered "Banks of the Wabash," may yet develop a school of composers comparable with the celebrated European song writers of a hundred years ago. In these simple beginnings was a sincerity which might have carried far had it not been rudely jostled by the "coon songs" and early ragtime of that era. Henry F. Gilbert whose virile "Pirate Song" still lends brightness to the name of the Wa-Wan Press and has been adjudged by vote one of the foremost native compositions, wrote feelingly in 1917: "In my opinion the bulk of so-called art-music cannot

for a moment be compared to the great body of folk-music, either for its sincerity of expression, beauty or significance. . . . The majority of art compositions seem so artificial, so stilted and even trivial in comparison. They seem to be concerning themselves with something quite beside the main issue, while the folk-songs on the other hand express to me the very soul of humanity as with a flash of light."

Out of the jangling medley which rocks North America at present will be heard eventually a new clarion note. The long-sought-for type will assert itself. Already conditions are shaping to make this possible: a growing Fed-

eral and municipal interest in fostering music, better facilities and surer distinction for writers, winning discrimination against American artists, more thorough methods of study, additional channels for expression. The demand for American opera is insistent and its final auspicious advent will usher in an age of lyrical composition that will surpass all that has thus far been enjoyed. When this day comes America will step down from her present conspicuous place in the Diamond Horseshoe to lift her creative voice from the footlights, to become not merely the patron but the producer of the world's best music.



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Two Exceptional 18-Hole Golf Courses
Furnished Cottages with Hotel Service

C. S. KROM, Manager

On "The New Jersey Tour—a Road of Never-Ending Delight."

How to Choose, Frame and Hang Pictures

(Continued from page 50)

cases, put up the curtains, lay down the floor coverings, set the furniture and books in place and after that the pictures will take care of themselves.

PICTURES are usually selected solely because of the personal appeal they make to the purchaser. They should be chosen either because they have a certain artistic value or because they have a certain decorative value for the place in which they are to go.

Often the decorative picture that costs only a small sum does as much for a room as if it were a great painting of rare intrinsic worth. We cannot all own Holbeins or Fragonards or Turners or Whistlers, but we can at least aspire to own copies of them, or good prints which will produce a satisfying effect in the suitable place. Hundreds of admirable color prints of this sort are in existence today and help to bring the masterpieces of the world's galleries into homes where a costly painting could never hope to enter.

Water color paintings are perhaps the most easily procurable pictures, next to prints. Unfortunately there are many poor and amateurish attempts on the market, but careful search will prove that there are also many water colors of charm and gayety, with a real picture quality and good technique, to be had at reasonable prices. What could be more charming in a chintz room than a group of such pictures?

Etchings and engravings are excellent for a man's room or for a hall, or for any place where a decided contrast of black and white is needed. They mean a strong accent and are likely to produce an effect of "spottiness" unless they are carefully hung. It is for this reason that etchings are best kept by themselves and not hung in the room with water-colors or oil paintings. The white-and-blackness of etchings attracts the eye immediately and spoils the effect of the other pictures.

Decorative flower paintings and architectural paintings will fill many needs in the modern home—in halls, dining rooms and living rooms, where color or dignity are required.

Old costume prints, properly framed are charming for bedrooms and boudoirs. They should be used in a group, and will produce a delightful effect at small cost.

Japanese prints have a quality unlike that of any other kinds of picture and may often be used successfully in French or English rooms.

Portraits, if they are family portraits that are interesting in them-

selves as paintings besides having the interest of sentiment, should always be planned for in a house. Often they will be a valuable asset in the decoration of the dining room or the hall or the living room. But *Family Photographs* should not be considered as part of the furnishings of the rooms which are more or less public, like the living-room and drawing-room of a house or apartment. Besides making a spotty and jumbled sort of decoration, they are likely to give visitors a feeling that the family is on parade. Keep them for your own private rooms, where they belong in the intimacy of your life.

Pictures for period rooms should naturally be in subject and in kind the things that are characteristic of that period. Eighteenth century French prints or drawings, for example, belong in a Louis XV room; and silhouettes or American portraits or prints in an early American room.

A FRAME is nothing more nor less than the *dress* of a picture and as one of the best authorities on the subject has said, "it should be chosen very much in accordance with the same canons applied to the dressing of cultivated men and women."

It would be absurd to put a little soft gray picture into an elaborate, heavy, bright gold frame—just as absurd as to dress a little Quaker lady in a gold court train. Equally unsuitable would it be to put a big, heavy, forceful painting into an inconsequential frame.

It was a habit with Whistler and with many other artists to design special frames for their own paintings in order to have exactly the right thing. What a pity that all painters have not followed this practice, which would certainly result in individuality and suitability.

Whatever framer you go to is likely to have two types of frames, with variations. One is a wide and more or less heavy frame for oil paintings; the other is a slender moulding for water colors, prints, etc. And whatever picture you give him to dress is going to come out in one or the other of these sets of clothes, unless you understand something of your picture's need and something of the grouping of mouldings together, and the play of their curves, to obtain individual treatment.

First of all, let us say something about *gold frames*. It is generally recognized that shining and bright gold frames for pictures are not in good taste, and dull gold is in general use. With the recognition of this principle, old gilt frames have become more and more sought

(Continued on page 64)

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How to Choose, Frame and Hang Pictures

(Continued from page 62)

after, and are hoarded by those who know their value until there comes a chance of using them to best advantage. For no modern frame, however skilfully it may be covered with a gold leaf and burnished in spots and antiqued in others, has the same charm of color as an old frame.

Not long ago the writer was asked to find out what was the matter with a certain drawing-room in New York City—a room owned by people of wealth who had made a collection of some well-known paintings. It might have been a lovely room. The walls were covered with old green brocade; the lights and the furniture were good, but—the whole room was ruined by the glistening new frames that hung in a solid gold phalanx against the green background. They were so shiny and so bright that one's eyes were blinded to any beauty of the pictures they obtained.

As a general rule, oil paintings look best in dull gilt frames, and the weight of the frame must balance the weight of the picture. That is to say, a painting with dark masses of color and strong contrasts needs a greater sustaining weight of frame than a painting that is lighter in effect.

Except on small oil paintings, or those that are highly precious in value, a glass is not generally used. It must be used, on the contrary, over water colors or any prints or paintings that are done on paper, for the sake of protection and cleanliness.

OIL paintings should usually be framed without mats. Many other kinds of pictures look better with mats, or margins.

Etchings and engravings must always have their margin left on, as this adds to their value. They are usually framed in a narrow black frame, or black with a line of gold on the inside.

Small color prints and original drawings often have mats which are called by the French "*passerpartouts*" or "all-arounds." Another name for them is *Glomy's* after the man who invented this style of mounting. At the picture-edge of these mats are narrow bands, lined in by hand and sometimes delicately colored or covered with gold leaf. The mats themselves are tinted in soft gray blue, ivory or tan. A narrow gilt moulding makes an acceptable frame on this sort of picture.

Some of the larger English prints, if they are strong enough in color, may have mats of black glass and frames of gilt or of gold and black.

Japanese prints, and sometimes other prints, are often successfully

framed in red lacquer, or even in green or blue. The print alone cannot decide whether this may be done—it depends largely on the room where it is to hang.

As a matter of fact, the colored frame is the tendency of the moment, which is growing with the introduction of pictures of modernist coloring. Manifestly it is impossible to frame a Bakst drawing in a period moulding. The colored frame seems to be the alternative.

When no frame at all is wanted, a band of gold or silver paper or of some bright color is pasted over the edge of the glass and turned back to be glued to the backing of the picture, thus enclosing the whole thing in a sort of narrow paper binding. This is a method often used for *vues d'optique* and colored illustrations taken from magazines. It is an inexpensive and effective way of disposing of the question of framing pictures without great artistic value.

IT is hardly necessary to say that, where a number of small pictures are to be hung together to form a balanced group, it is better to frame them more or less alike, as a group of different kinds of frames is disturbing, especially when the pictures are of the same size and kind.

In larger pictures in the same room a certain variety may be arranged for, while still keeping a certain feeling of uniformity.

Study your picture and your room well before deciding on your frames. Some paintings need recessed frames to give them a better effect of perspective. Some call for flat frames of no particular design, to bring out their broad, flat brush treatment. Some need period frames—especially if they are period pictures. Some need great delicacy of handling—some need strength and accent. Choose their "dress" as carefully as you do your own, and remember that you are selecting it for wear in a certain room and that it must fit in perfectly with its background.

Unless the walls are designed as a background, no pictures should be hung on them. Rooms with wall paper and other wall decorations already have things that take the place of pictures.

To hang pictures properly, they should be placed about on the level of the eye, but in some cases this line will be more or less varied if the pictures are to hang over certain pieces of furniture, for they must be arranged to make a pleasing composition with the furniture. There is, however, no use in hanging pictures at all unless they can be properly seen and enjoyed, so

(Continued on page 70)

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London is Preparing for a Gay Season

(Continued from page 17)

invite to Welbeck, the family seat, a particular lady who had been included in the royal list of guests who it had been suggested should be asked to Welbeck; an action which met with general approval, though it caused an estrangement between the Portlands and a very high personage, now dead.

Dress parades are popular for raising money for charity. Then there are the dances arranged by ladies who like to keep in the public eye. Also afternoon concerts at the best hotels. When there are two or three functions at the same time in a hotel like Claridges, folks frequently get into the wrong room; but there is plenty of good nature, and although not much money may be raised for waifs and strays, or crippled horses, or cats' homes, everybody has a good time—the first purpose of all these parties.

LAST year when the King and Queen, having lost their daughter the Princess Mary by marriage, were taking about Lady Mary Cambridge—the daughter of the Queen's brother—gossip was at once busy; there was to be an alliance between her and her cousin, the Prince of Wales, though there have been too many marriages between royal relatives. Lady Mary is a fine, healthy, jolly girl and a great friend of Princess Mary, at whose wedding she was a bridesmaid. But all these gossiping findings of a wife for the Prince are "off" and now the young woman is going to marry the Marquis of Worcester, aged 23, and who is the only son and heir of the Duke of Beauford; a dukedom which dates back to 1682, though the Earldom of Worcester dates back a further 150 years.

The Beauforts are a great hunting family; indeed, the Duke is part author of several books on hunting. Lord Worcester has hunted since he was a boy and is Master of the Beaufort Hunt.

Lady Mary's father was, until the war, the Duke of Teck, just as the Queen was Princess Mary of Teck before her marriage; but all German titles were abolished during the war and the Duke of Teck, relinquishing his title of "Highness" and "Prince" was made the Marquis of Cambridge. The royal family was of the House of Hanover but the war caused that to be changed to the House of Windsor, though the family name of the King is still Guelph, which sounds rather German. In King Edward's day German was often spoken in Court circles, but now nothing but the English language is spoken.

A MONTH or two ago there were some croaking objections to England taking part in the renowned Olympic Games, which are to be held in Paris next year, because the unpleasantnesses with American competitors, when the games were held in England some years ago, were recalled. It was declared that international sport instead of creating friendships were often the causes of bitterness. But the few objections were, metaphorically, soon banged on the head.

There was real appreciation when young Mellen, an American, stroked the Oxford crew to victory in the recent inter-Varsity boat race. But in his selection nationality played no part. He was an Oxford man, a real good sport and never a word was said about excluding him on the ground that he was not an Englishman. Oxford sets a good example to some people in other parts of the world by showing it has no prejudices in the matter of nationality.

Polo is not at a very high pitch in England, chiefly because it is a very expensive game and our best players are not rich men. But as your Mr. Milburn's team carried off the International Polo Cup at Hurlingham a couple of years ago there is a growing feeling that some endeavor should be made to bring it back. So before the end of the year I think you may expect a challenge and next summer an English team will visit the United States to see if the cup can be recovered. Lord Wimbourne, who sponsored the team which brought the cup from America to England in 1914, and the Duke of Westminster, both passing rich peers, are trying to get together a good team; but at the moment finding good players rather than the money is the principal consideration.

PROTEST is being made against paying over \$500,000 a year for the maintenance of the King's Proctor and his staff. The King's Proctor is a legal official whose duty it is to intervene for special reasons and try to prevent two people being divorced even if both are anxious to have the marriage-knot cut. It is notorious that when two people do not get along well together, one of them, generally the husband, feeling it is his chivalrous duty to take the blame, becomes guilty of statutory "desertion" and then statutory "misconduct"; but care has to be taken that in a legal sense he is "a bad lot," though everybody, even the judges, know the whole thing is arranged. The representatives of the King's Proctor, (Continued on page 68)

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London is Preparing for a Gay Season

(Continued from page 66)

however, are ever on the prowl—it being alleged they open letters and tap telephones—in order to discover if there is "collusion" and then the whole proceedings are stopped. Or if divorce proceedings are taken on the ground of infidelity, inquiries are made to find if the plaintiff has led a spotless life and if it is unearthed that either he or she may not have been saints there is "intervention" and, if it is proved both parties have been sinners, then divorce is refused.

Public opinion is strong against the whole thing; especially the well-understood subterfuges and ignominious though fictitious blackening of one's character to comply with the requirements of the law. Attempts to alter the law hitherto have failed chiefly because there is a considerable body of religious opinion which holds that making divorce easier destroys the sanctity in which marriage should be held.

But the nose-parkerism of the King's Proctor is resented as alien to the English spirit, and there is now strong objection to spending large sums of public money in order to keep him in existence.

place, another third are casual in their attendance and while the remaining third attend fairly well most of the debate—and it is really very good—they number about fifty or sixty and most of them are peers of recent creation.

The curious thing is that the peers themselves are the people most anxious to reduce their numbers. There is a proposal to exclude those lords altogether who do not attend regularly. Then there is the proposition to abolish "hereditary legislators" and create a House of Lords of men with life peerages only, which would mean that a man would have to earn the dignity, not necessarily as a politician, and there would therefore be a Senate composed mainly of elderly gentlemen, but with the total number reduced to about three hundred.

ONE of the evidences that many of our people are financially hard hit, especially by heavy taxation, which in many cases amounts to half of one's income, is shown in the advertisements announcing that "ladies of position" are willing to undertake chaperonage or introduce people visiting London into select social circles.

There are lots of the newly rich who do not get invited to the parties they would like to attend simply because they are "outside" and have no means of their own to get "inside."

The idea that London society is exclusive is nonsense; but of course you cannot get invited unless you are introduced and this is where the paid chaperone comes in. It is all done very quietly, for though one's friends are always welcomed there would be a dead set against any person of position who brought people along to fashionable houses for a money consideration. Yet as Pooh Bah would say, "I have known it done." Indeed invitations to big parties are scattered about so indiscriminately that people go who have never been invited, dance, eat *pâté de foie gras* and drink champagne and they cannot be asked to leave in case there has been a mistake.

But of the seven hundred peers a third of them never enter the



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By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

TEODORA THE SAGE. By Luigi Lucatelli. Translated by Morris Bishop. Boni & Liveright.

WHAT is a sage? If you want an answer to this burning question, read this great book of fables and very short stories. You will then discover that a sage is a man who sees the world and men as Lucatelli sees them.

Lucatelli was an Italian, lately dead. Papini is another Italian very much alive. After you read Lucatelli you will pronounce Papini bunk. Papini is what Mencken would call a yokel-yodler. Lucatelli has brains, insight, the courage of his remorseless satire.

We will never hear much of Lucatelli in America, where satire is as rare as liberty. Papini will have a vogue—for he is the Bar-num of Italy.

Lucatelli comes from the high line of Chamfort, La Rochefoucauld, Schopenhauer and Leopardi. His style in these little tales of life has the simplicity of common sense. I agree with Chris Morley when he says that "the irony of these things is startling." Their humor is the kind of humor that sets the brain a-shrieking with laughter at the absurdity of Things As Is but which hold the lips in a kind of tragic groove.

Lucatelli was only 38 when he died after giving all of his fervor to the World War (what enthusiasts these bitter satirists are!). It is difficult to choose one's favorite from the fifty-seven delightful things in the book. Some are out-and-out stories, others are parables—all are masterpieces of style, story-telling and insight.

I have enjoyed this book more than any book that has come to my desk this year. The publishers should have a vote of thanks for giving them to those of us who cannot read them in the original.

WISDOM'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page & Co.

I WAS surprised to see Rider Haggard still alive. Delighted, nevertheless. I found some of his early novels in my great-grandfather's library and revelled in them when I was a little cunnin' one.

Monkey-glands must be the answer, unless Conan Doyle is ghosting for him.

Wisdom's daughter was the Gloria Swanson of Egypt, Ozal, the bootlegger of mummies, was her illegal parent, and her mother was a kind of Lady Astor on horse-back.

Yareb was in love with Aphrodite, who hid in the Khareb (or royal washtub) when the Karus raided the temple on Wednesdays.

The Magic Sleep fell upon them all—and thus our story opens.

Noot the Null was the first to wake up, and he perceived that the yeast had not been put into the flub-crock. Killicrates, his ex-brother, said it would be all right, as Fate had kissed him on the nebular hypothesis.

Let us go back to the Duchess, whom we left on Allan Dwan's set. Lew Cody had Wisdom's daughter by her tooth. The megaphone of Allan roared! Away! Away! to the Lake of She!

Bogus came down the road leading his Rolls Royce by the bridle. By the light of a single star, he discerned the place where the synthetic had been hidden. Now, Bogus was by birth a Bahaman, but by choice a Bootlegarian.

The Prophetess took some sand, rubbed it into the blinks of Zor, and Bogus passed into the honky-tonk. No one was the wiser except the Ka of Ku, just in from Memphis.

And with a mighty "Bla!" the whole tribe was wiped out.

You see "Wisdom's Daughter" is an authentic Haggard.

ROAST LEVIATHAN. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THIS roast leviathan is purely kosher. Louis Untermeyer is the Tiffany of poets. He is, moreover, in his technique as flawless as the smile of a floorwalker.

He rants with perfect rhythm.

He shakes his squirrel-lined gloves at Mars and Intolerance. He sobs over This and That like a perfect gentleman.

I can see Louis sitting down at his desk at about 11:30 P. M., and saying calmly, "Now I must curse the universe!" or, "Come, Spirit of Heine—hover over me and spill me some irony and lilt!"

Not that Untermeyer can't rhyme—he rhymes faultlessly. His Walker is still going strong. He is also a perfect grammarian.

In fact, there is nothing in the sublime art of poetry that Mr. Untermeyer does not know—except it be passion, inspiration and sincerity.

He is related to his tribe as Longfellow is related to Poe, Tennyson to Swinburne, or Sully-Prud'homme to Victor Hugo.

Then, there is the eternal whine about Jerusalem, Zion and all the other job lots of racial sentimentality. Socialistic babble, too. But he has restraint! Restraint, gentlemen, restraint!—Louis has it!

What American poetry (and literature) needs is a dose of Voltaire, Nietzsche, Swinburne and Rabelais.

"Roast Leviathan" is just roast capon.

(Continued on page 71)



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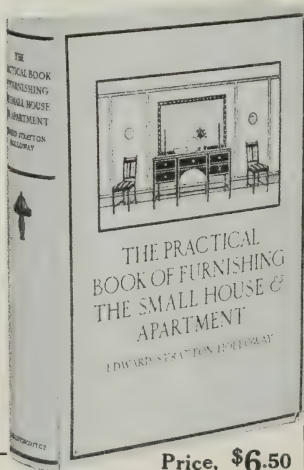
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Please mention
Arts & Decoration

How to Choose, Frame and Hang Pictures

(Continued from page 64)

that the rule of *eye-level* is the most important to consider.

Next is the rule of hanging a picture absolutely flat and parallel with the wall—not tipping forward at the top. To accomplish this, two screw-eyes should be put in the back of the frame, one on each side, near the top, and a long wire with a loop on one end, passed through them. By fastening the loop over a picture hook and bringing the wire up to form another loop over another hook, the picture will hang flat.

If it is desired to hang one picture below another, another wire may be attached to the same picture hooks, pass behind the top picture and hold the lower picture also parallel with the wall surface. Cords of color may be used instead of wires, if desired.

It is, of course, still more pleasing to have pictures hung without any visible attachments, but this means putting in hooks and nails, and marring the walls, and is not always a feasible plan. Large and heavy pictures, however, as well as mirrors, should always be hung on hooks securely imbedded in the wall, without trusting to the picture moulding, and these should be put up by an expert who knows how they will hold and what strain they will stand.

Small pictures, light and easy to hang, do not need to be suspended from the picture moulding. They may be hung on one of the invisible nails which are made for just this purpose and which make scarcely a pin hole in the wall's surface.

Every picture that is hung has a right to demand breathing space about it. In fact, nothing will enhance the effect of your picture like surrounding space in wise proportion.

Balance is also one of the important rules in hanging pictures—just as important as it is in the placing of furniture. A heavy picture must not overtop and weigh down a delicate piece of furniture; nor must all the pictures be crowded together on one wall, leaving another one bare.

A well built-up group of pictures, around a fireplace in a bedroom, for example, is always a pleasure. Here many charming arrangements can be made.

Pictures that are to be lived with should be chosen for entirely different qualities from those that are just to be glanced at in passing. You may hang on your staircases and in your halls prints that would not be suitable to a living-room or a dining-room.

Where paintings are to be panelled into a room—like overmantel and over-door paintings, they become an integral part of its decoration and must be perfect in

scale, in color and in proportion for the spaces where they are used. No other paintings will be hung in such a room, as a matter of course.

Pictures that are hung against panelled walls should accord in scale and in shape with the paneling—in fact they should be hung with the feeling that the panel moulding is a sort of outer frame. Nothing gives a more unpleasant feeling than to see a picture too large for the panel overlapping the side mouldings; or to see a picture hung across panel divisions; or to see a broad rectangular picture hung in a tall and narrow panel that obviously asks for a decoration that is in harmony with its slim shape.

ANOTHER important point to consider in the hanging of pictures is their *lighting*.

Because of its varnished surface, an oil painting often reflects light in such a way that it cannot be seen advantageously. The glass over water-colors and prints sometimes has the same effect. For this reason particular care must be given to the study of where light comes from and how it falls on such pictures.

It is never advisable to place a picture where it will have "cross-lights," or light falling on it from two sides at once. Such a position will confuse and detract. Light should come from one direction only to get the best effect, whether it be a direct front light or a side light.

Many people make the mistake of hanging a picture between two windows. If there are no draperies, there is an unfortunate cross lighting in this spot; if there are draperies, the picture will get no light at all. This particular position is far more suitable for a mirror than for a picture.

The usual means of lighting a picture artificially is by placing over it a small reflector that conceals the bulbs and gives an illumination that is thrown directly down on the picture. This is a "gallery method" and is a little pretentious for anything except really fine pictures. Often a good effect may be arranged for pictures in the home by throwing light upon them from lamps or candlesticks that are properly shaded to concentrate and focus light.

One last word, on the subject of restraint and discretion. The Japanese have a rule of hanging but one picture at a time in a room and of changing it for another when variety is wanted. There are many houses in this country where the same rule might be adopted with great benefit. *Too few* pictures rather than *too many* is a wise and restful principle.

And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 69)

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK.
By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co.

ONE of the most fascinating things that this literary naturalist has ever done. The most delightful ramble among ideas and plants and things literary that has latterly got into print.

As an example of the manner in which his artistic feeling guided Hudson's faculties, Mr. Edward Garnett tells this story:—

"I was sitting one evening with him in a meadow bordering on a wood when we heard a nightjar calling twice or thrice. Hudson immediately mimicked the cry and suddenly the nightjar came tumbling and twirling over our heads. Hudson laughed sardonically at it and repeated his cry, and the bird kept circling around us as if astonished at the sight of this strange man-bird from whom the call came. Hudson watched the bird keenly with affectionate mockery, and suddenly he waved his hand in a sweeping, lordly dismissal! 'There! go back to your moths!' he said, and turned to rise—and the nightjar disappeared."

What was most fascinating about Hudson the naturalist was his interest in everything. He talks of Whittier and Darwin, of Tycho Brahe, of Borneo, of jaguars and Chaucer.

A book that will give you infinite delight.

PERFECT BEHAVIOR. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company.

DONALD is still at it. A parody a day to keep the printers at work. Ralph Barton has pretty well littered up the book with illustrations.

There is a lot of good, honest, bourgeois fun in this book—if you like good, bourgeois fun. It tells you how to behave at a wedding, the etiquette of travel, what to do on the golf links, how to raise your hat to a lady, and divers and such.

The best chapter, to me, is on the etiquette prescribed for dry agents. Raids are seldom conducted by gentlemen—or, at least, in a gentlemanly fashion. All the bootleggers among my acquaintance are cast in the *Vere de Vere* mould. Why shouldn't the raiders take a tip from the bootleggers? (By the way, has it occurred to you that the legacy of liberty bequeathed to us by the Fathers of the Republic has become in these later latter years a bootlegacy?)

A book for young and old, as Jim Ford would say.

THE AMERICAN RHYTHM. By Mary Austin. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

TAKE page 24:—"The absorbing business of the Dawn Man was a realization of himself in relation to the Allness."

Take page 25:—"Down to the Neolithic Age, as we know it in America, the food search had not yet taken on the vibration of perpetual anxiety."

Take page 26:—"For the first I of the man-thing was not the I of himself, but only of Us, mankind."

The latter sentence intrigued me fluently. I dreamed of the co-eval Us, its transcendental swash and upgurge from Chaos, and the gradual lesions into the mob of I's.

Forcing my way through the ice-jams of this prose sonata of words in Z flat, I arrived at the sills of Null.

THE STAG COOK-BOOK. By C. Mac Sheridan. George H. Doran Company.

I USED to be a stag. We staggied at "Jack's" until six A. M. in the pre-Izzy Einstein days. We cooked up many things—ask Booth Tarkington, Willard Mack, Irv. Cobb, or Carlo de Fornaro, the chaste.

Now, I'm a happy married man, and my good wife does my stag cooking for me. I've grown handsome, fat and prosperous on her seasoning.

"Bob" Davis has written an introduction to this saga of the belly.

"Bob" burlbes:—

"Cooking is a gift, not an art. Eating is an art, not a gift. In combination a grace is developed. No great culinary triumph was ever perfected by accident."

"Bob's" *leitmotif* is carried on. The theme develops into Charles Lamb (guzzler emeritus) and the apotheosis of the bull canto is reached in Lucullus, champion pig of Rome. Luc. had his meals cooked in a mint. His swill was spread on tables of *lapis lazuli*. A single meal stood him a fortune. He died of hunger, caused by a diet.

MAINLY EAST. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. E. P. Dutton & Company.

MRS. TWEEDIE has more books of travel to her credit than Bimini has bottles.

This is a book large in scope and flustered o'er with the pale cast of illustrations. I see on page 39, when Mrs. T. reaches Egypt, she says, "Memory is fleeting!" Now, fancy that, Hedda!

On page 38 (I always read books of travel backward) I alight on this involved sentence: "Never vacillate!" I never could stomach Pater.

Wallowing in a golden sea of metaphors down to page 20 I see this:

"And what of Jerusalem?"
I come back at Mrs. Tweedie with:

"What of Tammany Hall?"
"What of the Keely motor?"
"How about Hiram Johnson?"
The jacket is upholstered in red.

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A Third of Life

by Perriton Maxwell

**A new form of American Fiction;
a good story well told; Eight
remarkable illustrations by the author**

¶ If you are fond of a good story well-written and like your fiction to mean something, here is a book you will read, enjoy and talk about. This is not an ephemeral novel written only for the moment and forgotten as soon as finished. It is a book that while entertaining you, will also startle you with its daring, compel your thought and serve as a theme for discussion.

¶ In this novel Mr. Maxwell has chosen a big and vital subject—one which at the moment is dominant throughout the intellectual world—psycho-analysis—and the influence of dreams upon the actions and character of every-day people. The book is illustrated with photographs of extraordinary dreams.

Richard Le Gallienne writes: "I have just finished reading *A THIRD OF LIFE* and I hasten to say how much genuine pleasure I have derived from it. Accept my sincere congratulations on your achievement of a masterpiece of fiction based on the soundest of scientific data."

Benjamin De Casseres in *The Forum* says: "*A THIRD OF LIFE* is doubly fascinating because it is both a 'thriller' and a scientific exposition. There is never a dull page in the book, and the actions of the characters are never lost in the big theme, nor is the theme ever allowed to usurp the movement of the story. It is the kind of a book that will keep you up all night."

Frank Bacon, creator of the stellar rôle in the record-breaking play "Lightnin'," wrote just before his death, from the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago to a friend in New York: "You must buy and read Perriton Maxwell's novel *A THIRD OF LIFE*. I have just finished it and I want to tell you that I read it through without laying it down, and what's more, I am going to read it again. I don't know Mr. Maxwell, but if I ever get near him, I'm going to. I cannot help but believe this book is destined to be popular for a very long time."

The New York Herald says: "An amazing, original and thrilling work of dream fiction, *A THIRD OF LIFE* is at once a novel and a philosophy."

Dr. Frank Crane in the New York Globe: "Besides being an interesting story, it is a sound and wholesome volume. With a thousand opportunities to run off into foolish and dangerous by-paths, it has stuck to its main contention and has carefully guarded against any suggestions of morbidity that might do harm."

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SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.
Boston, Mass.

Illustrative Interior Decoration

(Continued from page 13)

table, candelabra of the same gleaming metal on the side-table and a garniture of Chinese porcelain or jade trees on the mantel-piece will be amply sufficient.

The artificial lighting is most important. Side lights which may be lit when desired to show the room, candles for the table. A silver chandelier should hang in the center of the room, as necessary for some occasions.

Though it is one's duty to be cheerful always, early morning is the time at which it is most desirable and, with many, not so easy to attain. So the breakfast-room, as it is called, should be bright and situated so as to catch the early sunshine.

Light painted walls and plain or decorated panels or perhaps a scenic flower design of English paper are effective. The furniture can be a table of walnut or mahogany with painted coral lacquer chairs, almost the shade of the goldfish that would be in a beautiful tank placed in the window where the sun would occasionally strike it, the green water plants round which it swims accentuating the color note in the walls. A comfortable chair for the man of the house and a stand beside it for his newspaper where he can have his morning smoke before starting the day. A bird in a pretty cage and pots of ivy and some flowers here and there are also attractive in a room of this type.

Another breakfast-room I would like to make is of a different type, Italian in feeling, with walls as well as the door, without mouldings, entirely covered with canvas so that it has the effect of many a French room, being an unbroken decoration of trees and landscape. If the ceiling is not too high the scenery can go on it also. A finely wrought Italian iron table with gold and a dark marble top; green Venetian chairs touched with gold and a dark and light marble floor are lovely for this type of room. A piece of old lace on the table when it is not being used, with an Italian bowl full of beautiful fruit, or when unobtainable, effective imitation. There must also be a shallow console of iron, where a vase of cut flowers may be placed and as is often the case tea may be served in this room when it is quite important to have something at the side to hold the dishes.

A room of this type can be used as a smoking-room after dinner and becomes a cheerful, attractive note in the house.

Lunch might also be eaten here when not served in the open or on the sun-porch, which has become a necessity. Most modern houses boast of one, and since they are largely constructed of windows it is hard to prevent them from being cheerful. So many attractive ones have been described it is

hardly necessary to mention them.

Walnut or oak panelling consorts so well with book-shelves of similar wood that it makes the best background for the library and be in harmony with the other rooms. The kaleidoscopic effect of the backs of the books themselves give a subdued color impression to which I would add a good oil painting or two, as points for the eye to pleasurably linger on when in a pensive mood or to act as thought stimulants.

There should be an elegant secretary desk placed so that the light from the window comes over the shoulder, with of course a beautiful but eminently practical lamp for night use. With this an upright but cushioned chair will go, and for the rest of the room a few but very comfortable chairs, a large table, smoking-stand, floor and table lamps.

On the second floor the mistress's bedroom is naturally of prime importance, it is most intimately hers and in it she performs much of her time, and it is so important that one falls gently to sleep or as gently wakes up in harmoniously beautiful surroundings.

With it may be combined boudoir and dressing-room, but by the cultured people of today this is never done if it can be avoided. As a rule the bedroom and boudoir are joined by a connecting door, but in a house I have in mind a more pleasing effect was obtained by throwing the rooms together with two arches in place of doors. This gave sufficient separation, yet a more light and spacious effect.

With such an arrangement the decoration of the two rooms would go together. I would have them panelled with very light mouldings, the walls being painted a light grey-blue and a velvety carpet over the whole floor of a deeper shade of similar blue and lavender hangings. This scheme is not new but is very beautiful. The furniture would be of the solid but delicate type, with light inlaid Italian pieces for side-tables, and if space permitted perhaps a piece or two of painted wood. The boudoir table with two mirrors would be placed between two tall, narrow chests of drawers with a low seat in front, this being a little unusual and very practical. There would also be spacious closets with mirror doors.

In both rooms there would be a sufficiency of mirrors for practical use and a light effect. A well-chosen and well-placed water-color or other picture on the mantel would complete this room.

Adjoining it would be the bathroom. This again is a most important room. Here, after the gentle uprising, should be the start

(Continued on page 74)



Interesting view of a Sienna and white marble fireplace against a restful background of cool green-paneled walls.



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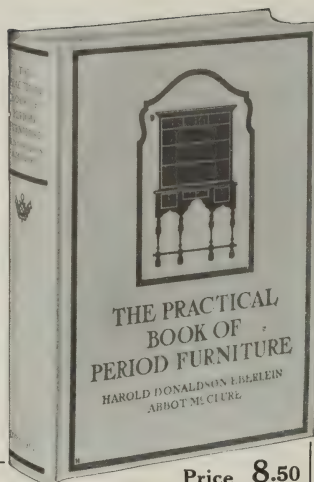
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Illustrative Interior Decoration

(Continued from page 72)

of a cheerful, vigorous day. For this it should have a large window facing the morning sun, with unfadeable silk curtains through which one can see the landscape. It should have handsome polished brass or nickel fixtures and be lined with cool, brilliant tiles, perhaps with a mermaid and green seaweed motif. Every part of it must be easily kept sweet and clean. The color note can be sustained in the rugs.

The master's bedroom will be more austere; he uses it more strictly for just sleeping in and does not want to be crowded. In the room I have in mind there is not so much light as might be desired, so we will have the walls of a corn-color, in which there is sunlight, and to go with this the hangings will be a bright blue, with a tan carpet containing a touch of darker blue. Light, yet substantial colonial mahogany furniture including a big easy chair and a handy writing-table would be appropriate.

The master should also have his den, for his exclusive use, or such friends as he cares to ask there. My ideal is shown in one of the illustrations, in which there is also a day bed with comfortable pillows.

With regard to the price of such a scheme, when such elaborately beautiful rooms as these are described, it may range from a few thousand dollars to a small fortune; an antique tapestry alone may cost from \$5,000 to \$500,000. The price of antique furniture depends upon the pieces available at the moment and their value goes up and down with the demand. Sometimes good modern reproductions can be used, sometimes they cannot or are not desired.

A cottage may be charmingly decorated and furnished for \$1,500, but one may spend as much as one's purse or inclinations dictate.

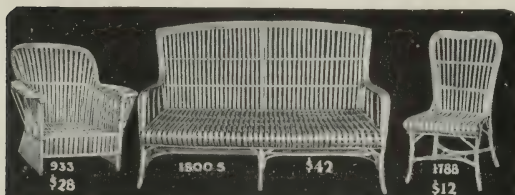
Phases, fashions and fads come and go; extreme antique and art nouveaux, period and weird mixtures are vogue for the moment, but the sensible person does not decorate and furnish for a month or so, but for years or a lifetime and I have found that if one adhere to true scale, correct color scheme, with balanced and harmonious arrangements of good furniture of similar tendency in design and workmanship, in other words, the rules governing good taste, one builds rooms that will be true pictures and a joy for ever.

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Gertrude Boyle is here shown at work on her notable bust of the late Joaquin Miller, beloved poet of the West. The marble portrait was recently unveiled in New York and is to be placed this month by the California Society in the poet's cabin in Rock Creek Park, Washington. During his lifetime the rugged bard gave Miss Boyle a number of sittings and this is the only piece of sculpture in delineation of Joaquin Miller's features made directly from life. Miss Boyle is well-known among successful American women sculptors. For vigor of handling and accuracy of portraiture the Miller bust ranks among her finest, as it is the latest of her achievements.

A Dreamer in Stone

(Continued from page 32)

but also ennobling, belong to no nation, to no time. It is woman immortal, the most precious gift bestowed upon man in his grim struggle for existence that he likes best to depict.

At the beginning of the World War a friend asked Aronson why he did not do something typical of the great struggle. His answer was the bust of Pasteur, one of the great lights of the world, the self-sacrificing physician who brought a message of constructiveness and unity to all humanity. The French government at the celebration this year of its greatest scientist sent a representative to Aronson's studio and acquired the original of the Pasteur bust. Ever since the formation of the New Salon Aronson has been one of its members, but the so-called "modern" movements have left him untouched.

As a portraitist of children no doubt this "childless man," as he is termed by Lorado Taft, is among the foremost living sculptors, and his heads of little girls and boys breathe the spirit of childhood and are innumerable. Artists who are too often considered mere dreamers seldom have the gift of industry, but in Aronson we have the dreamy, reflective type of artist who accomplishes an unbelievable amount of work.

The world can never have enough of really earnest men who are carrying the torch of Art up through the centuries; each one adds a brilliant illumination to the scenes which represent joy and beauty in living as it is interpreted through art, and Naoum Aronson is among those who are first among the torchbearers. He is a man who teaches the lesson of achievement through patient toil; he works with an eye on the future and a soul imbued with the charm of form, the play of light and shade, the thrill of contours and the meaning beneath smooth and roughened surfaces.

The Centenary of the London Cab

A HUNDRED years have seen the introduction and the practical disappearance of the cab, and although the London Daily Telegraph urges all good Londoners to celebrate the centenary of that useful vehicle this spring it is doubtful whether there will be any noticeable enthusiasm in our age of gasoline. Newspapers of April, 1823, informed their readers that "cabriolets" were to be introduced in honor of His Majesty's birthday. The new conveyances came from Paris, and their full name was *cabriolets de place*.

Hackney coaches, however, existed in London long before this time, for references to them run as far back as 1639. A few years

after that date as many as twenty are mentioned at a time.

It is amusing to reflect that the rapidly increasing use of the coach was the occasion of almost as much disturbance to the authorities of long ago as the pressure of motor traffic is to those of our day. In 1601 the English Parliament was dealing with a bill to "restrain the excessive use of coaches." King James I. feared that they would ruin the roads. Pope Pius IV. urged his Cardinals to avoid the luxury of coaches and ride on horseback. In London tradesmen complained that people in carriages would not stop to go shopping as pedestrians would. Householders—whose ears for three hundred

years to come would be spared the noise of the motor horn—complained of the noise of the carriage; and the water-men of the Thames cried out in horror at these "hell-cart-coaches" which speedily outnumbered their wherries.

There were three hundred in London by the time of the Restoration of King Charles II.—the occasion on which Mr. Pepys contrived to procure a new and illicit hackney-coach in spite of the royal proclamation against them. When George III. came to the throne, the number had increased to a thousand. These, however, were all heavy vehicles, and it was probably their clumsiness that made the lighter and swifter cab so popular.

The cab, or public hack, dates back in this country to the early fifties, but it was not until after the Civil War that they became common in the larger cities. Nor has the cabman and his shabby vehicle quite disappeared from the streets of New York. With a greater number of taxis plying their trade in the Metropolis than are found in any other city of the world the jehu finds a leisurely customer here and there. Hansom cabs dot the automotive traffic on Fifth Avenue and Broadway, especially in rainy weather, but their customers are few and it is a matter of wonderment how they manage to maintain themselves in the face of an appalling competition.



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—("Josiah Wedgwood, Master Potter," by A. H. Church, F.R.S., Mac-Millan, 1903.)

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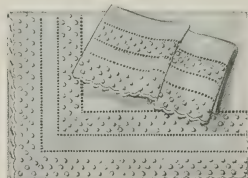
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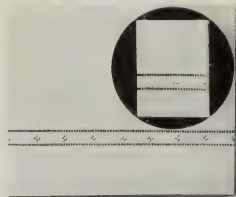
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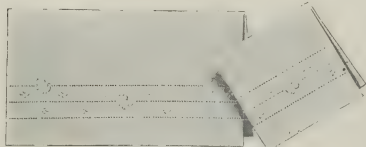
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Style In Art During the Ages

By OSWALD SPENGLER

(This engaging estimate of style in art forms part of Dr. Spengler's volume on the "Decline and Fall of Western Civilization." His viewpoint is, of course, Germanic. The article is translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung* and appeared in a recent issue of *The Living Age*.)

THE first writer who detected the organic character of each great period of style was Goethe. In his "Winckelmann" he says of Vellejus Paterculus: "In his situation, it was not given him to see all art as a vital process that has an imperceptible beginning, a gradual growth, a brilliant maturity, and a slow decline, like any other organism, only in this instance manifested through a multitude of individuals."

That sentence contains the whole morphology of the history of art. Styles do not follow each other like waves and pulse beats. They have nothing to do with the personality of individual artists or with human will and intention in any form. On the contrary, style determines the type of the artist himself. Style, like civilization, is a primary phenomenon, whether it be the style of arts, religions, philosophies, or of life.

In the same way that nature is a constantly renewed expression of the living man, his *alter ego*, his mirror-image of the world about him, so it is with style. For this reason there can be but one style for each distinct civilization. It is an error to characterize mere stages in the life of a style—such as the Romantic, Gothic, Baroque, Rococo, Empire—as independent styles, comparable with, for instance, the Egyptian, the Chinese, or the prehistoric style. Gothic and Baroque are the youth and the old age of the same changing organism of form-ideas: they are, respectively, the maturing and the completely matured style of the West.

Our researches into the history of art have led to false conclusions upon this point, because we lack perspective. We have followed the easiest path rather than the right one, and have designated as independent styles all easily distinguished art-periods.

Our conventional division of styles into ancient, mediæval, and modern has also confused us. In reality, a masterpiece of the Renaissance in its purest form, like the Court of the Farnese Palace, is infinitely closer to the vestibule of St. Patrocles in Soest, to the interior of the Magdeburg Cathedral, or to the grand stairways of the German palaces of the eighteenth century, than to the temples of Pæstum or the Erechtheion.

The same relation exists between Doric and Ionic. For this reason Ionic columns may be used with Doric architectural elements as harmoniously as late Gothic with early Baroque in the Church of St. Laurence of Nuremberg, or late Romantic with late Baroque

in the beautiful upper part of the west choir of the Mayence Cathedral. For this reason our eye has not learned to distinguish in Egyptian style the periods corresponding to the Doric and the Gothic youth, or the Ionic and Baroque old age, respectively, of Hellenic and Western European style. We do not see that the same process of development is recorded in the architecture of the Early and the Middle Empire in Egypt which, after the Tenth Dynasty, had mastered perfectly the forms through which it expressed itself.

The task of writing a comparative history of great artistic styles is still to be performed. Since these styles are organic, and are generically related, they all passed through similar life stages.

In each instance we first detect the timid, unpretentious, spontaneous self-expression of a newly-awakened soul, still seeking to relate itself to the world, and as yet regarding its own creations as something almost foreign to itself. A childlike timidity is revealed in the buildings of Bishop Bernard of Hildesheim, in the early Christian catacomb paintings, and in the pillar-halls of the early Fourth Dynasty. An art-springtide, a deep presentiment of future fruitfulness, a powerful restraint, intemperance, broods over the world, revealing itself in rustic efforts to adorn the first castles and tiny towns of a coming race.

Then follows a jubilant period of free expression, illustrated in the temples of the Fifth Dynasty, with their ornamental reliefs, in the pillared and domed basilicas of the Age of Constantine, and in the full splendor of Gothic architecture. Men comprehend the style of their age; the glory of the consecrated, fully mastered form-language becomes the common property of all, and style ripens into a majestic symbol of the profounder tendencies and destinies of an era.

But the exuberance and exhilaration of youth subside. Doubts and contradictions spring up in the heart of man. The Dionysian-musical hostility to the Apollonic-Doric at the time of the Renaissance, the preference for the Alexandrian to the cheerful, easy-going art of Antioch in the Byzantium of 450 A.D., both marked periods of revolt and of a more or less successful effort to slough off the old.

But after passing through this period, the middle-manhood of an historic style begins. The great cities, that have by this time become the characteristic social unit, express their soul life in a culture that gives its own content to style.

Elaborate symbolism gradually disappears. The riot of superhuman figures vanishes. Gentler and more urbane forms of art displace the grand art of monumental architecture and statuary; even in Egypt modeling and frescoes exhibit greater freedom. The artist appears. He consciously designs what hitherto has sprung from the soil. The living individual becomes conscious of his purpose and liberates himself from the shackles of local legends and mystic codes; he faces the world with an interrogation, and strives to express himself in his new mood. This begins with the Baroque, as when Michelangelo, in wild rebellion against the limits of his age and of his art, attacked St. Peter's dome; as in the period of Justinian I, that gave us after 520 A.D. the Mosque of St. Sophia and the mosaic decorations of the domed basilicas of Ravenna; in the Egypt of the early Twelfth Dynasty, whose glory the Greeks personified under the name of Sesostris; and about 600 B.C. in Hellas.

Following upon this comes the golden autumn of a style. The soul tries to externalize in beautiful forms for a last time the bliss which it feels in its moment of complete maturity. The "return to nature" that thinkers and poets crave, for which Rousseau, Goethe, and contemporaries of corresponding stages of other civilizations yearned, betrays itself in the sphere of art as a tender longing, a pensive presentiment of the end. Intellectual clarity, cheerful urgency, and the sadness of farewell: it is those last colorful decades in the life of a civilization

that Talleyrand referred to when he said: "He who did not live before 1789 does not know the loveliness of life."

Such a free, sunny, refined art existed about 1850 B.C., in the Age of Sesostris III. A similar short moment of happy, satisfied attainment appeared under Pericles, and gave us the marvelous glories of the Acropolis and the works of Phidias and Zeus. We find it again a thousand years later, at the time of the Omniad Caliphs, rapturously expressing itself in the great masterpieces of Moorish architecture, whose slender columns and horseshoe arches merge almost imperceptibly with the light arabesques and stalactites above them. Again, we find it nearly a thousand years later in the music of Haydn and Mozart, in the shepherd groups of Meissner porcelain, in the pictures of Watteau and Guardi, and here in Germany, in the works of our great builders at Dresden, Potsdam, Würzburg, and Vienna.

Thereupon style sinks into senescence. To the highly spiritual and perishable art forms of the Erechtheion or the Dresden Keep, succeeds a languid and senile classicism. A groping backward toward the empty, out-lived, archaic and primitive forms of the past, a fumbling eclecticism that tries to galvanize into life the dead forms of an earlier era, marks the end. Semiseriousness and questionable integrity dominate the world of art. That is where Europe is today. We are merely dawdling over dead forms, deluding ourselves with vain illusions of a living art.

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Placing the Piano

(Continued from page 21)

even though its purpose is only to protect the polished surface, should be a piece of beautifully woven fabric, lovely in itself, and a bowl or vase of flowers should be carefully selected to harmonize or contrast artistically with the instrument. The habit which prevails in many a careless American household of using the piano top as a convenient shelf, and piling it with books and other objects, cannot be too heartily deplored. Aside from purely aesthetic objections, it is inconvenient when the time comes to open the top of the instrument. This should be done from time to time, particularly if there are many people in the room, as they help to absorb the sound.

Occasionally the piano itself may be used to serve as a background for another article of furniture, as in one arrangement with which I am familiar, where a sofa is placed against its curve with good effect, though the piano and sofa would hardly be in use simultaneously. Here the gorgeous tapestry on the wall, and the flood of light through rich window hangings, make an excellent setting for instrument and player.

In the stately formal drawing-room done after the French manner, the piano, with its exquisitely ornamented case, is an integral part of the decoration of the room, and is placed to advantage in relation to the two windows and to the adjacent fireplace.

A sure means of bringing out the beauty of polished mahogany in a piano case, or emphasizing the dignity of its sweeping lines, is to place a rich Oriental rug on the floor before the piano, and a colorful square of tapestry on the wall above it. The contrast between the solid expanse of dark, polished wood and the intricate multi-col-

ored design in rug and tapestry is marked, and gives full value to the beauties of each. An Oriental rug is nearly always a better choice than any floor covering of solid color for the room which contains one's grand piano.

Although the proportions of the grand piano—baby, parlor or concert—whichever the size, are generally conceded pleasing to the eye, and indeed indicative of luxury and splendor, there are those who find the instrument too broad and flat to suit their tastes, and who seek to minimize this effect by resorting to the long and slender in adjacent wall decorations.

The upright piano is occasionally placed across a corner, and this is satisfactory acoustically, although the arrangement has come to be thought rather old-fashioned. When placed directly against the wall, the effectiveness of the upright is enhanced by careful treatment of the remaining wall space above. The three-section mirrors, seen in such alluring variety in the shops, are obtainable in just the right sizes for such a space, as they are nearly three times as wide as they are long. And there are, of course, pictures of a size and shape to go successfully above the upright piano.

Most rooms, unless they are of extraordinary size, contain one space which is superior to all others as a place for the piano, and experimenting with the arrangement of furniture proves that this "best" spot is not always the one that first occurs to mind. But getting the piano placed to greatest advantage adds so much to the comfort and pleasure of the occupants of the room that it is well worth the studied arranging and re-arranging it often requires.

The Dance—a Prose Poem

By LILIAS MAC LANE

THE body stands complete in space. A clearness of intent pervades it. And from its focussed movement comes a rhythm that cuts its way unblurred until it is a dance.

Within its mold the body holds a flowing sense which guides each impulse to a moment of silence, to a growing strength to reach the climax, to a mellow lingering pause. Strike out in a purity of tone. Let its circles widen on the air. Build vast your poise. Make utmost of each move and something comes to life.

As we dance we become increasingly sensitive to our own impulses and, in response, to others dancing. There seems to be a transparency revealing intricate feeling. A ripple goes across the surface of the skin

—not as a breeze, coming from without, disturbs the top of water—but as a striking music deep within the centers of the body sends reverberation outward.

Every footfall is a brush stroke that cannot be erased. It is the echo of that central rhythm. As it strikes and as a body accents, so is the texture of the dance determined. Running along its inner channels the varying moods discover the body shooting ahead or caught on the edge of a foot, sliding low towards another figure, pulled by the magnet of its own intensity to the end of each theme.

Fulness at times, thinness at times, breadth, flatness, delicacy, strength.

There is the dance.

Moving Picture Composition

(Continued from page 10)

in a landscape, a background, a grouping or a lighting. Yet Murillo's street urchins and Millet's peasants are admired for their lighting and composition, even when their business is dull. A play gets by on one great act, often on one big scene, with the rest mere dishwater.

Composing with the camera is a matter of arrangement within a definite frame line under such lighting as may be available.

The sunlight has great power but its shadows are apt to photograph as pools of black. Vierge could splash his ink with a pen, but a good camera man must be careful, because the beautiful white lady under the picture hat must not become a negress all of a sudden.

This difficulty can be obviated at times by holding above her head a canopy of cheesecloth, which curiously diffuses the light so that the shadows from the direct sunlight are illuminated.

Both outdoors and in, a good deal can be done with artificial lights. In my picture "Look Your Best" (which I love very dearly and perhaps the more ardently because nobody else likes it at all) I enjoyed such a device.

A gloomy Italian ballet dancer who had lost fame as he gained flesh was standing outside his cheap boarding house in a glum humor. Hearing a street piano play one of his old melodies a smile brightened his face. Whereupon I sneaked in a sun-arc which heightened the sunlight just enough to make his face radiant. As his smile died, so did the light.

A trick? Yes. But so is a happy adjective a trick; or the red of a poppy in a painted wheat-field.

In this same picture there were episodes in a ballet school. For this I frankly took Degas as a model and without directly copying any of his figures tried to carry his spirit into the living moving postures and moods of fatigue and laborious grace.

The picture ended with a fanciful ballet "The Peacock and the Hunter." In this I asked the art director, Mr. Cedric Gibbons, a genius of the finest quality, to let his fancy soar.

He built me a conventionalized forest of great silver trees surrounding a circular pool. From the trees the silver-clad tree nymphs moved slowly down to gaze at their reflections until a hunter's horn frightened them back. The white bowman (Antonio Moreno) with two white wolfhounds looked vainly for quarry and went leaping on his way.

Then Miss Colleen Moore came forth as a white peacock and strutted and posed with pardonable conceit and admired her beauty in the mirroring pool.

The hunter, returning and seeing her move, thinks her a deer and lets fly an arrow. He is heartbroken when he learns what he has slain and the peacock dies in his arms as he mourns for the beauty he has destroyed.

In laying out this white-on-white and silver-against-silver scheme I was on formal ground, and I composed the action decoratively, with a conscious formality in strong contrast with the realism of the other scenes in the picture. It also included the most sordid incidents—notably a fight between an Italian banana vendor and his wife, she wielding a knife, he doing bayonet practice with a large bunch of bananas.

Thus in this one picture I passed through the territories covered by such different painters as Teniers, Degas and Whistler; from the crudest realism to sheer fantasy.

In the domestic comedy "Gimme!" the first scenes took place in an interior decorator's shop filled with borrowed objects of great price and beauty. So here again posed my people in carefully balanced groups as if they, too, were objects of vertu.

Later the scene shifted to a rich man's home and Mr. C. Templeton Crocker permitted us the use of his marble palace with its royal gardens. Here the compositions grew stately and opulent, in their ambitions at least. Great sweeps of stairway, balustrades, colonnades, majestic porticos, gorgeous distances, ornate pools and statuary formed the material. In outlying portions of the estate where nature had not been formalized I agonized over the posture of a tree, the gesticulation of a live-oak bough, the chiaroscuro of foliage with light sifting through.

We could not move the trees but we could shift the camera with the same effect. We could not control the sun, but by the use of reflectors we could throw a beam where we wanted it. We could dark out too much detail, and dash a highlight where our hearts seemed to cry for it.

All this, of course, apart from and in addition to the telling of the story.

The picture ended with a composition that enchanted me, and seems to please the audiences. An old Washington Square house was the scene and we put in it one of those long curved stairways, then brought the two lovers into the picture at the upper right hand corner, feet first; and took them down, around, pausing every few steps for an amorous conflict, ending in an exit at the lower right hand corner of the picture, heads last. The effect was curious, almost uncannily amusing.

(Continued on next page)

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Moving Picture Composition

(Continued from previous page)

This is what I mean by moving composition. It has at times an almost voluptuous thrill.

In "Remembrance" the shabby old father of an extravagant family lies very ill in his shabby bedroom, the only room where the interior decorator had been forbidden to carry on his trade. The repentant children wait outside to hear the doctor's verdict.

Here was a call for a bit of almost motionless composition. I spent much time and mental anguish placing those handsome young men and women so that they would be composed without looking posed. I remembered what I had read of the old Italian theory of composition by triangles or pyramids of heads. I tried to suggest balance without getting stiffness. I moved a head or an arm, shifted a posture to give a new plane or contour; gave much thought to focus and unity with variety. My endeavor was something like that of a Greek sculptor planning a pediment group over the entrance of a temple.

It sounds ridiculous, perhaps, but there happened to be a number of visitors in the office and they were so affected by the paths of the mere composition as composition that their eyes were dripping; and a famous actor standing near me was so moved that his tears fell on my sleeve.

Then, in despair of the next step, I asked the various members of the group what they would do if a doctor came out and said,

"Your father is going to die to-night."

One girl answered: "I'd just fall in a heap on the floor." Another said, "I think I'd beat the wall down." Others said they would do other things. So I said: "Those are the things to do. Let's take it."

And we took it.

Once Borglum was politely looking at a sketch I had made for a statue, and when I said, touching the throat of the figurine, "The sorrow of it is there," he said, "The throat is the seat of human pathos."

In "Remembrance" I had a scene where a forlorn and desperate woman stands before a fireplace and tells her story. The gifted and beautiful actress had a singularly long and eloquent throat; so I filled the fireplace with all the electric lights it would hold, and kept down the lighting from above. Then I asked her to turn her head thus and so; to smile bitterly, to fling her head back in an ecstasy of woe; to let it fall and to roll her great eyes slowly here and there.

It happened that a famous painter visited the studio when I was seeing the result of this étude on the screen, and the painter cried out: "That is the most poignant face I ever saw. That face converts me to the movies."

In another scene a repentant wastrel drops to his knees and prays. We shot this through the interesting grill of a stair-rail, and

(Continued on page 91)

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Rupert Hughes looking for "locations" for his picture "Souls For Sale"

Sumptuous Furniture in the Days of Louis XIV.

THE technique of furniture making was enriched with no important novelties in the second half of the seventeenth century, but practices that had been still rare about 1650 became quite usual, says Roger de Félice in his "French Furniture Under Louis XIV." Such were the gilding of wood, veneering, marquetry, the upholstering of seats, to say nothing of royal and princely caprices like furniture of solid silver.

The master joiners, worthy successors to the good *huchiers* of bygone days, had for a long time had nothing to learn when they were given a new problem to solve—the making of very large cupboards. So well did they acquit themselves, that these monumental pieces are today carrying on their loyal services in provincial houses, without having interrupted them for a moment during more than two centuries. What furniture of the present day can look forward to such a destiny? The joiners then continued to create for their customers of moderate means these excellent and handsome pieces of pure carpentry work. But in the circles where people plumed themselves on refinement and elegance, there was a tendency to prefer a more brilliant surface decoration in furniture, the effect of coloring taking the place of the effect got by working in relief.

Furniture of gilded wood, or rather gilded in part, was not unknown to our ancestors, even in the fourteenth century, but it was very uncommon down to the seventeenth century. Italy, of course, that motherland of every kind of magnificence, was the first to think of full-gilding the bed, seats, tables, frames, candelabra, everything in short in a state chamber that was made of wood, and this taste did not fail to find its way into France. It would certainly have been a dream wish of Louis XIV. to have furniture of solid gold; failing which he had silver, and, later on, gilded wood. The director of gilding at the Gobelins was an important personage, *le Sieur de la Baronnière*. Gilding was then carried out *à la detrempe*, and was a complicated affair. First of all, the wood was treated in the same way as that in which panels had been got ready for painting pictures in the days before canvas. To begin with, it was coated with size, and then with one thin layer after another of *blanc*, whitening melted down with skin glue, then a coat of yellow, then one of the *assiette*, into whose composition there entered not less than six or seven glutinous materials cunningly compounded; and then last of all leaf gold was laid on, and nothing remained to do but to burnish it. Furniture was silvered also:

(Continued on page 83)



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The Story of the Printed Picture

(Continued from page 31)



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"The Old House," an etching by Eugene Higgins

alive. Etching proper, continued to be practiced, as a more erratic medium, harder to use for "copying" nature, and more apt to suit the fancy of an artist, and it is this medium which has been the cornerstone for the revival of interest in prints in this country.

In America, there was a short-lived revival of the art of etching in the eighties, but the interest of the public quickly died, due to the great influx of cheap mechanical reproductions. In fact, a dozen years ago there were only a handful of artists in this country who had made plates with any regularity. Today there are perhaps a hundred whose work would "pass jury." There are three large societies of artists solely engaged in promoting the print, chiefly the engraved mediums. Responsible dealers are beginning to handle American prints, and the number of sales annually is an important item in the business side of art.

In quality, too, the prints shown today in exhibitions are rarely de-

tailed statements, and show a decided tendency to pure suggestion. This would tend to show that the public is passing rapidly from the concrete to the abstract in its choice of pictures. In other words, the commercial print has filled the public need for information (the motion-pictures seem to be trying to surfeit it), and the reaction is beginning to be felt, for better things; a need for "that mystery which binds us still" in spite of the terrible materialism of the exact sciences. Prints began as religious symbols, for the general public, and now they are again becoming symbols of the only real mystery which promises to remain to face the iconoclasts of science. For there is no proof to human senses of the existence of anything spiritual, or what we call divine, except the mystery of our sense of beauty. Denying, then, Doctor and Camera alike, the print seems destined to carry to the people the only known

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"St.-Germain-En-Laye," an etching by A. W. Heintzelman

Furniture in the Days of Louis XIV.

(Continued from page 81)

the throne of Louis XIV., after the great melting down of his plate, was silvered wood; and, so too in many cases were the caryatides or *termes* that upheld the tables on which fine cabinets were placed. This gilding of carved pieces is so familiar to us that an effort is needed to understand just to what degree it is an æsthetic heresy.

It is a heresy characteristic of a period that preferred richness, whether real or seeming, of material to the far higher kind of beauty that the work of the tool gave to materials that were already beautiful indeed, but with no intrinsic money value, materials like oak and walnut. Hence came veneering and marquetry side by side with gilding. The Louis XIII. period had known an intermediate stage between solid furniture of joiners' wood and veneered furniture. This was seen in ebony cabinets, in which the precious wood was glued on to the common wood, but in sheets of sufficient thickness to allow of their being carved in *bas-relief* and lightly moulded. Veneering made its appearance at the same time. Its technique has never changed, except that mechanical processes of cutting up wood makes it possible to-day to obtain sheets of much greater thickness. But by itself veneering does not give enough richness; and recourse was had to marquetry.

Wood marquetry was not carried out in the same way as it is to-day. The panel to be decorated was first of all covered completely with the wood intended for the background, and next, the artist cut out with penknife or burin the place for the decorative motive, the various parts of which were shaped with a fret-saw and then glued in their proper places. Without being very extensive, the range of colors at the disposal of the *ébéniste*—the word came into current use precisely when that austere wood ebony went out of fashion—already was of a certain richness. Almond and box gave him yellows, holly a pure white; certain pearwoods red; walnut all the browns ranging to black; Saint Lucia wood a pinkish gray. And he could color his wood in graded browns by "shading" it with fire.

Finding these colors dull, the *ouvriers en bois de rapport* devised the plan, an atrocious one from the point of view of technique, and open to discussion as regards beauty, of calling in other materials, such as brass and pewter, which had already been used (like bone, ivory and mother of pearl) for inlaying, and especially as fillets to outline compartments; tortoise-shell, and lastly transparent and colorless horn, painted in vivid colors on the back. These, with gilded bronze in the shape of ap-

pliques, were the resources of the "palette," if we may risk the phrase, of André-Charles-Boulle. He used also fine stones, though very sparingly.

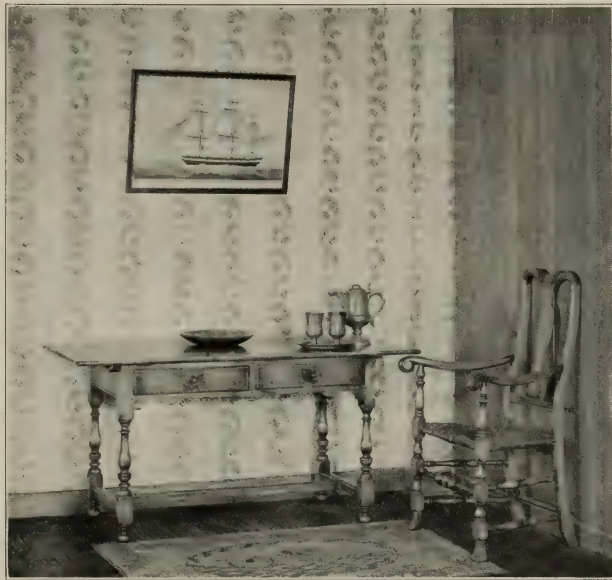
His method of working was as follows. The structure and frame of his furniture is quite coarsely made, and generally of deal. On this wood he glued a sheet of paper rubbed over with red or black, and over this paper the various pieces of his marquetry, obtained in the following way: if he intended to make a panel in which a motive of *rinçaux* in brass should show on a ground of tortoise-shell, he glued lightly together a sheet of copper, a sheet of

tortoise-shell, and the sheet of paper on which he had made out his design; he then sawed out the whole together, unfastened them, and in this way had his ground in duplicate, both of shell and brass, and his ornament in duplicate also, brass and tortoise-shell. He then glued the tortoise-shell ground and the brass ornament on his wooden foundation, and last of all the bronze appliques were affixed. He then had the brass ground and the shell ornaments left unused, and with these he made a new piece, identical in design with the first one, but with the reverse combination of materials. This second piece, less valuable than the first,

was called the counterpart, *de contre-partie*; the first was said to be *de première partie*. Usually a piece was not completely either one or the other.

Unhappily there is no solidity in it. Metals do not take kindly to glue, and all these heterogeneous materials behave in different ways in heat and damp. These pieces therefore demand continual restorations: they are only for museums. If we examine them carefully, we see that some of them are ornaments pure and simple, while others serve to strengthen the piece, to protect it from being knocked about, and to resist the strain and play of the wood.

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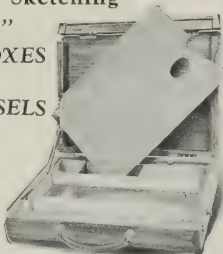
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The Story of the Printed Picture

(Continued from page 82)

antidote for the materialism of our age.

In these days the artist no longer has the drawbacks of ignorance and superstition, indeed, he is swamped with facts, which must be digested before he can create. But it is now time to relegate the commercial print to its place, to serve purely commercial or descriptive ends. The artist must show the public the difference between art and craft, between an artist's product and commercial reproduction. In a word, the difference is this: the etching, wood-cut or lithograph made by the artist is *duplicate production*, while the photo-print is *duplicate reproduction*. The artist's print is guaranteed as the work of his hand, carrying his message to the people, while the photo-print can have no real guarantee, and may or may not relay a message. Only too often the exigencies of commercial interests make reproduction a parody on art.

Only the artist can assure the value of his work; all artists' prints should consist of a definite edition, of which each print is signed. This limited edition of duplicate pictures makes a kind of bond in art, guaranteed by the artist; and indeed, bonds are real prints, engravings usually, in signed duplicate, representing a part interest in some enterprise (in the case of Liberty bonds this enterprise was as abstract an idea as art itself). Dollar bills, too, are engraved

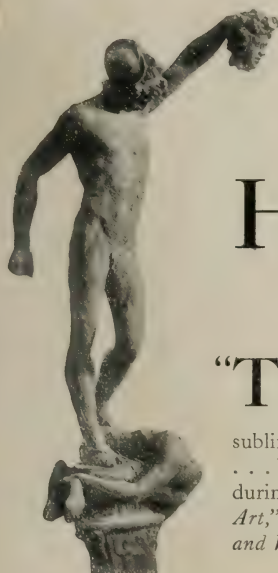
prints, signed by the Treasurer, a kind particularly prized by all collectors. And postage stamps are some of the smallest and finest of prints, whose face value may be nothing to their real worth,—when they become rare! Artists' prints have another resemblance to bonds; they are subject to the law of supply and demand, are quoted on the market, and, when rare or very popular, may rise in value to many times their original worth, even in the first year of their issue; then again, as artists know, it sometimes happens that this doesn't happen!

However, the idea that the print is really a bond in the production of beauty in our own country is perfectly admissible. The print is the means whereby the many may participate in the work of the one artist, a thing which is true of no other form of art, unless of bronze sculpture as of old. The print is an intimate co-operation between the artist and his own people, a silent spokesman which never tires of telling that there is more in life and nature than the decrees of our exact philosophies.

To be able to recognize the guarantee of an artist's work, one should know something of the mediums themselves; one appreciates better what one technically understands. The ways in which prints are made are in themselves interesting and everyone who gives a fig for art should familiarize himself with processes.



"The Mill-Stream," an original mezzotint by Frederick Reynolds



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Beauty—A Real Definition

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN

CONCE are the superstitions which ruled and regulated the care of our faces, and almost forgotten are the fetiches we worshipped! Beauty culture is now a precise and exact science and there is no field of research into which it does not penetrate.

So that at last, beauty culture is taking its proper place in the minds of people and by the enlightened it is no longer thought to consist of a dab of rouge and powder and a hidden box of mascare. Instead, we are coming to understand more and more thoroughly that every activity reflects itself upon the appearance and to beautify means first of all to live in a sane and sensible way.

Food plays an important part in the care of the skin. There is little good in purifying the complexion from outside and undermining its beauty from within. A great deal remains to be learned by each individual, however, upon the relation of her own diet to the skin. It is difficult to advise a general regime, since people vary greatly, but if the system is normal, I do urge more stewed fruit than is eaten in this country, and a much greater consumption of milk and pure drinking water. I was always opposed to the drinking of alcohol, which is in every way a menace to good looks. Since prohibition, the damage it has done is indescribable.

I think that most doctors must

undergo the experience I have had recently—that of seeing beautiful complexions ruined by the drinking of poor grade alcohol. So often the little drink is taken in a spirit of fun and defiance that it seems almost too tragic to think of how utterly it ruins the tissues. A scientific beauty specialist can do much, but she cannot re-create tissues any more than she can compel hair to grow once the hair follicle dies. However, let us think of what we can do, not what we cannot!

Of course, no external preparation reaches the inner tissues in quite the way the blood would carry it, but it is intensely valuable to beauty culture to be able to reproduce the skin's own food-stuffs, so to speak.

Have you ever realized that the skin gets thirsty as well as hungry? It is a great mistake to use nothing but creams, however splendid these may be; tonics and cleansing, beautifying lotions should be considered quite as important. A tonic is often needed to stimulate the skin so that it can absorb nourishing cream properly and make it completely effective. Some skins—I am thinking of those that are oily or suffer from large pores—require astringent tonics to refine them and regulate the little glands that are close to the surface and which must be out of order to exude enough oil to create "shine."

Of course oiliness is one of the

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main causes of blackheads, and is often responsible for the dread complication blackheads lead to—acne. Whenever there are blackheads your cleansers and astringents are more important than anything else. Soap is too fatty for this type of skin. Use a really penetrative wash that by mechanical action will correct blackheads. Acne of course requires antiseptic and medicated creams as well, for two reasons—first of all to correct the pimples and secondly to protect the surrounding areas from a spreading of the infection.

I often wonder which causes more consternation—blackheads or wrinkles? Neither should upset one, since with scientific methods carefully adapted to suit each individual case both can be remedied. But wrinkles seem to woman such a tragedy—the final curtain on life's last act! This is because an altogether mistaken notion prevails that lines are inseparable from age. They are really nothing more than a sign of an altered condition of one's being, and as a local symptom, respond perfectly to local treatment! Stimulating cream, astringents and tonics, and sometimes very rich skinfoods are the necessary preparations.

By the way, would you like to know why a skin stimulant rejuvenates and beautifies? I will explain it. When you take exercise you feel a warm glow. This because your circulation is quickened, enlivening your entire frame. But even exercise will not bring a specific rush of blood to any individual portion of your anatomy. A really strong skin-stimulant is like highly concentrated exercise. It will hurry the blood to the part where it has been applied—and in blood are those valuable secretions of the ductless glands, upon which so much of modern science is based.

I believe personally, that these glands are greatly affected by climate, and this perhaps is one of the reasons why oriental women age in appearance so quickly. During my travels, I noticed an interesting contrast between the point of view of the Eastern women and our own. The Egyptian and Indian beauty preparations have as little foundation in science as in the days of Queen Chesha, who, if

I remember my history right, cooked donkey's hoofs and the fat of black snakes, and applied the concoction that resulted to her skin! Their cosmetiques, however, are lovely—in many ways more attractive than those the European and American can create. But though they might fascinate, they wouldn't please us for personal use, because the oriental has not the least desire to conceal the fact that she used cosmetiques. She does not seek to emulate Nature—she wishes only to improve upon it!

I remember visiting an Indian princess and she asked my opinion of her "make-up" over which she had taken special pains for me. As she used cosmetique more moderately than most orientals I said that I thought it very natural looking. Her dark eyes clouding and tears choking her voice she exclaimed "So I have had all my trouble for nothing!"

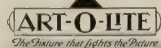
Cosmetiques really call for a study of Art. To understand the matching of tones, and to get a clear conception of the great artists' ideals of beauty, I made a long tour through Europe's most famous picture galleries. Without this I don't think I should ever have realized how subtle is the matter of coloring, and what a variety is needed in all beautifies—rouges, lip-tints, eye shadows, powders, and even preparations for the arms, throat, shoulders and hands. Each complexion, from the deepest olive brunette to the palest blonde calls for tones that harmonize with its own color scheme.

To learn all this, or rather to begin to, has meant long years of study, and now, perhaps, I study more earnestly and persistently even than when I was a girl—the fever for knowledge seized once and it grows—but there is one great compensation for the continuous labor, the strain and responsibility which compose a beauty specialist's life. This is the gratitude and the responsiveness of the many hundred of thousands of women to whom her help is vital—for beauty is often the deciding factor in a woman's happiness—and the intrinsic joy of creating the one thing that makes the grey, drab world after all worth while—beauty!

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IN the March issue we published an article, "Bringing Dead Paintings Back to Life," by Christine M. Lewis, and in that article the contributor showed that reliable picture restorers are few and far between. Professor Pasquale Farina, of Philadelphia, is one of the few. Through an oversight we failed to credit Professor Farina with the reproductions of restored paintings accompanying Miss Lewis's article. Of Italian birth, Professor Farina has made a life-study of the old masters and their work, their methods, their in-

dividual characteristics. For ten years he was the head of an art school in Buenos Aires. It was he who, as a result of his years of study and research, finally established the fact that the pigments used by the old masters are permanent, impervious to climatic reactions or to the effects of dirt, dust, and damp. And it was this discovery which made it possible to identify old masterpieces with authority. Professor Farina has lived in Philadelphia for a number of years and is one of the best known art experts of this country.

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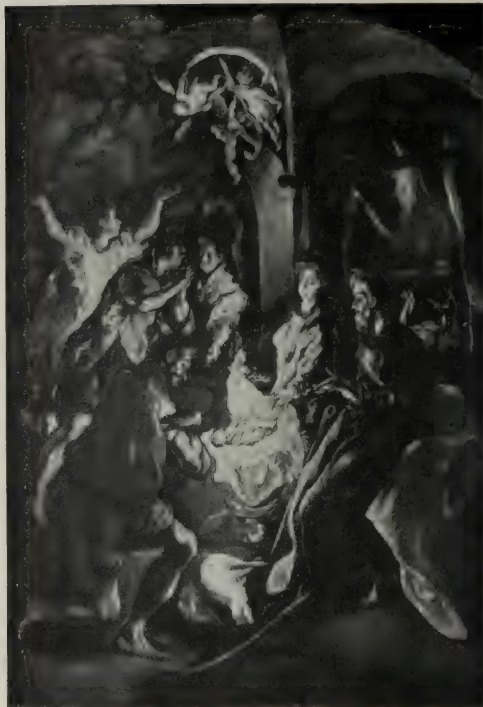
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"The Nativity," by El Greco. "Painting before El Greco had been static, in two dimensions. He developed a new art of dynamics in three dimensions"

What Is Modern Art?

By NATHANIEL POUSETTE-DART

"What remained of immense importance was the idea that a work of art was not the record of a beauty already existent elsewhere, but the expression of an emotion felt by the artist and conveyed to the spectator."

"Vision and Design," By Roger Fry.

THE greatest fallacy about modern art is that which declares it a mushroom growth, springing from nothing and leading nowhere. Many people believe that the work of the moderns has nothing to do with the great tradition of painting, that it has not evolved out of the classical movements of the past. Yet, whosoever will may trace its steady evolution, step by step, from the earliest known arts. Much of the primitive art has the same qualities that the moderns are striving for; but it is to Italian painting that we must go to see the first conscious signs of that dynamic restlessness which characterizes the present movement.

Michael Angelo was one of the first men to take liberties with form. His powerful imagination liberated him, in a measure at least, from the senseless imitation of surfaces. But although his exaggerations carried him away from meaningless forms, he never really made form "significant" because he was too much interested in the compli-

cations underneath the surface. His interest was scientific rather than aesthetic.

Tintoretto, that divine producer, made much of the exaggerations, the dynamic quality and the seething restlessness found in the work of his master. He was a remarkable painter, one far more interested in the artistic aspect of his subjects than in the scientific one. It is in his work that we see the first visible signs of what Harrington Wright aptly calls organization. By organization is meant something much more comprehensive than composition. Composition means a pleasing visual arrangement, but organization means the creation of harmonies through emotion and intelligence, and is both subjective and objective in its nature. The visual must fuse with the spiritual to give a sense of inner reality and rhythm.

From Tintoretto, Domenico El Greco, the Spanish Greek, derived the spiritual to give a sense of in-produce his own turbulent art.

(Continued on page 90)

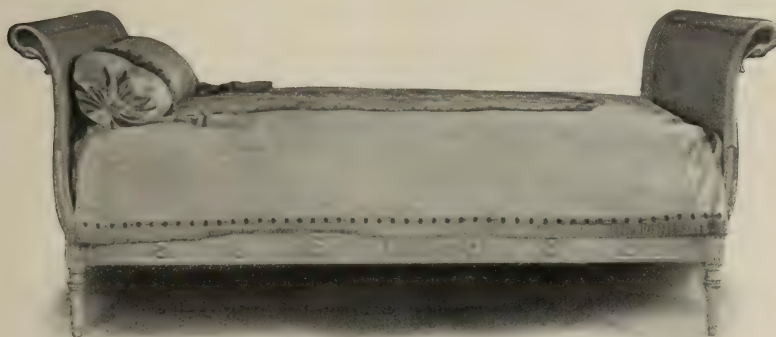


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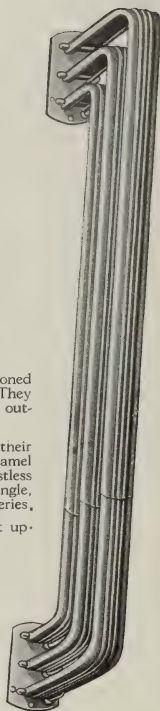
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What Is Modern Art?

(Continued from page 88)

Like his predecessor, he was a passionate man with great dramatic power. He was a religious painter, it is true, but it was the relationship of form and color that was his most secret preoccupation. He displaced his planes, elongated his figures and put a suction into his amazing arrangements that made his canvases alive. Painting before El Greco had been static, in two dimensions. He developed a new art of dynamics in three dimensions. He made forms contract and expand. He made them arise in flame shapes; he made them bulge and twist, but always with artistic significance. He created a symphony of movement that balanced beautifully in the different vibrating strata of his pictures.

Although El Greco was a realist in the best sense of the term, he never fell into the naturalism of Valesquez. Valesquez may have been a better painter than his master, but as an artist he was far inferior. El Greco is really the father of modern painting and it was a short step from his fruitful work to that of Picasso's cubistic adventures.

Cézanne's profound mind early grasped the salient qualities in El Greco's work, and he tried hard all his life to advance beyond his master's three dimensional paintings. He added dots to dots and made a line, he added lines to lines and achieved a plane, and in his latter life he added planes to planes in the attempt to discover thereby a fourth dimension. However, if Cézanne did not advance very far beyond El Greco in his work, he did in his thinking. He saw in his master's work the suggestion of cubistic formalization. He saw that in nature everything resolved itself into cubes, cones and cylinders and that by combining these with rhythm wonderful things would result.

Picasso, the logical successor to El Greco, absorbed these truths without effort and invented the abstract organizations which have advanced art into the field of pure creation. He lifted painting to the plane of music; he made of it an instrument sufficient unto itself. He liberated painting from its thralldom to nature and struck fear into the hearts of the academicians. Art was no longer a simple formula. It required real creative genius to invent abstract forms. No longer would the artist sit and fiddle thoughtlessly before a model and call the result art, when he had painstakingly affixed his signature to it.

Picasso made artists think, and so did Cézanne. The latter influenced van Gogh and Gauguin; he made

them rebel against the meaningless. His influence made post impressionists of them, which means that they painted the vision after the impression, instead of painting an impression without a vision. Van Gogh painted a pipe lying on a chair, and it had elements of greatness because it was impregnated with emotional thought. It was not a copy of a chair and a pipe; it was a chair and a pipe *plus* all the fire and intensity of Van Gogh.

These two artists stopped trying to think scientifically about the things they painted, as the impressionists did, and discovered that they were artists with something to say. They were both intensely serious men. Van Gogh was a religious fanatic and Gauguin an artistic zealot from the time when he tore himself from his stool in a merchant's office. And still we hear people say that this modern movement was instigated by charlatans and insincere men.

Matisse owes a good deal of his liberation to Cézanne and Picasso. Although Matisse has added nothing new to art, through his finer sensibilities he has succeeded in sending us back to the child joy of the primitives. He paints with intellectual abandon, but not like a savage. Matisse is French; he will never be able to elucidate like a primitive negro.

Although modern art is liberating in its influence it exacts much more of the artist than the art of yesterday. Organization demands completeness. Brancusi labors long and hard to chisel his wood and stone into perfect simplicity and rhythm, and Derain is always troubled because he is not able to achieve the total greatness of his conceptions.

When Clive Bell speaks of significant form I think he means form that is alive because it is created, and not copied or interpreted. It is significant because it has a beauty and a power all its own. In the individual form we see the magnificence of the whole. From the fragment of an old work or art we can recreate an ensemble of our own.

Art appreciation is simply recreation. It is not a thing that we are born with, but a thing we must achieve.

We may appreciate a Corot or a Monet and yet not have an inkling of what modern art means. This new art manifested on every side must be taken seriously, for it is a logical development from the grand tradition and one which has captured the emotions and the imaginations of thinking persons everywhere.



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Moving Picture Composition

(Continued from page 80)

the candlesticks and a bowl or two on the table gave the episode the added Chardinesque charm of a still-life study.

Later, this brother, moving through a pitch-dark room with a candle in his hands, finds his brothers and sisters fallen asleep, and the light revealing two girls clasped in each other's arms, or a head fallen aside in slumber, painted these figures as on a black canvas with a running brush.

In camera composition as in canvas composition, the frame is important both for its dimensions and its boundaries. The painter has many more or less conscious rules which he acknowledges even when he breaks them. The dimensions of the moving picture frame are fixed but can be altered by black mats of square or oval or circular shape.

Some painters draw a line from each corner to its catty-corner and consider their intersection the focus of their picture. Other painters abhor any such standard.

But the filling of the given space—what German aestheticians call *Die Raum-Füllung*—is important, and the lighting and shading of that little flat room are vital to the painter's achievement. Depth and perspective are tricks on canvas as well as on film.

My first camera man, John J. Mescall, a passionate and skillful artist in light, believes in putting a dark object in the foreground for the sake of depth. He is forever dashing forward to set a bowl of flowers or something close to the camera where it will blur a little and suggest distance beyond.

The cutting of the frame is another fascinating and a maddening opportunity or hindrance, as the case may be. Ordinarily, in a close-up of one head, the head should be centered. But often a nervous energy is obtained by throwing the head off the center, or even by showing only a part of it.

In a close-up of two or three figures there is much hell in getting them inside the frame without a sense of crowding or awkwardness. Sometimes it is effective to cut one of the heads off here or there. The mind seems to delight in imagining the rest.

As in playwriting and story-writing and plot composition, so in pictorial composition, it is well to "star the audience," as one old playwright put it.

My latest picture, "Souls for Sale," opens in the desert. I sought a virgin field, finding it at a spot which we reached by a daily motor ride of fourteen miles followed by a cross-country ride on horses for four miles. Here was a great lake of rolling dunes without a trace of vegetation to mar their beautiful texture. We had

a feast of landscape and a wealth of sunlight.

How does one compose a landscape with the camera? One cannot omit what one dislikes as a painter can. But you can travel here and there and squint through a finder till you obtain something usually far better than you were looking for.

I rode and walked many miles about those dunes till I found an arrangement that gave me a sense of delight. Then we set up the cameras and moved them inch by inch till we had something intentional yet natural in our frame. Then we put on a sky-filter that would catch the clouds and keep them in proper values. Then we studied just where the caravan of camels and horses would best emerge from the solitude and what line it should trace along this crest, down that hollow, up over the middle of that dune, spirally across the next, and so on.

Then we waited for the sun to reach just the spot that gave the best shadows; and by complex signalling set the parade on the march.

The result was something with a touch of glory in it.

In other bits of the picture other problems brought other opportunities, and successes or failures, as luck would have it, but never without an earnest attempt at the artistic composition of arranged beauty so far as it would help the human drama.

At one time the cameras were laid on the ground with the camera men on their bellies and squinting upward almost under a plunging horse's feet to emphasize the ponderous beauty of him as he reared with fright while the circus tent blazed.

Another time certain of our seventeen cameras were placed on a building a hundred feet high and a thousand yards away to catch the bigness of a flaming circus tent when an imitated lightning bolt set off three hundred pounds of powder at the peak of the center pole.

Strong men wept when they heard that we had poured six hundred dollars' worth of alcohol on that tent so that it would burn with a better photographic flame.

Other scenes in "Souls for Sale" included a new-art dance by batik-clad dancers disporting their shapeless forms in an enormous ballroom with a long staircase ending in a light, arched bridge over a great pool. A good deal of moving picture composition must be worked out by or with the art director who designs with a mind keen for effect.

In shooting this ballroom scene I set some of the twelve cameras to rake the dancers from odd angles with especially large lenses.

(Continued on next page)



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Moving Picture Composition

(Continued from previous page)

There were marvelous results caused by faces and figures breaking across the frame's lines to carry the beholder's fancy on beyond the seen to the imagined.

Such successes are perhaps accidental, but a fisherman is entitled to whatever he brings up on the hook he casts at random into unknown waters.

In motion picture work the lights are the devil. To get them close enough to the performers to make visible the slightest change of expression, without getting the lights into the camera-field is an incessant torment.

Since "Souls for Sale" is a story of motion picture life I could bring my lights into the picture intentionally. Thus I had many new toys to play with. Flares, spots of brilliance, and strange qualities of light were made possible as I deliberately posed my characters in front of a bank of Cooper-Hewitt tubes or against a blinding Winfield, or a spot, or beneath a dome.

In one scene where the heroine was undergoing a "test" in close-up, I banked all the lights possible about her, making a more than Rembrandtesque frame of black around a core of such dazzling radiance that the girl's features were lost in a shimmering radiance.

It is pleasant to brag of one's deeds with no one to interrupt. But I must not fall prey to over-indulgence. I have purposely spoken of my own work, because nobody else is likely to—or certainly not with such unadulterated delight in it.

There are, of course, many other directors who have far more experience and ability than I, and whose achievements I humbly applaud. They deserve even more praise than they get and even

more emolument. My own ignorance will perhaps explain if not excuse my enthusiasm and my effort to talk of the grammar of cinematic composition. Nearly every director I know is conscious of the effects I have sketched and is devotedly practicing the art of composition with variety and personality.

While we recognize the genius revealed in many foreign pictures, and the important lessons they teach us, we ought not to forget that we import only a few carefully selected foreign triumphs and never see the wholesale trash that the foreigners turn out at home.

Here we see the bad with the good and are so sated and bored that we are often too jaded to respond to high accomplishment.

I am ardently of the belief that the American average is far higher than the foreign and that we have more to teach Europe than Europe to teach us. The highest triumphs of American genius equal the highest triumphs of foreign genius; though it is foolish to try to rate works of genius in any one — two — three valuation.

My object in writing as I have done is simply to call the attention of art-lovers to a great field they seem to pass through without knowledge of its problems or successes.

The highest art conceals itself and, in the making of moving pictures, composition for its own sake should be most stealthily enjoyed by the director and camera man, and should be unconsciously enjoyed by the spectator.

There are stylists in moving picture direction, and it is time for the beraters to give up wholesale denunciation and take up analytical appreciation.



An arrangement of decorative foliage as background to the figure of Helen Chadwick in "Gimme"



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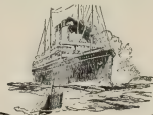
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Of Arts & Decoration, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1923.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Adam Dingwall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Arts & Decoration, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Judd Magazines, Inc., 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor—Perriton Maxwell, 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—Adam Dingwall, 50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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ADAM DINGWALL, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1923.

(Seal) ALBERT B. BEELAND,

Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 102. New York Register's No. 4195.

(My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

Seeing Familiar Objects as Pure Form

(Continued from page 23)

tages, he has felt it as lines and colors. In that moment has he not won from material beauty a thrill indistinguishable from what art gives?"

Mr. Bell's whole presentation is so well developed, so in accord with my own conception of art, that each paragraph becomes more interesting than the preceding one, and it is with great reluctance I refrain from continuing to quote him.

At all events, as the editor of ARTS & DECORATION has requested me to say something about my photographs, the reader might possibly be interested to know what inspired them and what I was trying to achieve in the various subjects.

Everyone in the more civilized communities is familiar with an electric light bulb. I happen to notice one of these on a table casting a shadow. It was only a small shadow, but it suggested to me the possibilities of making a composition with merely the bulb and the shadow, so with the aid of a more powerful projected light to lengthen and enlarge this shadow, I evolved the illustration entitled, "The Dragon Fly's Wing." This, of course, is merely one interpretation of the subject, for the form of an electric light bulb is very interesting indeed and holds many possibilities for design.

When I got the print roller, which may be here seen in the act of squeezing the water from a wet print upon a black enameled tin made for that purpose, I was considerably interested in the peculiar shape of the tool, and it occurred to me immediately that its very peculiarity of form would lend itself admirably to a simple but interesting composition. This recurred to me every time I used it until the formulated design here shown was evolved.

The bit of pattern of the coffee-pot and scalloped oilcloth was inspired by the design possibilities in the oilcloth. Having noticed this cloth from time to time on various shelves in various places, it occurred to me one day that such a thing would make good picture material. The coffee-pot naturally followed for its association with the culinary aspect of the oilcloth and for the possibility of repeating the triangular motif in the spout and its shadow. Of course a kitchen cup and saucer were naturally related to the pot and helped from the point of view of distributing the white, thereby obtaining a nice bit of balance in composition.

Odds and ends for various purposes and of all varieties accumulate at times around one's studio. As I remember, a little stepladder

had been left in the corner after hanging a picture. The newspaper and box happened, in the course of straightening out some things, to be left under it, and the cake of scouring-soap was added for the same reason as the cup in the group entitled, "Breakfast Essentials."

I happened to run across the round box in a closet. It was the second largest one of a nest which I had bought some years ago, intending to decorate them with designs in brilliant colors. They were to be used for candy boxes as Christmas gifts for some of my friends, but were relegated to the Land of Unaccomplished Things. Its fine, simple shape and the delightfully satiny quality of the unfinished wood suggested a composition in intersecting circles, in which a subtle underlying angular scheme was woven. I am glad I didn't paint those boxes now.

Hasn't the reader ever noticed the delightful circular designs in the plates, cups, saucers, and other objects of a tea-table, or possibly in a restaurant at some time? It was the observation of a group of such things that impelled the photographing of the composition reproduced herewith.

Whereas these compositions have been carefully arranged with an idea to pictorial balance, and so forth, to quote Mr. Bell again, "Design is the organization of forms," and the idea prompting them was originally seen in the mind's eye. This conception was undoubtedly the product of mental observations of the past. However, pictures exist all around us, if we can but train our vision to see them.

It might be noted that the absence of light (or shadow) plays a vital part in each composition, blending together or separating the components of the forms selected for each picture. These shadows must be considered as parts or effects produced by the selected forms themselves, rather than accessories arbitrarily reproduced to complete compoundings of form. The shapes of shadows and light reflections are more or less divisional, or multiplicative adjuncts, or possessions of the forms themselves and must not only be appreciated but handled with intelligent lighting.

Pictures exist all around us awaiting our sense of their beauty. Undoubtedly people in all walks of life would gain a finer appreciation and enjoyment of the commonplace, if they would occasionally, or perhaps quite often, try to see things as shapes or as pure form.



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An Artist Among the Northwest Indians

(Continued from page 27)

in the middle of the eighteenth century. When Thompson crossed the mountains and established a post among the Kootenays, in 1807, he had much to fear from the Piegans—a western branch of the Blackfeet—who summoned him to retrace his steps, besieged his establishments, chased his party along the mountain passes and killed many of his new friends. Indeed, the Kootenays and the Flatheads no sooner secured the new weapons than they sang their war songs, started on the war path and visited their wrath upon the unprotected camps of their former oppressors all through the land. The war of attrition was proceeding along its fatal course. Pestilence and small-pox, around 1840, were to do the rest, so that, years before the white settlers were ready to open up the country, Indian war and European diseases had nearly stripped it of its former occupants.

The lot of the west coast Indians at the hands of their white conquerors seems not to have been unlike that of the plains and mountain tribes. From the configuration of their country, however, the damaging contacts in most places were established rather late in the nineteenth century. Nootka and Barkley Sounds, to the west of Vancouver Island, and some other scattered points along the coast, were rare exceptions, as they have figured prominently in the annals of early world circumnavigation. Captain Cook, in 1778, was supposedly the first to cast anchor in Nootka Sound, a picturesque cove of which Mr. Kihn gives a few sketches here. His ships being in need of repairs, Cook was compelled to spend some time in the neighborhood. The description of his experiences is our earliest record of northwest coast ethnology.

The Nootka Indians circled around his ships in their dug-outs. Their heads were strewn with bird's down as a symbol of peace and goodwill. They sang their *pot-latch* songs of welcome, shook birdlike rattles in their hands, put on fantastic wooden masks of the type here illustrated, and harangued their visitors until their voices grew hoarse and gave out.

The advantages of the barter with the white men appealed to their imagination. Above all they were in great need of metals, weapons and tools. No inducement, therefore, was necessary for the maintenance of peace. One morning, however, Cook and his sailors had a serious alarm while cutting wood along the shore. The native villages were seen arming in haste and preparing for the fray. There was nothing for Cook to do but to stand on the defensive and

wait for developments. But it turned out that his fears were groundless. The hostile preparations were directed against a fleet of wooden canoes from a neighboring village which had just appeared off the south point of the cove. Negotiations between the native contenters who were drawn up in battle line ended in a compromise. The strangers were not allowed to come alongside the ships of Captain Cook, nor to have any trading intercourse with him. These privileges, as in the case of eastern Indians, were to be monopolized by the local hosts for their own benefit. As Cook himself puts it, the Nootkas were "determined to engross us entirely to themselves. If, at any time, they did not hinder strangers from trading with us, they contrived to do it for them in such a manner, that the price of their commodities was always kept up, while the value of ours was lessening every day."

Nootka Sound thereafter was frequently visited by the European navigators, and the fame of Maquina, the stately Nootka chief, spread far beyond the shelter of his west coast Ford. Spanish mariners once took possession of the Sound on behalf of their Crown, only to be expelled by the British. Sea traders followed, whose ruthless methods aroused native feelings to the breaking point. A Massachusetts trader named Salter, of the ship Boston, was imprudent enough, in 1802, to insult the proud Maquina and call him a liar in the presence of his inferiors. Dearly did he pay for his levity. The next day Maquina, in apparent good humor, appeared on deck with numerous escorts. He put over his face an ugly wooden mask representing the head of a wild beast, while his warriors sang and capered about, entertaining their hosts with gestures that had a hidden meaning. At a given signal the whole crew of thirty-five, save two, were laid low with deadly blows. If John Jewett, the armorer on board ship, barely escaped with his life, it was due to Maquina's determination to profit by his ability to hammer knives and utensils out of metals. Jewett, now a favorite slave to his Indian master, lived to relate the fascinating tale of his captivity.

The present-day Indians, of course, are no longer as their ancestors used to be; their surroundings have also undergone considerable changes with the introduction of modern industries and styles. Yet, an artist gifted with ample imagination, like Mr. Kihn, is apt to penetrate under the surface, and give a clear, individual reading of human souls even at a time when they seem about to fade away from this materialistic world.

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ART IRON STUDIOS

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Colonial Fireplace Furnishings

They Gladden the Hearth
Andirons, Grates, Fire
Escapes, etc., in a wide
range of Colonial and
other period designs in
hand-wrought iron, polished or hand-painted brass, or any desired finish. Special designs to coordinate with your pleasure in your fireplace comes from the beauty and usefulness of the accessories which adorn the hearth. You have our record of thirty years in building and equipping fireplaces to assure artistic effect with satisfactory service and economy either in complete fireplaces or in fireplace furnishings.

Write today for newly issued booklet, "Modern Fireplaces of Colonial Charm." Sent FREE.

COLONIAL FIREPLACE COMPANY

30 Years Building Fireplaces 4620 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago

BOSTON TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON	ESTABLISHED 1818	NEWPORT 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE
1818 Such were the means of public transportation in city & country. Four horses drew a dozen passengers.	 COMPARISONS	1923 The motor-driven bus plies the city streets. The horses are gone; the carrying capacity is tripled.
 <i>Stage Coach</i>	 <i>Motor Bus</i>	

COMPARISONS

The card above is one of an interesting series of comparisons that Brooks Brothers are displaying in their advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses.

Compared with 1916 the number of passengers carried in the Fifth Avenue buses in 1922 shows an increase of 36,500,000. In 1916 the buses carried 18,470,000 passengers. In 1922 over 55,000,000 passengers were carried by the buses.

To-day the advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses is a factor worth considering in the promotion of the business of many of the finest stores in New York.

In 1916 we had 136 buses in service, and the rate for advertising space was \$400 a month for a full run, approximately \$3.00 per bus per month.

In 1922 we had 311 buses in service and the rate was \$600 a month for a full run, approximately \$2.00 per bus.

I challenge any other advertising medium in the country to a comparison with the buses in respect to the quality and standing of the concerns using space. Following is a list of advertisers who have contracted for space for 1923 and a great many of them for a period of from four to nine years longer.

Arrow Collar	Onyx Hosiery	Forhan Co.	Hudson River Day Line	Keys & Lockwood	Manon Lascaut Face
Arts & Decoration	Fain Knitting Mills	Gotham Gold Stripe	The Spur	(Keyscloth Necktie)	Powder
Bachrach Studios	Revillon Freres	Hosiery	S. W. Straus & Co.	Knabe Piano Co.	National City Co.
Best & Co.	Naiad Dress Linings	Venus Pencils	Wheatworth Biscuit	Lewis & Conger	Ovington's
Brooks Brothers	Theatre Guild	Gulden's Mustard	Dalton Swimming School	Jas. McCreery & Co.	Van Raalte Co.
Crillon Restaurant	Flint & Horner	H. J. Heinz Co.		Mury Perfumes	Wanamaker's

The advertising space in the buses offers you the opportunity of making your appeal just before the prospective purchaser alights from the bus to enter a store to make a purchase.

It costs you only \$20 a day to have a card in all the buses of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, numbering 311. An average of 107,000 passengers ride inside the buses each day. It is easy to see why \$20 spent to reach 107,000 people of the type who pay a ten-cent fare to ride on the Fifth Avenue buses is more than profitable to our advertisers.

I will have a full run of space (a card in every bus) open on May 15th.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, New York

Telephone 0274 Vanderbilt

*Crane Beauty in the Open
Crane Quality
In all Hidden Fittings*



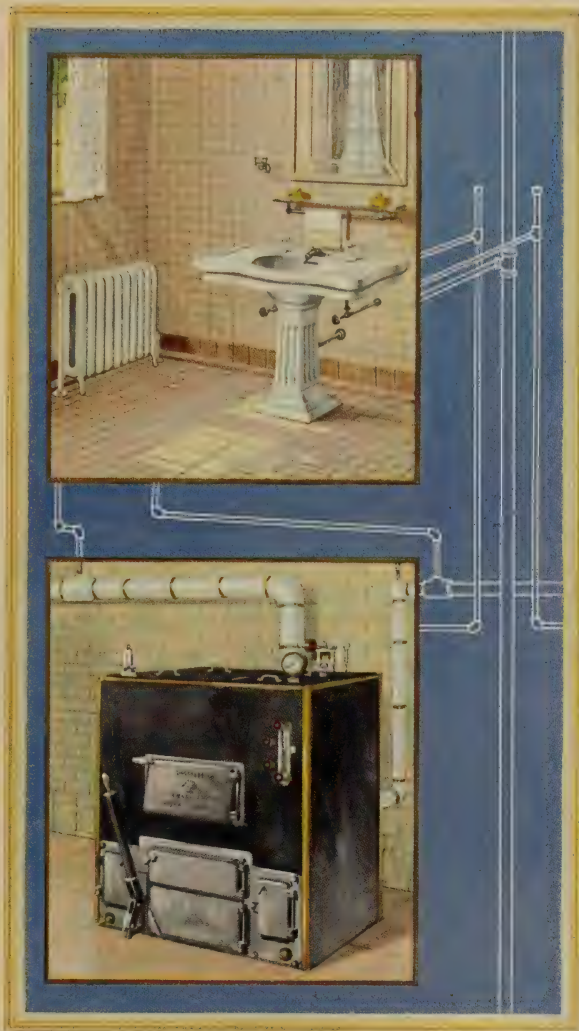
The remarkable development of water, heating and sanitation systems in American homes has been the work of two generations of engineers, designers and manufacturers. Popular taste and appreciation have kept pace with creative progress.

Crane service in this specialized field is comprehensive. It supplies complete appointments for the simplest or the most finished bathroom, kitchen or laundry. It also provides the equally important valves, fittings and piping on whose efficiency the comfort and smooth operation of the home depend.

Crane branches, offices and display rooms in all sections of the country make this service prompt and convenient and render easy and certain the selection of equipment and accessories exactly adapted to your needs and your individual desires.



Crane Globe Valve No. 1-B Radiator Valve No. 257



CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Thirty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City

Works: Chicago and Bridgeport

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CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO
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NAIRN

Straight Line

Inlaid Linoleum

YOU are assured of a room truly decorative if you utilize the beauty of one of the clean-cut *Straight Line* patterns as the foundation of the entire decorative scheme.

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Its even-textured surface is non-absorbent and easy to clean. It is quiet and resilient, yet firm and durable.

Ask for Booklet "A" showing patterns in full color

Nairn Linoleum Company

Kearny, New Jersey



W. & J. SLOANE, Wholesale
Sole Selling Agents

NEW YORK :

SAN FRANCISCO

Country House Dining Rooms at the Hampton Shops

PLASTER walls, finished in blue-green glaze, with beautiful old XVIII Century Italian doors form an interesting setting for this simple furniture adapted from the XVI Century Italian to the requirements of a small dining room. Hand carved and hand made from dark toned, soft finished walnut, the draw-top table and long sideboard have been designed for convenience as well as beauty of proportion and permanent value.

You will find in the Hampton Exhibits the largest collection of antiques, reproductions and adaptations in America, ranging from such simple, country house styles as this, to the most distinctive hand-carved furniture for the city home. This collection is arranged in the Hampton Exhibits to assist you in planning your own home.

Hampton Shops

East 50th Street
Facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration · Antiquities · Furniture



The Hampton Exhibits occupy this entire building. No branches or associated companies.

Announcement

I AM pleased to announce to the readers of ARTS & DECORATION that I have purchased the entire interest of Messrs. Oscar and Max Bach who were formerly associated with me in the ownership of the Oscar B. Bach Studios.

The concentration of the direction of the Studio in one person will enable our artisans and craftsmen to carry on their creative designing more efficiently and in greater harmony with the artistic ideals underlying the work of this Studio.

Architects, Decorators and those interested in having homes of charm and distinction will be glad to learn that I am adding to our art staff men whose creative achievements as sculptors in metal are recognized throughout Europe and America.

Bertram A. Segar
President and Sole Director

OSCAR B. BACH STUDIOS, INC.

SCULPTORS IN METAL
SPECIALISTS IN
HAND-WROUGHT BRONZE



257 WEST 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

METAL work of unique design and artistic distinction, each piece a hand-wrought product made with an eye to its special adaptability to its surroundings, characterizes the entire output of the Bach Studios.

Working in all the metals—bronze, iron, silver, copper—we are prepared to give our patrons the highest type of decorative objects suitable for the home where refinement and distinction are desired. Your correspondence is solicited.

COUNTRY ESTATES & TOWN-HOUSES

For Sale—Three Magnificent Homes

Offered by Mr. Charles H. Ingersoll, for Immediate Transfer or Rental

These Properties will be sold without reference to their respective values. Reasonable offers considered.



"Elm Lodge," Montclair, New Jersey

The residence contains 30 rooms. Original cost \$130,000. Interior trim of finest hard woods. Steam and hot water plant in the basement, also a large tiled kitchen and servants' dining annex with ample closets, store rooms, etc. The first floor has eight superb rooms of unusual size; drawing-room of silk damask, gold leaf and hand-painted beam ceiling decorations. Dining-room paneled in old oak, leaded glass window overlooking New York, with an all-glass conservatory adjoining. Second floor has large music room in light silk damask and three suites surrounding a grand hall with leaded dome roof; 9 master bedrooms and three tiled baths. Third floor, two suites of two rooms and bath and five single rooms with baths. "Elm Lodge" has frontage on Upper Mountain Avenue, the finest in Montclair, of 600 feet. The grounds are elaborately improved with grading, drains, sewers, drives, and shrubbery, the present value of which is \$100,000, apart from the normal land value of \$120,000.

"ELM LODGE," Montclair

The home of Charles H. Ingersoll of "Dollar Watch" fame, one of the finest estates in the exclusive mountainside section of Montclair, N. J. A residence of importance, with superb mansion, beautifully developed grounds, rare shrubbery, trees, grand stretches of lawn and stately terraces. Could be converted into splendid hotel.



The Garage of "Elm Lodge"

The Garage on the Estate is built of hollow tile, tile roof, concrete and steel floors, absolutely fireproof. Basement contains steam plant and large storeroom and repair shop. First floor, 6 horse stalls, harness room and space for six cars. Third floor has large hay loft and 8-room apartment with bath. Original cost, \$50,000.



At Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey

A residence of Charles H. Ingersoll. A show place, but, also a home of exceptional beauty and comfort, on the famous Shark River, combining all pleasures of river and sea. Lovely grounds improved with drives, walks, lawns, valuable shrubs, Italian garden, sea-wall, Tennis Court. It is hollow tile, concrete and steel construction, absolutely fireproof. 11 rooms, 3 baths. Every modern device for utility. A notable feature of this villa is its grand living-room, 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, opening through three large windows to beautiful terrace. At one end a massive fireplace of terra cotta and the other a solid marble winding staircase with iron grill railing. The grounds cover over two acres. At the edge of the grounds are three cottages of concrete construction of 3 rooms and bath each, also a 3-car garage.



"Villa d'Este," in the Catskills

Mountain Residence of Mr. Ingersoll. In the loveliest part of the Catskills. On "High Peak," Twilight Park, Haines Falls, N. Y., 2,300 feet above sea level. Grand view of Hudson, Berkshires and Catskills from porch. Golf and tennis near. Strongly built, comfortable 8-room house, servants' house, garage, 4 acres beautifully landscaped, roads, walks, lawns, gardens, fruit trees, pergola, tennis courts. Five hotels in vicinity. Four hours from New York. The house is electric lighted and furnishings are complete.

You can inspect these places informally by going directly to them or apply for purchase or rent through your broker or direct to
CHARLES H. INGERSOLL, Owner, 205 Upper Montclair Avenue, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Noted Specialists Writing for Arts & Decoration

Miss Ruth Lord Jenkins has established herself in the magazine world as a writer of exceptional ability on the difficult subject of woman's dress and also on the more æsthetic of the crafts. She possesses the gift of vivifying her themes, making descriptive details into a mosaic of colorful words; words which while informing have a high literary quality



The specialists in every department of woman's attire who have been engaged to write for ARTS & DECORATION are supreme in their spheres. The art of dress is among the most important æsthetic endeavors of our day and in no other direction is the good taste and artistry of America so evident as in the designing and fabrication of smart feminine attire

(Below) Harold Donaldson Eberlein, one of the best-known writers of the country on architecture and interior decoration, is familiar to readers of ARTS & DECORATION. He is the author of a vast array of volumes and is an accepted authority on English and Italian architecture. He will contribute regularly to these pages



(Below) Nancy V. McClelland is both practical interior decorator and a writer on this highly specialized theme. To an artistic temperament she adds a business training and has the happy gift of conveying her knowledge through the medium of her articles, many of which will appear in this magazine



Three Contributors of Literary Distinction

As special European correspondent of ARTS & DECORATION, Sir John Foster Fraser, traveler, author, lecturer and publicist, will continue to keep our readers informed on the social, political and art activities of the Continent and more especially those of the British metropolis. Knighted in 1917 for his journalistic war services, Sir John had already achieved literary fame through his books of travel



(Below)

Chittenden Turner has devoted himself for many years to the study of musical trends and the work of musical masters, new and old. He writes with authority and a style that is all his own. His monthly contribution to ARTS & DECORATION is keenly followed by the thousands who find his writings both soundly informative and charmingly expressed. Mr. Turner will contribute regularly to these pages on timely musical subjects

With entré to the most exclusive clubs of London, intouch with the doings of the British aristocracy, informed upon all the inner moves of the great political body of the Empire, Sir John, while a discreet raconteur, manages to disseminate in his letters to ARTS & DECORATION every month much entertaining information and a vast amount of engaging facts and all in a way that gives them the allure of the good story well told

(Below)

M. D. C. Crawford is one of the few authorities on Industrial Art who have both a solid background of knowledge and an ability to state facts in a colorful way. His manner of expression is that of the stylist wholly familiar with his theme. He possesses an unusual gift for unearthing the picturesque in its relation to materialistic data. He is the super-reporter and his forthcoming articles will be both delightful and educative





Colossal pediment designed by Edward Field Sanford, Jr., of New York, for the State Capitol, Sacramento, Cal. The central figure typifies California, with a Dominican monk on one side and a Mexican on the other

JUNE, 1923

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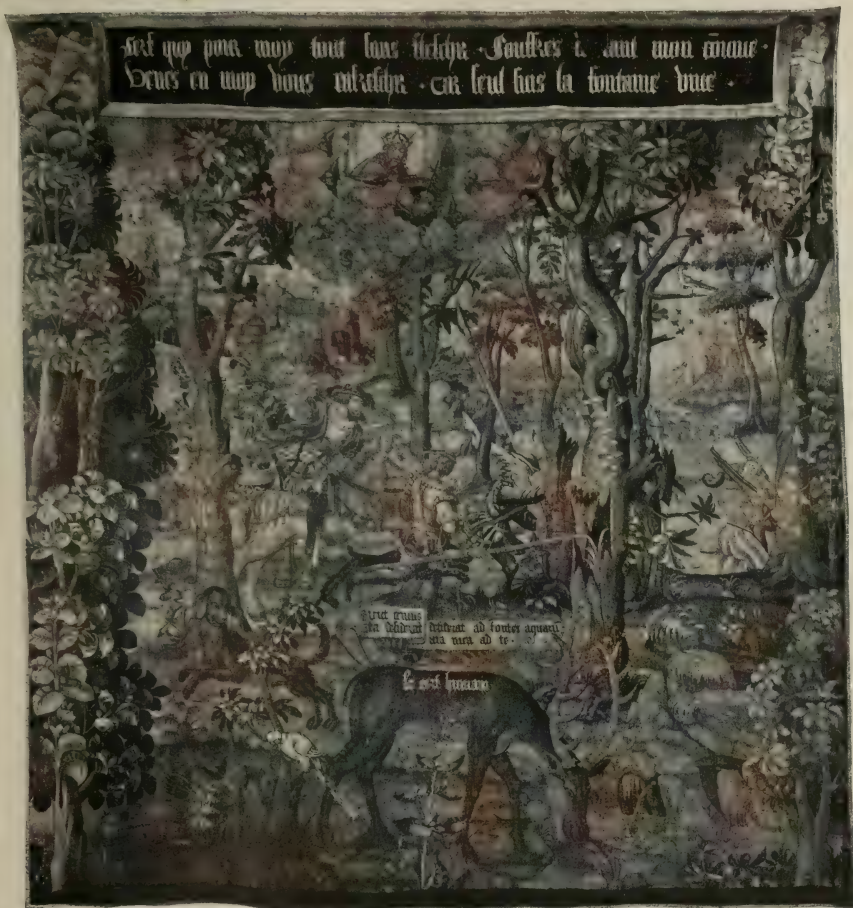
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50 West Forty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1846

THE HAYDEN COMPANY

PARK AVENUE AT 57TH STREET*New York*

A superb French Gothic tapestry in low, soft colorings, woven at the end of the XV. Century. Size 12 feet high by 11 feet wide.

THE rich decorative art of the Medieval periods which expressed itself in rarely beautiful hand-work is represented in the Hayden Collection of Antique Furniture and Fabrics by a number of exceptional specimens. The Hayden Company also make Reproductions in paneled wood of distinguished old interiors in the manner of the celebrated eras.

Show-rooms also at Rochester, N. Y.
320 N. Goodman Street



Sunroom, porch and terrace of the residence, in the Italian style, of J. M. Richardson Lyeth, Esq., at Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y., designed and executed by Dwight James Baum, architect.

ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of Modern Life and the Fine and Industrial Arts



"Objects that have been gathered here, there and everywhere—wood carvings, old fabrics, chairs found in queer places, the mellow things that make a room a place in which to dream—I work most comfortably in such surroundings"

The Author and His Home Environment

Where and How I Write My Two-Thousand Dollar Short Stories

By FANNIE HURST

THERE are as many writing methods as there are authors. Mine possesses only the novelty or the virtue that mine is mine own.

A writer's working habits are sometimes as difficult to explain as the color of his eyes. Many conditions, however, are of course tempered and enhanced by circumstance, environment, temperament and personal qualification for the job.

In my own small case, about the most characteristic aspect of how I attack the task of writing is the lack of the facility with which I attack it. Along with the thousand-fold legends which inhabit the human race, there is a persistent one which says that the creative mind is incapable of the strain of more than three or four hours of writing a day.

I write about six hours a day. Not because I have any views upon the subject of the more sustained period, but because I write so slowly that the shorter period would leave me practically with a blank page at the end of a workday. I find, unexplainably, that after a six-hour session the bulk of the day's work is accomplished along about the last hour. So



Fannie Hurst is famous on two continents. She is among the most successful of present-day story writers. As the author of "Humoresque" her name is familiar to millions of readers, play-goers and motion-picture devotees. She is reputed to receive more for her single short stories than any other fictionist in the world.

much for theories as to the workaday methods of authors.

This lack of facility on my part is the greatest cross I have to bear. The black, stagnant hours of silence before the empty page! The slow, tortuous thoughts that won't come through! Words that when they do come are too frail to bear the burden and crash down beneath it! The fumbling search for a stronger word! That dim, crowded chaos behind the eyes and the struggle to make the procession march out in some kind of order!

No, the induction of myself into the writing mood is no dramatic process. I do not strike the keynote of the day by reading a page of Milton, to throw me into a sonorous mood, nor a bit of Francis Thompson to curve my sentences. Jean Paul expressed his craving for the sounding of a diurnal pitch with: "Give me a great thought that it may lift me up." Arnold Bennett reads to be exhilarated before he begins to write.

In my case just the opposite would result—depression. A page of Milton would throw me into the throes of despair. After all, pretty nearly everything has been said so much

(Continued on page 55)

Three Studies in Synthetic Photography

Sculptors usually allow their work to play a secondary part in painters' exhibitions; sculpture is, apparently, used to fill corners and otherwise blank spaces, a procedure which does not impress one with the importance and dignity of this difficult, profound and satisfying art. The present exhibition of the National Sculpture Society, now being held in New York, departs from this practise and is undoubtedly the most important showing of its kind ever given in this country. Here in charming terraces the out-of-doors exhibition has an added allure amid natural surroundings and is augmented with the displays in the series of beautifully designed halls.



The photographs of Mr. T. O'Connor Sloane have in themselves an unusually sculpturesque quality in feeling and texture that makes them a particularly fine medium for reproducing statuary. With them one seems to sense the texture of the stone or bronze and a roundness not obtainable by the usual photographic processes; in some cases the picture appears to be more statuesque than the work itself. These examples show what beautiful photographs can be made from finely modelled sculpture. Arthur Lee who is responsible for the statuette "Great Fortune" on the left, manifests in his work much of the spirit of his birthplace—the Viking city of Trondhjem.

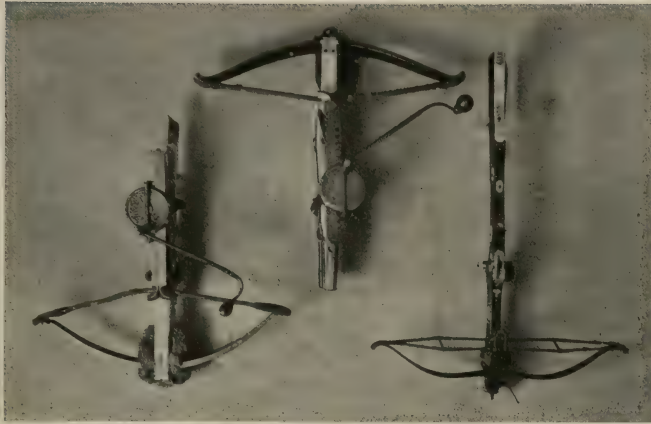


Though but a fragment, this detail from "The Fountain of Time," for Chicago, is one of the most impressive works in the exhibition. The feeling expressed, the confident, sympathetic handling of the material with the rhythmic flowing lines help one to appreciate the beauty of the human form. That its author, Lorado Taft, has been loaded with honors and important commissions is not surprising



This "Globe Sun-Dial" is one of the most satisfying exhibits. The photograph reveals the rippling flow of muscles under a satiny skin—though of bronze. It composes unusually well from all points of view and has the good quality of utility. All too much sculpture if natural is over-sentimental, or if interesting then eccentric, but all of Harriet W. Frishmuth's works shown are both interesting and charming

Three types of crossbow, the first two of the 13th Century German origin, and the third an English arbalest or "prodd" of the 14th Century



A perfectly preserved crossbow of early make is a "find" in the art world today. Even 16th and 17th Century crossbows are not common

The Ancient Crossbow as a Work of Art

Collectors Are Keenly Interested in These Rare Old Instruments of Death

By HELEN IVES GILCHRIST

Illustrated with specimens from the Severance Collection in the Cleveland Museum of Art

ARMOR is a shell which men wore for a thousand years and then discarded when the need for it had passed, or rather when the weapons forged against it had grown too strong to be warded off by chain mail and plate. Now, when the use and glory of armor and the old weapons have disappeared, we prize them the more with something of the feeling the Romans had for the Cumæan Sybil's books whose value leaped when their number had been reduced from nine to three. There is a triumph in the beauty of fine arms, a mastery of a very difficult medium, besides the added interest of ornament.

Among weapons, none has a more fascinating history than the crossbow or arbalest. Probably not one in a thousand of the vast number of them used in the great fighting centuries has come down to us. Indeed the maker of crossbows met with serious opposition in his own day. The arbalest was counted so deadly a weapon that, at the Lateran Council of 1139, its use was frowned upon by the Pope. The crossbow, so the papal edict declared, was a barbarous weapon unfit for use among Christians. But the bow had a powerful champion in Richard Coeur de Lion, the most ingenious and daring warrior in the annals of the middle ages.

King Richard liked the arbalest—and his own way—and accordingly he armed some of his crusaders with his favorite weapon, and evaded the decree by using only infidels as targets. When the crusaders returned home, they too prized their bows highly, and did not lay them aside. Still another papal edict was issued, condemning the barbarous things, but to no avail. One satisfaction the Church had, some few years later, for Richard himself died from the effect of a crossbow shot in the shoulder, at the siege of Chalus Chabral.

Even then, moral or not, the use

of the crossbow continued, until, in the fourteenth century, all European armies had troops of arbalestriers. They were formed into confraternities, used at guard duty in times of peace, and were given many privileges by way of encouraging them to greater skill. The Genoese even had arbalestriers for hire; at Crecy the French employed six thousand of these mercenaries. The Gascons and the men of Brabant were noted for their skill with the bow, and many towns of northern France maintained their own companies of arbalestriers who were called to occasional service under the powerful dukes when a quarrel was to be settled.

England lost interest in the crossbow early, preferring the lighter longbow which, though

less deadly in its single shots, could be fired many times to the crossbow's once. With the longbow there was no need of a steel winder to draw back the stout cord, or of a "goat's foot" lever to accomplish the bending of the heavy wooden or metal bow before an arrow could be fitted into place.

There were several well-known devices for winding a crossbow, but none of them made the process a short one. Modern tests have fixed the average time required at about eight minutes, a deadly length of time when one is under fire. Often the arbalestrier went into battle attended by a second man who carried his pavise, the enormous shield behind which he crouched to rewind his bow after a shot. There is an old legend that the English long-

bowman sometimes shot an arrow with a string attached to it, into the leather or wooden surface of the shield behind which his adversary wrestled with the cranequin of an arbalest. Then by pulling the string, he tipped over the pavise and uncovered his foe. Yet the English valued the crossbow; Froissart records an occasion when the English king borrowed the French arbalestriers for use in a war in which France was not concerned, and it is on record also that a company of English longbowmen served in the French forces of Richelieu at the siege of La Rochelle.

But the longbow was merely a weapon, while the crossbar was often a work of art. The earliest of them has long since vanished. A fifteenth century crossbow is a "find" in the art world to-day, a thing of beauty in its sweep of line, its balance of wide, slightly curving bow and long, slender stock, and in the fineness of the ornamentation lavished upon it imperishably by an artist who surely did not love art for war's sake alone. Even sixteenth and seventeenth century crossbows are not common, though the better collections of arms in Europe and

(Continued on page 79)



A Spanish arbalest, with quiver and metal-pointed arrows, of the 15th Century

Old World Charm in a New Chicago Apartment



On the southwest corner of Cass and Superior Streets, Chicago, fronting on Cass Street and known as the "720 Cass Building," Mr. Joseph H. Buttas has erected what is for Chicago a novel and most desirable seven-story building. The southern half is studio apartments *de luxe*; the northern half offices, except the top floor, which Mr. Buttas has chosen for his own quarters. The *pièce de résistance* of this apartment is the living-room, extending the depth of the building itself and lighted by great windows on the north and east, with a high arched ceiling and railed balcony that lend both character and beauty

Although Italian Renaissance in spirit, the living-room is decidedly modern in comfort and luxury. The walls are delicately stippled, sponged down to a soft leather-like texture, then painted and glazed in old bronze, touched with Venetian red and deep blue. The ceiling is darker than the walls. The floor is laid diagonally with composition tiles, the color of black and white marble. In such a setting the furnishings had to be chosen with infinite care, so that they would ornament as well as serve. This Mr. Buttas has accomplished. He has made a home out of what might easily have been a museum

Flanked by ceiling-high bookcases, this great carved stone fireplace fills the west wall. It is a duplicate of one in a fine old Italian villa. The antique fire-irons add to the fascination of its dignified simplicity

Gold glass curtains bring sunlight into a room coldly austere in the use of plain, rough plastered walls. Old Italian red adds its note of warmth generously but judiciously as furniture covering for several pieces

No strict adherence to period furnishing has been attempted, and yet in point of color, line and texture the Italian conception in the architect's mind has been respected and a livable quality worked out. The gay note of the Spanish embroidery thrown over the balcony rail brings the glamour of the Old World into a Chicago studio. Care is shown in the selection of the tapestry for the high-back chair

The hallway is held to small, intimate dimensions, featuring a curving stair with wrought-iron rail, which winds upward to the balcony overlooking the living-room. The photographs of this apartment were made for ARTS & DECORATION by Alvin R. Born





Neighboring unsightly erections should be concealed by a screen of trees



The summer house and pergola, set among flowers and shrubs, form a delightful nook from which to enjoy the garden



Gracefully curved steps embowered in shrubbery are picturesque and inviting

Turning Garden Necessities Into Decorative Assets

Some Practical Pointers for Making the Most of Nature's Aid

By AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

IT is said that the enthusiastic gardener is apt to see sermons in every stone. Nowhere is this more generally the case than when, the elaboration of the beds completed, he seeks for further worlds to conquer. It is then that he begins to consider the question of making the ordinary essentials of the garden decorative. True, among the wilderness of flowers by which they will be surrounded, this may seem at first unnecessary; but when such omnipresent objects as walks, paths, steps and the very walls themselves offer rich rewards for a few seeds and a little care, why should they not add their quota of beauty to that of their surroundings, and themselves have a part in the loveliness which is the garden's birthright?

Perhaps the first of these possible points of decoration to consider is that which first meets the eye upon leaving the house. This is that bare space about the foundation, of late so frequently filled with tiny evergreens which, perhaps better than anything else generally discovered, keeps that troublesome space well-cared for in appearance. The clumps of bushes which usually seem the only alternative offered for these are all too often ragged-looking and overgrown—partly, no doubt, because of the definite scale provided by the house for the plants set out beside it, which causes growth above a certain low elevation to appear unkempt, unless, indeed, the plants happen to belong to those few varieties which can be kept trimmed into shape.

Again, the flowering shrubs generally chosen for this purpose, while most lovely in the spring, are decidedly uninteresting masses of greenery when their bloom is passed. One householder at least, however, has had a happy and original idea for the treatment of this space which might well be followed by his less ingenious brethren. This is the erection of a miniature rock garden upon the place in question, which not only softened the transition from the perpendicular of the house-wall to the horizontal of the ground, but which en-

sured a mass of flowers during the season, since of the multitude there planted, there would at no time be lack of bloom of one sort or another. The rock garden is by no means difficult to construct, the secret lying largely in the arranging of the rocks in miniature Alpine contour before adding the earth, and then in using plenty of the latter. It should be borne in mind that there is no especial virtue in the rocks themselves for the plants which are set out among them. Plenty of earth, and that of the best, must be provided, and with this every crevice and cranny must be filled. When these have been not only filled but carefully tamped down, rain must be awaited, or an imitation heavy shower be provided by the garden hose, in order to make sure that a thorough wetting will not disclose any hitherto undreamed of

cavities the existence of which would, by failure to afford the proper nourishment, be fatal to the plant.

The flowers suited to the rock garden will flourish well in such environment as the house foundation, since, growing at high altitudes as they do for the most part in their natural state, they do not, generally speaking, require very great heat or abnormal sun to bring them to perfection. Among the plants best suited to the rock garden may be mentioned the *saxatile alyssum*—a mass of golden yellow—the evening primrose, the Iceland poppy, the snowy mass of the *Arabis Alpina*, and the rosy sea-pinks (*Armeria maritima*), all of which will add color and gay bloom. The *phlox subulata*, or creeping phlox, grows rapidly and covers the stonework in a wonderfully short time; the veronica, the forget-me-not, the pansy, the Canterbury bell, the columbine—all these and many more may be called to your aid in making the hitherto dreary strip about the house one of the beauty-corners of the garden.

The majority of garden paths should be kept carefully clipped and should be carpeted with grass. Paths of this sort are practical, pretty, and not easily wearied of. Here and there, however, there should by all means be one of broken flagging or of loosely set bricks, and such a one offers even further possibilities of adornment.

The method of treatment most frequently seen in this country is that of the planting of grass between the interstices of such a walk. The English method is far more effective and is rapidly gaining ground here. It consists in the planting of these same interstices with numberless rock plants of various colors. The effect of these on a sunny morning is really bewildering in its beauty.

My first acquaintance of a path of this kind was at an English home in Buckinghamshire—which sounds so much more historic as well as more euphonious, than the more familiar "Bucks"—where, on peeping through the quaint Elizabethan leaded panes of my window one May morning



A charming effect, by day or night, results from a massing of white phlox, columbines and old-fashioned pinks

my ears were greeted by the song of the cuckoo and my eyes by one of these jeweled paths—no other word will describe it—marking a lane through a soft green lawn which skirted an apple orchard in full bloom. We cannot in this country duplicate the cuckoo, it is true; but the combination of flowers, path and apple orchard may be had, and is fraught with lovely possibilities. Almost any of the creeping plants used in the rock garden may be employed in the pathway, though the cult has been carried so far abroad that one authority has even gone so far as to list those which will best serve where they are likely to be trodden upon.

Steps may be made of slabs of stone, interspersed with plantings of these same gay blossoms, or if they are of sufficient length and importance to necessitate concrete in their construction, their slope should be gradual and gracefully curved, and the harsh contours of the concrete softened by drooping foliage. The same thing may be said for the wall—so charming when partly concealed by friendly vines, and so uncompromising without them—and for that equally foliage-requiring article, the gateway. Indeed, it may safely be laid down as a rule that, especially in connection with the gar-



A border of brilliant colored flowers adds distinction to the straight walk

ceptibly back as it nears its top, in order that even the plants below be benefitted by the passing shower. A bank wall is exceedingly effective when handled in this way, and is turned from an ugly stretch of bare wall into a mass of bloom, and that in far less time than would be required to obtain a covering of ivy or even of the quickly growing woodbine.

A somewhat similar effect, though perhaps less good in that it is, in the language of the countryside, more "sot," is that obtained by the erection of a wall which upon its upper edge is curved away so as to furnish a space approximating in extent to that of a flower-box in which plants may be set out, and from which they may trail their leafy foliage over the masonry below. Any or all of these expedients are worth trying, and their use greatly tends to improve the appearance of the garden.

Another utilitarian question which presents itself to the beauty-loving gardener—and what gardener is not so?—is that of the screen. Not only is the barrier in question which

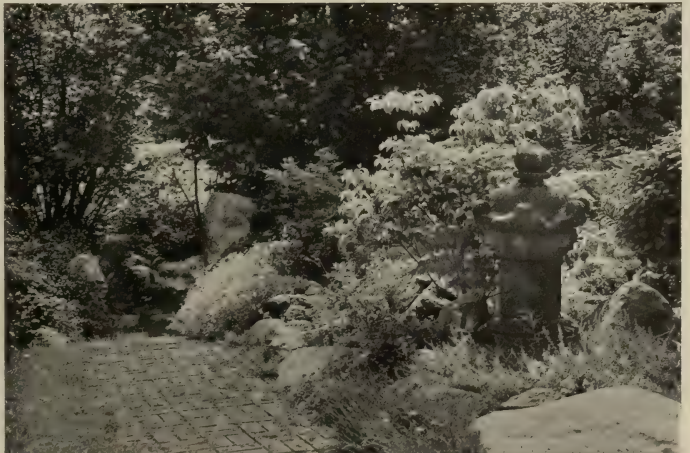
(Continued on page 66)



Bird-bath and bird-house should be near together, and when possible, in some corner near a wood

den, brick, stone, concrete, or other such monuments of the mason's art should never be left unadorned by verdure, no matter how good their lines may be, speaking from the architectural point of view. Such massive erections are suitable in the city where they may stand proudly alone before the world, but among the beauties of nature they are at a disadvantage, and result in contrast too uncompromising for perfect good taste unless they, like any other well-bred creature, adapt themselves to the society in which they are placed, and, embedded in the scenery, allow themselves to merge almost imperceptibly into the landscape.

One of the best methods of handling the wall, aside from the obvious method of training vines upon it, is the planting of it with Alpine plants after the manner of rock garden or path. When this is to be done, the wall should be laid loosely, and as in the rock garden, the interstices tamped with earth, and in them the seeds planted. Care should be taken that these "pockets" are made sufficiently deep and pointing downward so that they may catch the moisture: while this also will be materially assisted if the wall itself slope almost imper-



The garden walk may be made a decorative feature if loosely laid in brick or stones with grass or tiny flowers peeping up between them

A JUNE DAY IDYLL

This camera study was made on the banks of "The Blue Danube", and is a classic interpretation of the immortal strains of Johann Strauss, the Viennese "Waltz King."

The painter-like quality of this photographic composition gives it an exceptional artistic value. The waltzing figure, in old-time costume, is Miss Claire Sims who is popular in Continental music halls as an interpreter of the waltz, which is returning to favor among dancers after a desuetude of a quarter of a century



A study of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, recently married to the Duke of York, from the original drawing by John Singer Sargent. It was commissioned by Prince Paul of Serbia and presented to the Duke's bride



"I do not know how many times during the junketings over the wedding of the Duke of York I heard the remark: 'It is more likely than not Elizabeth will be Queen of the British Empire one of these days'"

Work and Play in the British Metropolis

The Girl Who May Be Queen, Shakespeare in Modern Dress, Unknown Celebrities, La Belle Otero, Myles Standish and the Aphorisms of W. L. George

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special European Correspondent for ARTS & DECORATION

I DO not know how many times during the junketings over the wedding of the Duke of York I heard the remark: "It is more likely than not Elizabeth will be Queen of the British Empire one of these days."

All girls have their dreams, but I doubt if this little Scotch lassie, the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, younger daughter of an ancient-lineaged, but not particularly distinguished Earl of Strathmore, ever thought that she would be wooed for over two years by the son of a King, married to him in Westminster Abbey amid tempestuous rejoicings, be elevated in Buckingham Palace to the rank of Princess Elizabeth and be entitled to be addressed as "Your Royal Highness."

At the wedding breakfast the Prince of Wales sat at a table with the bridesmaids and had a merry time, and pelted the young couple with confetti when they went off on their honeymoon, so that the Duke of York shouted to his elder brother, "It'll be your turn next time, old man."

But there is a gathering conviction that the Prince of Wales has no intention to marry. For some months gossip linked his name with Lady Mary Cambridge, his cousin, and Lady Rachel Cavendish, the pretty daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. But within the last few weeks both those damsels have been betrothed to other men.

A bachelor King would be unpopular with the British people. Besides, the Prince is none too strong physically and he is constantly risking his royal neck when steeple-chasing. Further, dignities and ceremonials always bore the heir to the throne and I believe that if he had his choice he would prefer to lead the healthy life of an English country gentleman and let his tall brother

Albert and his new little sister-in-law, Elizabeth, have the throne.

That is why, when people look at the Scotch girl who has been made a royal princess they keep asking, "Will she ever be Queen?"

OUR latest theatrical novelty is to produce old-time plays with the characters in very modern dress. When "The School for Scandal" was first produced *Lady Teazle* and the jealous old *Sir Peter* and the rest wore the

garb of the period. In reproductions during recent years the costume of the eighteenth century gave picturesqueness to the scene. But it was great fun recently when "The School for Scandal" was presented and all the characters looked as though they had just strolled out of Bond Street.

But Shakespeare in modern dress! Can you picture Hamlet in plus fours? Anyway, as we have been having a lot of Shakespearean celebrations recently, a repertory company at Birmingham, and in Shakespeare's county of Warwickshire, has done "Cymbeline"—which is the worst play Shakespeare ever wrote except "Titus Andronicus"—in modern clothes.

It was an endeavor to see how far Shakespeare would be a success on the stage when deprived of fanciful trappings and togas and heaven knows what. Re-read "Cymbeline" and then imagine him strutting about first in a Field-Marshal's uniform and then in the khaki of a war-time general. You remember there are Romans and Britons in the play, but in the Birmingham representation the Romans were togged out like contemporary Italian soldiers and the Britons were a collection of very up-to-date British Tommies.

Other characters were in tweed suits and hunting garb, just as in a modern drama by Pinero, but their spouting of Shakespeare's blank verse sounded ridiculous.

By the way, London has hailed Miss Pauline Lord and O'Neill's play "Anna Christie," both from your side of the water, as the greatest actress and the strongest play we have had for a long time. Miss Pauline Lord is placed far ahead of any of our English actresses; indeed she is acclaimed the best woman on the stage since Duse was with us.

(Continued on page 72)



The Duke of York, drawn from life by John Singer Sargent and presented to the Duke's bride, who was Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, by the Hon. George Harvey, American Ambassador



A dining-room in which the beauty of the carved walnut furniture is enhanced by the panelling of similar velvety wood and with which the Indian sandal-wood screens are entirely at one

An Ideal French Decorative Scheme

Collected Pieces Brought Into a Harmonious Whole

By ELEANOR HAYDEN of Hampton Shops

Photographs of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Perrin.

IN our newest and smartest buildings there are twelve, perhaps sixteen apartments, one above the other, exactly alike architecturally. This is an unprecedented decorative problem. Suppose the sixteen owners went to sixteen decorators and stating the same limit of expense, offered the decorators *carte blanche*, how different would they be? Would any one reflect in any way the personal taste or individuality of its owner?

Theoretically, the decorator prefers to work in this way, but it is very seldom that we find clients who are not possessed of treasures which are part of their social and educational background—a part of their character and personality. Perhaps these treasures are heirlooms brought from the old south of French tradition, from New England, or handed down through generations of Dutch and English families in New York. Perhaps these treasures have been collected during years of travel—a happy year in a quaint old English manor—another in northern France—or in an Italian villa surrounded by its beautiful gardens has made so deep an impression that this client has brought back treasures from Italy and absorbed something of the Italian life which must be recognized in planning a home. Another has lived in France, collecting fine things of that country, assimilating the atmosphere and customs of France until these influences form part of her life.

The New York apartment interiors are so stereotyped as to be almost stage settings, so in the scheme here described we eagerly seized these key-notes for centres of interest to form dominating notes in the decoration for this client and thus created an interior which is not only individual and interesting but reflects the tastes and personality of the client rather than of the decorator who is at best not the creator of the home, but merely the harmonizer of its furnishings, and in so

The Ideal Decorative Scheme this month differs from those previously given, in that, instead of being the idea of one person, it is the work of a corps of specialists in their particular lines—period or modern furniture, rugs, hangings, ornaments, etc., whose work is co-ordinated.



A fine old French Gothic cabinet which harmonizes with the architectural features of the living-room shown on opposite page

doing we realized one of our ideals.

Of course, whatever may be the character of the heirlooms or collected treasures of our clients we must, if we use them as centres of interest, plan and design furnishings and furniture consistent in scale, in tone, in degree of simplicity or elaboration of detail, and in contemporary feeling of design. This does not mean that all furnishings of a room in which, for instance, a fine old Hepplewhite sideboard is the heirloom treasure, must be either antique or reproductions of Hepplewhite pieces, but the supplementing furniture may be either original or reproduced from Sheraton designs, from the work of the brothers Adam or the simpler Chippendale designs. This is as true if the treasure be a Venetian gaily decorated commode of the XVIII. Century, or as in the living-room illustrated, the doorways and cabinets of French Renaissance carving.

The New York apartment presupposes that the owner has a spacious country home which is the real home, for New York apartments in the fashionable section are seldom occupied for more than a few months each year. The social customs of our large cities have changed so much within a few years as a result of the difficulties of maintaining town houses that the decorator must consider the social needs of each client as well as the decorative possibilities of the apartment. The spacious country-house with its many guest rooms, its more intimate library and wide porches has opportunities for smart, interesting, decorative treatments which are not desirable in the apartment which is to be occupied for the New York social season only.

There is, however, in the growing popularity of the apartment owned by its occupants, a greater possibility of introducing interesting architectural features which are impractical in the leased apartment. As in the illustration, the fine old painted panels of the

foyer hall have been introduced in architectural settings especially designed for them and are as permanent a part of this interior as any architectural feature of a private house.

In this case the need for formal entertainment with spacious rooms, uncrowded and yet interesting as a background for such entertainment, had to be considered; the large spaces and the absence of small pieces of furniture not only for the scale and harmony but also for the purposes for which these rooms were to be used. With a cultured and discriminating client an ideal such as this is realizable.

Each color scheme has been planned to be not only consistent with the dominating notes of the treasures which have been used as its basis but also carefully balanced for warmth and coolness with the consideration for both the outside lighting and the effect of the artificial lighting. The dark values of the tapestries are balanced with massive pieces, the lighter values with open wall spaces. The same scale is accurately observed throughout each room.

The apartment consisted of a formal foyer hall, a living-room, an intimate library, a dining-room, two owner's bedrooms, one in



A bed-room in which the French note again recurs; soft in tone and daintily elegant

of its decoration, for they are of the finest work of the French Renaissance which is so rarely found to-day. They were brought from an old castle in Brittany, although they were probably carved by Italian workmen

two rarely beautiful old French Gothic cabinets, adaptations of the French Gothic or Renaissance architecture, with their original hand-wrought hinges and locks. Tapestries of the period and chairs of a slightly later design, covered in needlepoint, with a few modern pieces of harmonious lines introduced for greater comfort, aid the general attractiveness of this room, the whole of which is so grouped and arranged that one can entertain two guests or two hundred.

The dining-room is big enough for large dinner parties but not too formal for small ones, the whole effect being subdued in color and a perfect background for brilliant flowers and costumes.

The beautiful carved old walnut furniture brought from France has been given a setting of walnut panels. A particularly interesting feature of this interior is the combination of the carving and decoration of the France of Louis XV., with the carving and designs of contemporary India, for in scale, in delicacy of detail, in the feeling of the design and even in the tone of the wood, the sandal wood screens in this dining-room are harmonious with the carved walnut furniture made in France about the same time.

In the main bed-room the French note has been adapted to furniture designed for it. The little armchairs covered in needle point are antiques from France. The bed, dressing-table, mirror-frames and chaise-longue have been adapted from old French designs and are as delicately hand-carved and as subtle

(Continued on page 58)



Here the rare French Renaissance doorways furnish the motif for the decoration of the living-room

the light, dainty feeling of the more restrained Louis XV. style, the other with all the colorful decoration of East Indian embroideries and rugs. A guest-room is panelled and hung in old French *toile de jour* and another in delicate rose tones, with the usual serving-rooms and offices.

In the foyer hall the painted panels brought from an old French Chateau have been adapted to the walls. Their colors are delightfully mellow tones of rose, yellow, grey-green and blue which have been repeated in the decoration of the overhead lights and Aubusson coverings of the chairs, while the old Persian rug repeats the darker values of these colors. This suggests formality yet has every requirement for hospitality and for the convenience of guests. The doors opening into the coat-room and service-hall are of mirror panels, eliminating the necessity for the usual wall mirror. Each piece of furniture has been collected for this room and selected because of its harmony with the feeling of the decoration of the panels. The commode and little table are unusually fine pieces of old French marquetry with ormolu mounts.

The living-room is fifty feet long and has been planned by the architect to incorporate the architectural features of the doorways which have been built in and are the key-notes

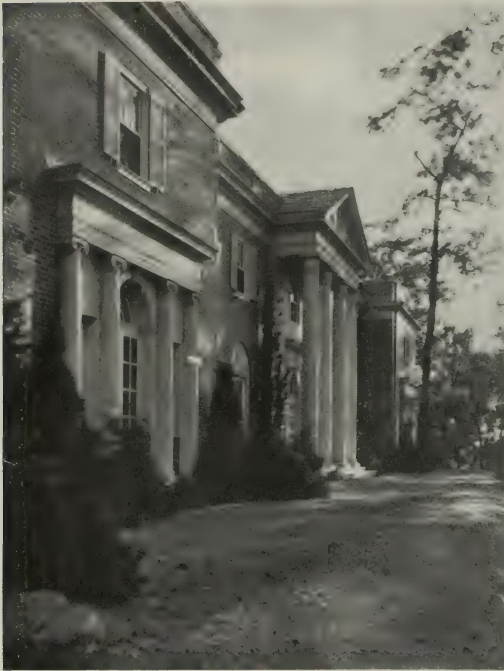
and show the influence of the Italian carvers of that time. The mantle is a reproduction of the period and like the cabinets harmonizes with the beamed ceiling.

In this room, which is entirely liveable, are



A beautiful foyer hall in which the key-note lies in the painted panels, from an old French chateau

A Masterpiece of Architectural Harmony



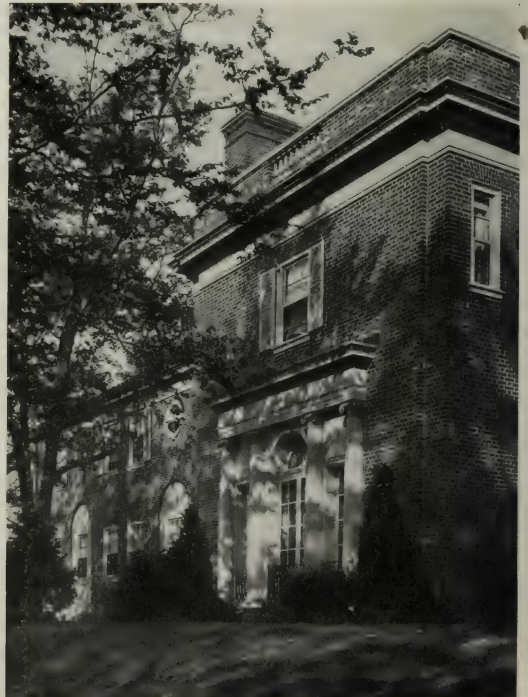
With the spaciousness of a Colonial mansion, plus the charm of adapted earlier periods, this new house, the residence of William P. Hoffman, Esq., at Fieldstone, N. Y., comes near to being the ideal American home. The architect is Dwight James Baum



This detail of one of the windows in the Hoffman residence gives one a close-up of the fine craftsmanship exercised in its making. The shell and festoon motive in the arch of the window is decidedly pleasing



Coming suddenly upon this decorative wall fountain on the garden side of the house one receives the pleasurable surprise that the glimpse of a faun might give in some far corner of a pagan woodland



Many houses would be glad to boast this architecturally beautifully rear wing entrance as the main feature of their façade. The effectiveness of the design is largely due to its broad simplicity and its beautiful proportions

Dost Mohammed Khan, born in 1793, wearing the costume combination of Mohammedan turban, embroidered



shawl and woven "shawl stripe" garments. This wearer of Kashmir cloth played a mighty rôle in the history of Central Asia

(Centre) Kashmir turban or scarf embroidered in silk for the Persian market in the Eighteenth Century. The pattern of border is copied from the Kashan brocade turbans of the Sixteenth Century



Ranjit Singh, last of the Mogul rulers of the Punjab, wearing a Kashmir jacket embroidered in precious stones.



The Koh-i-noor diamond now adorning the scepter of King George was but one of this man's collection of jewels

The illustration shows a Kashmir ground in a wonderful tone of pistache green with floreated decoration in tones of violet, crimson, plum and aubergine, with occasional flowers of turquoise blue

The Kashmir Shawls of Our Grandmothers

Their Vogue Began With the First Napoleon and Went Down With the Last

By ANNE SESSIONS CUSHING

Illustrated from the Author's Collection

TO most of us Kashmir, or Cashmere shawls, if one wishes to preserve the spelling of the days when they were in fashion in Europe, are objects of intricate pattern and beautiful color, brought from the East, and, next to jewels, the most costly personal possessions of our grandmothers—costing five hundred to two thousand dollars each. But to the amateur collector who has fallen under the sway of their beauty, there comes the desire to know something of the past that lies back of their brief day of contact with European life during the beginning and middle of the last century.

Their vogue began with the first Napoleon, and went down with the last, in the ruins of the old régime, at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, but for centuries they had been produced for the courts of India itself.

Sir Walter Lawrence says that fine Kashmirs, as we know them now, are traced to Baber's time. Baber left to the ages an autobiography, between the covers of which lives a wonderful human being. It opens with these words:

"In the year 1494, and the twelfth year of my age, I became King of Ferghana." And just an extract to show what manner of place this Ferghana (now Kohtan) seemed to the little king:

"Situate on the extreme border of the habitable world, a valley closed by snowy mountains." . . . "Melons, pears and fruits" are mentioned, and "in the Spring its tulips and roses bloom in great profusion, and there are mines of turquoise in the hills, and in the valley the people make velvet of a crimson hue."

Down from this mountain fastness he came, the mighty conqueror; descendant of Genghis Khan, and of the terrible Tamerlane, who, as poet, painter, musician, and *bon vivant*, left his mark on the Eastern world. His contemporaries were Francis I. in France, Henry VIII., Charles V. of Spain, Michel Angelo, Vasco da Gama; so things were stirring in the world.

In India, it was more than a renaissance: one of the world's great creative periods. The Art impetus following this invasion is in architecture, painting and all the minor arts well-known. And as marvelously woven tissues, and sumptuously embroidered apparel, have been the immemorial glories of India, so now

they came forth in even greater perfection.

India to many of us brings in the first flash of thought a picture of the tropics—hot suns, dry parching winds, steaming monsoon rains, and not of the high, snowy peaks and icy plateaus of the Himalayas.

But through Kashmir, lying in the cup of the high Himalayas at an attitude of from five thousand to eighteen thousand feet, was the pathway, down which the founders of the great Mogul Empire swept from the North. So for climatic reasons a multiplicity of warm garments being essential, their beautifying to the highest point ever attained by weavers and broderers in wool, or rather in goat hair, was the direct result of royal patronage.

The basis of their excellencies is found in the fine, soft underfleece called pashm, or pashmina, of the shawl-goat, inhabiting the elevated regions of Tibet. This material was a strict monopoly of the Maharaja of Kashmir.

There are two main types of shawls—one woven in small pieces and put together with the needle so perfectly that in many cases the joining is wholly concealed; and the shawl embroidered on pashmina woven in one piece and of plain or self-colors. This latter type may be (1) embroidered in one piece; (2) embroidered over a foundation pieced and in many colors; or (3) embroidered in pieces and put together with embroidery concealing the piecing.

The material of which Kashmirs are made, the dyes, the technical skill of the weavers, whose trade goes from father to son back to the dim beginnings of the cast system,

(Continued on page 75)



Section of a Kashmir shawl embroidered in conventionalized flower motifs and powdered with an exquisite floral pattern. The pieced foundation is plain pashmina



"The Herd on the Rampage", drawn by Forest A. McGinn

From the Shock of War to the Expression of Ideas

The Work of the New York Society of Illustrators' School for Disabled Veterans

By HILDEGARDE ANGELL

Illustrated with examples of Ex-Soldiers' Artistry.

NOT happy is the lot of every student of commercial art, and but rarely has he the chance to study under men who have won outstanding success in their specialized lines. For the most part commercial art schools have only mediocrity to offer in their teachers. But the boys who are being rehabilitated by the government, via the Veterans' Bureau, and are assigned to work at the New York Society of Illustrators' School for Disabled Veterans, have before them, in each of their instructors, the living example of the artist who has made supremely good. Contact with the great is a stimulating experience and these boys are in luck.

The origin of the School goes back to the winter following the Armistice when a leading spirit in the Society of Illustrators—whose name appears on the list of instructors but who desires and needs no further advertisement through this School—visited some of the hospitals in New Jersey, and began to wonder, as did many people in those days, what he could do for the boys. He found among the convalescent several would-be artists, and for a while he gave some of his time to these individual students. But he had in mind a larger idea which took shape when the Society of Illustrators offered their services to the government.

The School was born three and a half years ago. The preliminary throes were bad due to the natural distrust felt by the official mind of anyone who wants to do something for nothing. Here were these eminent artists offering to give veterans of the World War a chance to become similarly eminent, and imposing only two conditions—that the government pay for the overhead cost of installing and maintaining a school, and that no pupils be assigned to it who had not first had some elementary grounding. There must be something wrong!

In the course of time the government was broad-minded enough to overcome its doubts and accept the offer, and the School was born, in a loft on Forty-fourth Street, New York City. In its early infancy it was moved into its present quarters on the seventeenth floor of the Pennsylvania Terminal Building, and there it thrives. It has north light and a slanting view of two rivers and innumerable cañons of city streets; and it has seventy-five students and a list of instructors and lecturers such as grace the faculty



"Possum Time", drawn by Forest A. McGinn

of no other art school in the country, names to conjure with: C. B. Falls, George Wright, J. Wolcott Adams, Ray Greenleaf, Leslie Benson, Dean Cornwall, Clarence Rowe, Charles Dana Gibson, J. Alonzo Williams, Howard Giles, Edward Penfield, William Andrew Mackay, Joseph Pennell, George Illian, E. A. Wilson. Is it a far-fetched statement to say that these boys are in luck?

In the beginning the government promised four years for re-education; apparently it now believes that to be too much time to put into the making of artists and has cut off one year. And it will tolerate only commercial art; but here all minds, official as well as best, agree—fine arts offer a precarious livelihood.

The teachers at this school, therefore, bend every effort to keep the boys with their feet on the ground, to hold their minds to the market, to make it clear when artistic merit may have no economic value. One of the students used to haunt the Bronx Zoo, Sundays and vacations, when he was a youngster; now he draws animals, shows a particular feeling for them.

"That's all very well," says one of the instructors. "There's a comparatively good field for a man who can draw animals; there are not many who can do it. But this same boy has also a flair for the fantastic and the grim, turns out drawings of human beings twisted in character as well as in body, an old man frightful and wise as Time, an alchemist poring over his test tubes and the eternally alluring problem of how to get something for nothing. I have to tell him that there is practically no demand for work like that in this country, things that would admirably illustrate a German tale of mediæval adventure, but nothing that the American public thinks it wants today. Why, we might have a student with all the ability and originality of a Degas, but it would probably take ten years for his things to "catch on," and our first business is to make these fellows able to stand on their own feet.

"A point I insist on with my students is that they always have before them the thing they are trying to draw, not that they get a picture of a banana tree out of the Public Library and copy it, but that they go out to the Botanical Gardens and draw the real tree—there's one there. They must know what they draw so well—if it is an animal they must know all the articulations—that ten years later they will still have the feeling for the real thing. I never give two men the same assignment; I plan each one according to the interests of the particular student."

They were everything before the war, these boys, farmers, blacksmiths, waiters, professional men, cabinet-makers—perhaps about ten per cent. were artists. Most of



"A Doorway in Spain", drawn by John M. Fife

them have so marked a physical handicap now, the loss of an arm or leg, the crippling of a shoulder, a lung shot away, a heart affected, that their previous trade or profession was automatically closed to them. Some turned to art under the impression that the painting of pictures was an easy way to earn a living, but those who started out with that idea in mind and had no redeeming talent have never reached the Illustrators' School.

Those who are there saw active service, some in the army, some in the navy: seven or eight were officers, at least four were decorated. One, who, as an officer in the Italian Navy, was wounded in the Mediterranean in the early days of the war, later joined the A. E. F. There are three cowboys, aching to get through their training and back to the open range—the real thing. One of them shows an amusing drawing of a rider who has been pitched off and sits on the ground scratching his head.

"Of course I didn't have anyone to copy, right here, who looked like that, but I know it's the way I've felt, myself, many a time!"

Problems in laying out an advertisement of oil-cloth, of automobile tires, of silk stockings, of tooth paste are part of the regular routine, but a good many of the students are



"Sticking It Out", drawn by Edward J. Whitehead

developing lines on the side. One, for instance, does linoleum cuts, things lovely in design, the prints being finished in soft grey, an effect, he explains, achieved by burnishing with the hand instead of pressing, and taking off before the ink has had time to get black. A monthly magazine, noted for the courage of its art editor and the first-class quality of its illustrations, is publishing one of these. But the young artist is not afraid of color; he is doing some screens now that would change the tone of the bluest Monday if one lived with them. He turns his eyes upon Central Park West, and the buildings blossom like a rose.

New York scenes, for another man, have come out in pencil sketches as fine as etchings in their technique, and for still another in strong, impressionistic linoleum cuts. One New York publication has reproduced some of these, as well as a pitching horse by one of the cowboys and one of the fantastic drawings by the animal man. A great newspaper has twice offered the students prize contests for its magazine section cover designs, and another paper has featured some of their work. The school takes no hand in this but does everything to encourage the boys to go out



"Queensborough Bridge", drawn by Howard L. McCall

and do it for themselves. It is an important point, psychologically, in their education. The fact that they have placed their work, have established contacts while they are still students, gives them courage, so that when they are through and the government pay check has stopped, they will go out and do it again—and courage, you may remember, is a very valuable and elusive bird in the hand for the men who have had months and perhaps years in hospital.

But, says the government, if some men can sell their work, why cannot they all do it?

Irregularity in the product bewilders the official mind. Why is not education in art made to conform to standard-like education in anything else, plumbing or cabinet-making, for instance? If these men have sat at their desks from nine to four-thirty every day, if they have had so many hours of life class, so many on problems, so many in sketch class, why, at the end of three years, are they not all finished, all of a piece?

It is not the business of the official mind to make pictures, certainly not of the intangible difficulties incident to getting down to the real desires and particular tastes and abilities which must underlie all good creative work, of the fact that in some cases it must be slower than in others! However, the Directors of the School have high hopes of their pupils, expect to turn out eighty-five per cent who will make good, and if any man tell you that is not higher than most commercial art schools can achieve, don't believe him!

The man who is responsible for the idea



"Out of Harm's Way", drawn by Erwin Manheim

of the School and who is one of its most active teachers, tells of a student who lost a leg in the war. Before the war he had had six months in a Middlewestern art-school and, at the end of that time, had used up all the money he had saved; education promised to be a long and tedious affair. Now he has earned it at the expense of the government, and is getting such an education as he could never have attained under former conditions. He counts the leg well lost.

There is another boy whose arm is gone at the shoulder.



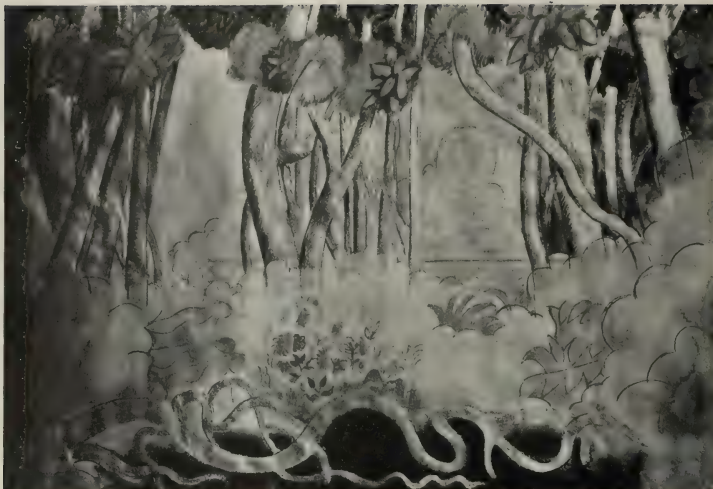
"Age and Youth, a Fantasy," drawn by Erwin Manheim

"I was sitting at my desk taking applications," said this same teacher. "I hardly looked at him. He spread a lot of drawings before me and automatically I asked, 'What training and experience have you had?'"

"Three years in art school and about five years in a commercial art shop," he told me. And I was about to remark, 'Well, these look pretty crude to me!' when I happened to notice his disability. Instead I said, 'I see you've lost your right arm. Is that the hand you used to work with?' It was. He was learning to draw all over again, with his left hand, and he had put these queer, awkward drawings on my desk as examples of his work without any explanation or apology. At the end of a year he had completely mastered his disability and is now one of the best draftsmen we have!" And this is but one of dozens of similar cases.

Long life to him, and to them all!

Grunewald's latest and most mammoth task was the planning of the decors and costumes for the production of Weber's "Oberon" to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Opera at Stockholm



In the first scene of "Oberon," in a haze above the silver cavern, appear the forms of colored flowers, birds and fish. The painted flowers not before visible on the surface of the structural setting are brought out by new lights

A New Genius of Stage Production

Isaac Grunewald Conceives and Executes All the Visual Elements of Huge Operatic Productions

By FLORENCE GILLIMAN

THE production of *Samson and Delilah* with settings and costumes by Isaac Grunewald at the Royal Opera of Stockholm has been recognized as one of the most successful achievements in expressionistic stage technique presented in Europe. As far as mechanical equipment is to be considered as a factor in the success of such experiments, no better or more modern facilities

It ranks, in fact, with the Dresden Opera as one of the two most mechanically efficient theatres yet achieved. It is in Stockholm that we find in practical use that extraordinary recent invention which surpasses the sky-dome or plaster horizon of the most advanced Continental theatres. This invention consists of a silken curtain almost two hundred feet long and about seventy-five feet high which rolls up on a long rod attached at one side of the proscenium and can be unrolled and extended into a complete cyclorama in a few seconds. The material is so treated that the heat of the lights does not affect it, and the tension is such that no wrinkles appear on the surface. In connection with this colorless silk curtain there is a full electrical equipment for projecting colored lights upon the surface, thus painting the background with light and achieving any nuances of color desired. The electrical installation includes that even more remarkable device: a combination of machines by which either realistic clouds or forms of any kind made upon slides by the scene designer may be projected upon the background and made to change, disappear, or float away.

But with all this extremely modern and flexible machinery the de-

termining factor in the success of the recent Stockholm Opera productions is the genius of its stage designer, Isaac Grunewald. Stage designer is a narrow and inadequate term for the functions exercised by Grunewald at Stockholm. He is primarily, of course, the designer of the scenes; and such is the mechanical facility of the staging at the Opera that twelve or fifteen scenes can be run off in succession without proving wearisome or

losing continuity. But Grunewald not only makes very exact and very beautiful color studies for the various decors; he indicates the grouping of the figures in the scenes he has designed; he makes innumerable costume plates indicating every detail of material, color and form. Further, he supervises the execution of all these things: the construction and painting of the scenery, the making and decorating of the costumes, the setting of the stage, and the position and movement of the figures in the action. Thus all the visual elements of the production are his. While such a responsibility makes tremendous demands upon the time, energy and ability of the stage designer, it has the immense advantage of allowing an almost complete and unhampered realization of a thoroughly unified artistic conception.

Isaac Grunewald was already a painter of importance and distinction before he began his work in the theatre. His painting is well known through his salon pictures and through his own exposition of water-colors in Paris last year. In 1920 he began his work for the stage; and next Fall Paris will see an exposition of his theatrical designs. In addition to his work for the Royal Opera at Stockholm, he has planned productions for the Second Swedish Theatre at Gothenburg and created the designs for a presentation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which was taken on tour in Sweden. At the recent International Theatre Exposition in Amsterdam and later in London, Grunewald, the only representative of Sweden, exhibited two of his scenic designs and eight of his costume plates for *Samson and Delilah*.

Grunewald is specially interested in designing for opera. In the music he finds the source of all the



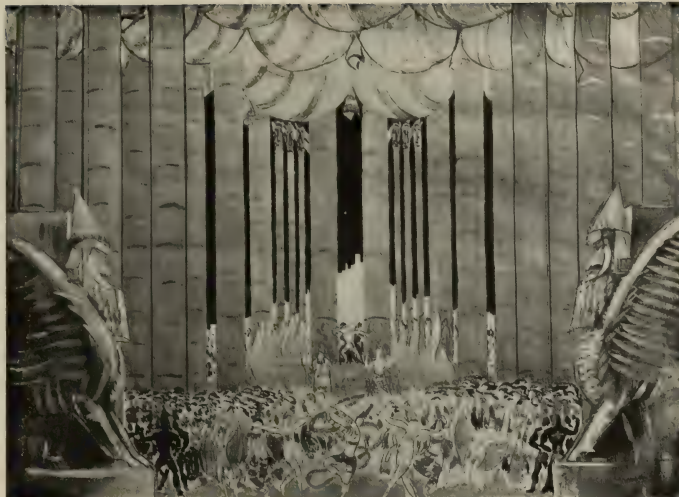
The setting and costumes throughout "Oberon" partake of the crystalline quality inherent in the opera's story and music

changes which he plans in the visual elements of the presentation. Where the music is rich, where it is calm and serious, he follows these impressions in form and color. Modulations in key and changes in volume he follows with modulations and increase and diminution in the stage lighting. Each scene represents to him a melody in itself which must eventually unite in a totality of effect like a great system of counterpoint built up by degrees. Beginning with neutral colors he introduces new elements into each scene, always assimilating them with those already employed until by the end of the act he has reached a climax in that set of combinations. Then he begins again with new materials on a little higher plane and repeats the process until the final climax of the whole opera is attained.

He feels with especial keenness the necessity for the artist to interest himself in the action down to the slightest detail, actually to create each rôle in design, and to arrange that each person take his proper value in the decor. Scenes or figures which remain visible for some time must, of course, be rounded out, complete, full enough so that the eye can rest upon them at length. Those which appear only momentarily must be conceived in less detail but with a vividness which will leave a clear impression in the swiftness of their passage.

Grunewald employs simple materials for most of his effects, however gorgeous. Complete naturalism in costume he recognizes to be just as futile as it is anywhere else. Costume should be emphasized in certain points and played up by means of light and shade, like facial make-up. And since the best decor in the world can be spoiled by bad lighting, it is of utmost importance that the artist take a practical interest in the mechanism at hand. In order, too, that the decor, the visual progression, and the action never be divorced he works for weeks in the rehearsals in the productions he has designed.

Grunewald insists upon the falsity of that system by which an artist employs constantly and repeatedly the same mannerisms so that his work may be always recognizable as his. He points out that if the artist has any true personality he may sink himself ever so deeply in the character of the particular thing he is doing, and the vital stamp of his individuality,



Grunewald's highly imaginative set for the temple scene in "Samson and Delilah"

manifesting itself unconsciously, will never be lost. Following this theory of self-effacement, whatever the outcome may be in his particular case, he immerses himself in the atmosphere of his literary or musical text.

The now famous production of *Samson and Delilah* began its career at the Royal Opera of Stockholm January 28, 1921, and was the first modern production to be made in that theatre. Since then it has been produced one hundred and six times, which means at intervals of a few nights each, ever since its creation, and never with an empty seat in the house. Many of the audience are there frankly out of interest in the decors. It is estimated that while eight thousand people have observed and commented upon modern art in the galleries of Sweden, at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand have looked at and discussed those phases of modern art which are involved in the presentation of *Samson and Delilah*. The opera unrolls in twelve scenes, beginning with a silken curtain in neutral forms and colors—rose and gray bearing appliquéd designs in

different tones of red and black, and ending with a completely empty scene distinguished only by the play of colors in the sky-gray and an atmospheric blue changing with the rise of light into a clear green. The handling of color in all the scenes is carefully planned for aesthetic and emotional effect.

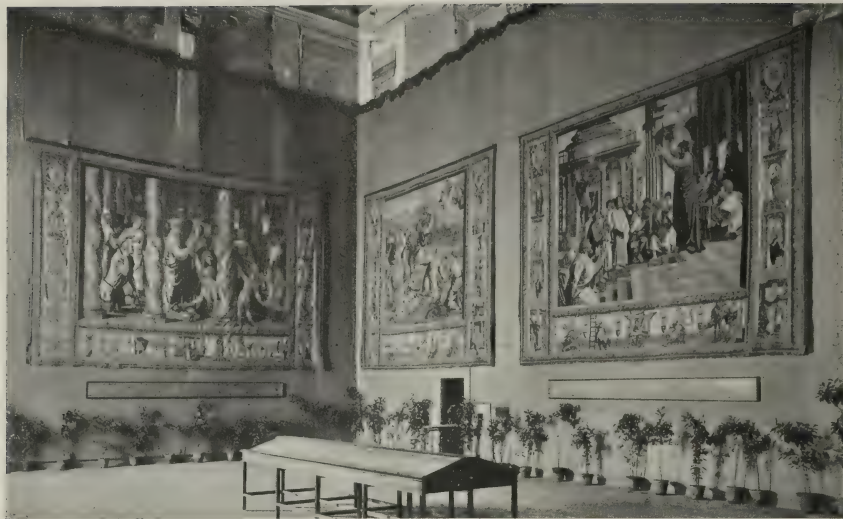
Several scenes are done in what is practically a series of variations on a single color. One of these consists of a background in a sort of cerise-red, with a vaporous orange cloud at the right, and costumes ranging through greenish yellow and gold to orange, with a few touches of scarlet. Another presents enormously high pillars in yellow and gray leaning inward against a background of intense orange, and over the great gulf of space between the pillars a few gray figures huddled on a slender twisted bridge. Some scenes are exceedingly simple in scheme, like that which consists of a gray curtain cut out to reveal figures in silver and blue from behind it; another made up of a black curtain with huge heads in blue and black with red eyes, painted upon it; and the prison setting, which is perhaps the most obviously stunning of all the effects attained in the series.

This latter consists of complete blackness to begin with. In the middle of the stage is set up on edge in a hollow circular platform a great solid wheel penetrated by a rod at the center, and so arranged that it may be turned around horizontally inside the circular framework. The edge of the wheel and the rod and the top surface of the circular platform are in plated silver. A single light projected from above catches first just a tiny portion of the rim, making a thin edge of silver. *Samson*, clothed in gray, turns the wheel by means of the axis, bringing the whole silver rim and finally himself into the stream of light; then, as the turning continues, his figure is blotted out and all disappears into complete blackness again. The manipulation of this mechanism is, of course, invisible to the audience. The plan is saved from being a mere bit of stage trickery by the emotionally significant use of light and darkness, and the scenic repose of the picture which allows the music to rest upon it as upon a platform. A setting which is simple in form but changes constantly in effect, is that which is constructed of plastic masses heaped up in straight lines on one side and in outward



The huge and colorful second ballet scene in "Samson and Delilah"

(Continued on page 56)



The Sala del Consistorio, showing three of the nine large tapestries copied in Flanders from the cartoons of Raphael

Austria-Hungary Restores Italy's Stolen Treasures

The Recovery of These Priceless Objects Has Been a Long and Difficult Business

By DR. THOMAS ASHBY

Illustrated with photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction.

ANDER the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain, and of a special convention signed at Vienna in 1920, a large number of objects of artistic and historical interest have been restored to Italy by Austria-Hungary. The relative positions of Austria and Italy, before 1866, rendered it comparatively easy for the former to take from the various galleries in North and Central Italy such objects as were considered desirable to adorn the Imperial collections at Vienna. The history of these spoliations is a long one, and may be said to have begun with the removal of many splendid jewels from the Grand Ducal treasure of Tuscany in the first half of the 18th Century; while one of the last instances was the removal of valuable tapestries from Mantua in May, 1866, just before the outbreak of the war which led to the recovery by Italy of Venice and the Venetian provinces.

The recovery of these objects has been a long and difficult business, now satisfactorily concluded. It is intended that each should be restored to the place from which it was taken, or to which it naturally belongs, but before this was done the authorities wisely decided to hold an exhibition of the most important objects, having regard rather to the general public than to scholars. For this reason, a small proportion only of the manuscripts and documents, and of the products of archaeological excavations has been placed on view; and the choice seems to have been well made.

If the exhibition were to be held in Rome, the locale followed as a matter of course—the splendid Palazzo di

Venezia, erected in the very centre of Rome by Pope Paul II., a member of the Barbo family of Venice, while he was still Cardinal of the Basilica of St. Mark, and in which he lived until his death in 1471. The decoration of the great halls of the palace was continued by his successors; and frescoes by Mantegna and Bramante and their school

which adorned the walls have already in part been brought to light from under the whitewash with which they were covered in the 18th Century.

Until 1564 the palace was used as the residence of the titular Cardinal of the Basilica of St. Mark, but in that year it was given by Pius IV. to the Ambassadors of the Republic of Venice; and it remained in the possession of the Republic until 1797, when it went to Austria with Venice itself, and became the Austrian Embassy to the Vatican. For this reason it was not restored to Italy in 1870, and it has only ceased to belong to Austria as a result of the European War.

The first room, the so-called Sala del Concistorio (Hall of the Consistory), contains nine large tapestries, copied in Flanders from the cartoons of Raphael which were executed as models for the more famous Vatican set of tapestries by order of Leo X., and are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. This particular set belonged to Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga of Mantua, and was given by his nephew to the church of St. Barbara in that city. They subsequently adorned a hall in the Palazzo del Té at Mantua, and were only recovered just before the outbreak of the war in 1866, by the express order of the Emperor of Austria, on the pretext that they were required for a temporary exhibition. They are not as fine as the Vatican set, but one of them (the blinding of Elymas the sorcerer), is of value because the corresponding one in the Vatican was damaged in the sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V. in 1527.



Portrait of the Doge of Venice, Marcantonio Trevisan, painted by Jacopo Tintoretto, one of the recovered masterpieces, looted by Austria-Hungary



Portrait of Ottavio Orimani, painted in 1560 by Jacopo Tintoretto

There are also, in this and in the succeeding rooms, a number of pictures removed early in the Nineteenth Century from suppressed churches in Venice, and conveyed to Vienna not many years later. Many of them are the work of well-known Venetian artists, and though none of them is quite of the first class, they are yet of considerable interest. In order of date, we may mention first two good examples of the art of Alvise Vivarini of Murano; a Madonna signed and dated 1489, and a saint, the counterpart of the S. Chiara in the Gallery at Venice.

There are three interesting Vittore Carpaccios,—one a Christ adored by angels, and the other two representing scenes from the life of the Virgin, forming part of a set of six which he painted in 1504 for the Scuola or national headquarters of the Albanians in Venice. One of them, the death of the Virgin, is exceedingly fine.

Of the numerous examples of Bonifacio Veronese, we may mention the S. Zacharias and the Angel, and the two saints S. Lawrence and S. Alvise, both of them of considerable interest.

There are two or three pleasing examples of Cima da Conegliano; one of the best being the Madonna dell'Arancio (of the orange), an altarpiece which adorned the church of S. Chiara on the island of Murano near Venice. In the background the painter has shown the castle of Collaeto near his native town.

The portraits are too numerous to be spoken of in detail, and only a few examples can be selected for illustration—the portrait of Alessandro Contarini by Domenico Tintoretto, the Ottavio Orimani painted in 1560 by the more famous Jacopo, and the Doge Marcantonio Trevisan, also by his hand. From Correggio's hand are two charming drawings for the frescoes of the dome of the Cathedral of Parma.

But besides the pictures there are many other objects of art—small bronzes, among which the most famous and the most beautiful is Donatello's statuette of "Cupid Breaking His Bow," standing on tiptoe as he strains to do so, a few sculptures in marble, such as the fine bust of the masterful old Pope Paul II., the builder of the splendid palace, by Bartolomeo Bellano, a pupil of Donatello. This was only removed in 1916, when the Austrian Embassy evacuated the building. There are also some medallions by Caradosso, finest of Italian medallists.

Space will not permit us to do more than mention a few of the other treasures which have been recovered—the famous 15th Century cross which belonged to the Scuola di S. Teodoro, the seat of the guild of S. Theodore, which was carried immediately after the Doge in the great Easter procession; and the reliquary which was given by Cardinal Bessarion to the Scuola della Carità in Venice in 1463.

We must not forget the numerous productions of the Florentine jewelers of the 17th Century; many of them representing birds, butterflies and animals—only a small portion of the treasures of the Florentine Court, for there are but eighty out of an original thousand: the

greater part of the rest must have been broken up in the 18th Century to pay for the numerous wars in which Austria was engaged in the days of Maria Theresa. Even so, they form an unique collection.

In the same room is an ancient Greek gem, a jasper carved by one Aspasios, representing the head of the celebrated Athena in ivory and gold, which Phidias made for the Parthenon at Athens, and which the engraver of the gem must actually have seen.

Then there are the insignia which were prepared for Napoleon's coronation as King of Italy, in the Cathedral of Milan in 1805: the royal mantle of green velvet, decorated with gold and silver, the crown, sceptre and seal.

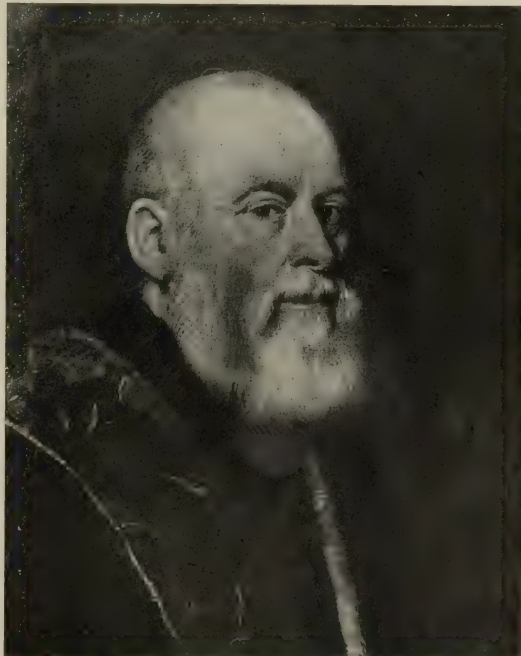
And with these more striking objects there are others of a purely scientific interest, upon which we can only touch lightly. Thus, a large quantity of pre-historic and Roman antiquities from Aquileia, the neighborhood of Trieste, and Istria, have also been removed from Vienna, and a selection is exhibited here.

Numerous historical documents of all sorts and periods are also shown, and represent only a selection of the whole.

A hundred valuable manuscripts were removed to Vienna from Naples early in the 17th Century, some of them with fine illuminations, others of great intrinsic value; and some twenty of the most valuable and beautiful are exhibited. Among them we may note Tasso's autograph of his revision of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, entitled *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, with innumerable corrections and alterations which testify to his anxiety to find the word or phrase by which his conception would best be expressed. There are three of the rare manuscripts on purple parchment, written in letters of gold and silver; two manuscripts illuminated for Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary (1443-1490), one of the greatest humanists of his time, by the celebrated Florentine miniaturist Attavante—and many other illuminated manuscripts.

Lastly, we may note four out of seven volumes belonging to a collection of sacred and profane music formed by the Bishop of Trent, Johann Hinderbach, as early as the middle of the Fifteenth Century. This collection is of extraordinary value, and is in course of publication by the Conservatoire of Vienna. It will be seen that the exhibition is one of great interest and value and is being largely visited.

Whether the objects remain in Rome, or whether they pass to the cities whence they originally came, it is clear from what we have said that an important addition has been made to the almost inexhaustible wealth of objects of artistic and literary interest which Italy still possesses within her own borders.



Portrait of Alessandro Contarini, painted by Domenico Tintoretto



Native African spear-handles showing the curious, square beards not unlike those seen in Egyptian art. Here the art of the Congo indicates an outside influence



Chairs, until modern times, were always marks of great distinction. These carved thrones from the Bushongo are almost certain proof of contact with a superior race, perhaps Egyptian. They were, doubtless, part of the paraphernalia of human sacrifice



This charming little figurine, made in Boshongo, shows a nobleman, dressed in a shirt of tufted raffia cloth, in the act of drawing a short sword from its scabbard

The Art of the Boshongo Craftsmen

A Fascinating Inquiry Into the Possible Contacts of the Equatorial African With Other Races

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

WHAT are the controllable forces that determine public taste? Is it possible through any rational investigation to measure these elements in advance and reach conclusions as to their direction and force? Every designer, every manufacturer, every leader of thought in each community in America, should ask himself these questions. If a style or a vogue be hallowed by years, we can easily trace its origin to some historic incident of trade, conquest or the inspired work of a small group of artists usually stimulated by some outside inspiration. Of what else, in truth, does art history consist if not in this form of analysis? Can we not apply the same power of observation to the constantly mutating fashions of this hour? Must our critical faculty be re-served entirely for ancient history?

Fashion dominates every phase of production. This word so usually associated with wearing apparel, applies of course to all forms of the decorative arts, includes even prepared food stuffs, and perfumes. While its influence is constantly felt its causes still are shrouded in mystery. According to the carelessly accepted belief of the day, on an instant and for no apparent reason, great masses of people become possessed with a desire to buy certain materials, possess certain objects, read certain books or see certain plays. Of a sudden the costumes, furnishings, amusements, once so happily possessed

and enjoyed lose all value. It is not that they are worn out, nor grown unsightly, but like the colored lady in the classic tale, "they just done lost their taste for it."

When it reaches this point it has become "whim," the lightest, airiest, subtlest, yet strongest influence in our lives. But before it became whim it had to pass through a rather definite period of scientific development. It is true that the experts in advertising, knowing well this psychology of the public, build upon it a healthy demand, through adroit suggestion. But there are many other forces which unaided produce the desire to buy, rule the mills and shops and give to life that constant variety which is the essence of charm.

That these forces are not accidental I shall attempt to prove by studying one such vogue

in the making. Here is the raw material in evidence. Here are certain objects that will suggest creative effort, and have certain finished results. For a decade this material has engaged the attention of a group of students of art, (not art students) eventually attracted a somewhat broader audience and finally was launched as an accepted phase of the fine arts. And the new movement, like the latest toy is ever warmly received.

This deep interest in the Congo Arts is a natural enough development in the evolution that has led us by so many paths to an admiration of primitive form. Many serious collectors, men of keen discernment in relative aesthetic values, have placed the stamp of their high approval on the carved woods and ivories, the metal castings and textiles from Central African peoples whom we properly

rank in other forms of culture either in the higher strata of savagery or at best in the middle stages of barbarism. Dr. Barnes of Philadelphia, the greatest collector in America, perhaps in the world of modern art, and Stewart Culin, Curator of the Brooklyn Institute Museum, are but two of the foremost experts who have given strong indication of their interest in this field. The professional galleries and amateur collectors of France, Germany and England and latterly New York, have not been blind to this subject. Besides these sources mentioned, the American Museum of Natural History, the Smithsonian Museum in Washington and the Field Museum in Chicago have im-



A delightful little caricature of the antelope. Animal forms attracted primitive artists to the exclusion of the floral, yet the obvious conventionalization suggests a model from a people rather more advanced than the tribes of Belgian Congo

portant and extremely interesting collections.

The specimens chosen for illustration in this article, come from the Boshongo people of Belgian Congo. The material was collected by Stewart Culin of the Brooklyn Institute Museum during 1921-1922 and is part of the exhibition shown in that museum. It may be said, therefore, that these arts have established themselves in a strong position both in European and American art circles and that this interest is founded on something more substantial than mere caprice.

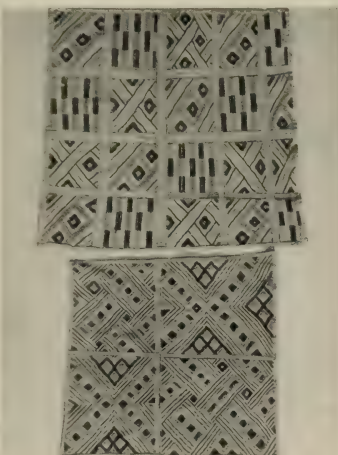
I realize that distinguished experts may disagree but I cannot regard these arts as a freak of the primitive imagination. The history of the African people, while obscure in the main, shows many points of contact with higher cultures that must be considered in arriving at a determination of inspirational sources.

For no peoples ever touch each other, if ever so slightly, but leave some mark that may again be read. Let me first examine, however, the probable influence of this exhibition and others of a similar character that will follow on the decorative arts of this time. Perhaps the furniture designers may find some inspiration in the vigorous carving, something in the splendid treatment of the natural beauties of woods. The simplicity that fortunately distinguishes furniture of the best types in the last few years, was largely a reaction from over-complication and vicious separation of ornament and function and lack of interest in motif. It is within the scope of possibilities that the new incentive given by the vigorous treatment of the Congo peoples may inspire our furniture designers to a fresh and discreet excursion in the fields of applied ornament. Certain types of carved furniture, especially in mirror frames and chests, might easily win acceptance.

I am inclined to the belief that the jewelry manufacturers, especially those dealing in semi-precious stones, and the silversmiths might be rewarded by a study of the incised motifs. The manufacturers of ornamental metal will surely not be disappointed by an examination of this material. But the greatest gain will be to the fabric producers. We have need of a new and vigorous note in contrast to the over-elaboration of the formal European periods which have dominated so much of our textile art during the last fifty years. Costume designers have long felt this



Wooden ceremonial masks from Belgian Congo. The gorilla and the elephant are of high imaginative value. The man's mask shows an Arab turban, but both the color and drawing of the female face point to an entirely foreign race



Rafia fabrics showing geometric design very closely related to the South Sea Island bark-cloth or tapa. Certain of these fabrics have pile inserted with a needle, and were, doubtless, attempts to copy the Arab rugs

need and have in a measure satisfied it through recourse to peasant forms and the simpler Asiatic patterns. Fabric creators will find much to admire in the rich variety of geometric patterns expressed in the tufted rafias and in the woven mats from the Congo. Cretonne manufacturers, and perhaps even the conservative brocade and damask weavers, will follow suit a little later. It is easier to produce embroidery and printed patterns than it is to change the intricate harness of a Jacquard loom. But the field is so rich in simple force and charm that I am certain it will find exponents in all branches of the textile arts.

Of course, the manufacturers of fabrics take their note from the creative costumers. These artists, or at least many of the leaders, are close students of museum collections, especially new material. Stewart Culin and I generally arrange to have these talented individuals see such collections as offer promise of interest even before they are put on public view.

Among the African collections carved wooden snuff boxes and jewel chests and certain paraphernalia connected with the gentle habit of smoking are common objects. These lend themselves admirably as models for modern containers. There is a need of new types of boxes for semi-precious materials and containers for expensive perfumery. This material offers a rich field of inspiration. If our toy-makers had a little more originality and would devote some of the energy they now direct to our national halls of legislation to creative effort, they would find in the delightfully absurd animal forms many excellent models.

Each new move in the fine arts, if it be sincere and based on a solid foundation, sooner or later finds expression in the applied arts. A little study of recent history in styles of all kinds, will make this clear to the most incredulous. Most styles have had their origin in the discoveries and interpretation of collectors, savants and artists. The relationship is not as close between the creative and imitative arts as might be desired but this is due to the conservative nature of the latter and to the fact that even the most intelligent interpretation takes time to arrive at maturity. Allowing for these facts, each vogue, each shift of demand had its inspiration in a movement in the fine arts. Today differs only in degree from the Renaissance or the early 18th century. Inspiration that led to creation was based on the discovery

(Continued on page 54)



The central figure is from the Celebes Islands and is placed in this group to show the curious relationship between these geographically widely separated arts

"The Diver," by R. Tait McKenzie, exhibited at the National Sculpture Society's open-air show in New York. This is one of the sculptor's most popular achievements and is the essence of suspended action



Sincerity and simplicity, those cardinal principles of all glyptic art, mark Tait McKenzie's work. His soldiers and athletes are never alien or impersonal. One senses in them the joy of accomplishment

A Sculptor of Soldiers and Athletes

The Work of R. Tait McKenzie Embodies the Spirit of Our Times

By FRANCES FISHER DUBUC

I BELIEVE you can get as much sentiment in a khaki uniform as in a suit of armor." Thus R. Tait McKenzie, sculptor, author, physician and director of physical education of a great university, strikes the keynote of his art. In attempting an appreciation of his versatility and achievements one can do no better than to quote the inscription on the bas-relief above the fireplace in his studio, "The Joy of Effort," for this is the source of his inspiration. A bronze replica of the medallion adorns the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm, commemorating the Olympic games of 1912. It represents a group of hurdlers, long limbed and muscular, showing by the eager expression in their clear-cut faces the joviousness of the effort they are putting forth to surmount all obstacles and win the goal.

Sincerity and simplicity, those cardinal principles of all glyptic art, mark Tait McKenzie's work. His soldiers and athletes are never alien or impersonal. One senses the joy of accomplishment, the consciousness of duty well performed, of victories won; by the silent eloquence of their plastic energy expressing the spirit of the man, his deep convictions and intense emotionalism beneath the mask of his Scotch reserve.

His work embodies the spirit of our times; the sentiment expressed is always tempered and strengthened by realism; a realism that never impinges upon that underlying and unmistakable principle of true beauty which is inherent and endures regardless of popular beliefs and criticism. His technique is subordinated to sentiment, but these qualities are quite distinct, and sentiment after all, is the most important consideration in a work of

art. "It is its life and soul" says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "and without it a work of art is a dead letter—technique is secondary."

"It is an artist's duty and privilege to give permanency to things that others feel but cannot express," said Doctor McKenzie to the

writer. "Before everything else I want to give something that people can understand and sympathize with; not merely clever studies of anatomy or classic compositions of a period buried beneath the dust of centuries. We ought to express ourselves in terms of our own times and the particular things in which we are interested. We are passing through an extraordinary period of world history, probably the most vital era of reconstruction since the world began and its significant aspects should be preserved for all time through the medium of the arts. There is as much sentiment in a khaki uniform as in a Roman toga or suit of armor—more in fact, for this day and generation and for those who will come after us."

When McKenzie was asked to build a memorial to be placed on the altar of the Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia, the original plan as suggested by the donors was that of the figure of the throned Christ surrounded by the militant saints of the Church; but memories of the world's greatest conflict were etched too deep in the artist's soul. Brought face to face with the unspeakable tragedies of the war in the field hospitals of the Royal Army Medical Corps, to Major McKenzie, his comrades in khaki, blue and olive drab who had fought and kept the faith symbolized the greatest drama of the ages and thus he created an altar group with the Christ as the dominating figure, but those on either side are soldiers wearing the French and British uniforms; behind these, the figures of Joan of Arc and Womanhood dedicating the canonized heroes to their work. "The people understood; there has been no dissenting voice. This is my greatest reward" he said.

"The Diver," one of his characteristic fig-



Mr. McKenzie's "Boy Scout" at the Exhibition of the National Sculpture Society

ures is being shown at the National Sculpture Society's exhibit together with several portraits in bas-relief, for McKenzie is also one of the most successful medallists among our modern sculptors. His portrait of Grant Mitchell is especially felicitous. The facial characteristics of this sterling actor are defined in a way that immediately suggests the essential humanness of the man and the qualities which have endeared him to thousands in his public as well as his private life;—the familiar kindly smile, the quizzical expression of the eyes—one can almost see them twinkle, the rather unusual profile with its firm chin and blunt nose, foreshortened by Nature, the ear perfectly placed on the well-rounded head, form an ensemble out of which the artist has created a remarkably lifelike portrait.

Another portrait in low relief that will undoubtedly attract much attention, both on account of the subject as well as the method of execution employed by the sculptor, is that of William Cooper Procter L.L.D. It has



Unfinished portrait in bas-relief of William Cooper Procter, to be set up in Procter Hall, Princeton, presented by his classmates of '83.

To be unveiled on class day, this month

just been completed and will not be shown to the public until the unveiling at the Commencement at Princeton this month on which occasion it will be presented by Mr. Procter's classmates of '83 and placed in the new hall given by him to the University. Although head of a great commercial industry he has been for many years one of the foremost patrons of arts and letters in America.

At first this portrait gives the impression of being distinctly ecclesiastical; the austerity of the pose, the classic profile with its suggestion of asceticism, the scholastic robes and rigid formality of the hand grasping the key, all tend to heighten this effect. A closer study throws into high relief the rare intellectuality of the subject. Here is an idealist, we say, who is also an executive with an analytical mind; the head connotes beauty and power—not a modern type, and we feel at once that the sculptor by the sheer force of his own superlative qualities—his vision and his skill, has revealed to us a comprehensive study in atavism.



"The Homecoming," a victory memorial to the men of Cambridgeshire, England

"The Diver" is posed in the so-called picturesque "third" position which is taken just before plunging. The splendid virility of the poised body, the model for which was Mifflin Armstrong, international champion, shows at his best, the American athlete, a subject dear to the sculptor's heart and which he has unusual opportunities for studying as Physical Director of 5,000 students in the University of Pennsylvania. Like the Greek sculptors he does not unduly emphasize violent exertion. Physician and lover of the athletic figure, though he is, his work is never marred by minute anatomical detail. To paraphrase Ruskin, who claimed that too close a study of anatomy was a positive injury to a sculptor,—in McKenzie's sculptured forms, "The bones are never in the way."

The extraordinary revival of athletics in the past twenty-five years has undoubtedly been the cause and inspiration of his art and his advancement to a recognized position in the front ranks of American sculptors since he first began modeling in 1902, is acclaimed as a unique achievement in the annals of our national art. He had studied drawing and painting from boyhood, but until this comparatively recent date his greater gift of expression due largely to his absorption in his work as a physician and surgeon had remained completely dormant.

"The value of physical training is now uni-



Study in clay for the head of the figure at top of page. The memorial was unveiled recently by the Duke of York

versally recognized by educational authorities and has become an inherent part of university life," he declared. "This influence is felt and recognized in every phase of adolescent life. Take for example our municipal playgrounds; these and many other systems for physical development and relief from congested populations have led to a natural outlet of athletic sports. Play starts competition, and this leads to athletic contests and these are all representative of our national life.

"Any appeal to the fundamental things of life," he went on, "—love, labor, fighting—the struggle to survive will always appeal to human nature and athletics are a sort of rehearsal of fighting and as such a substitute for war. The ability to fight, to protect or to conquer appeals to all of us and these elemental qualities are intimately associated with the survival of any great and powerful race. As a people our activity has taken on more and more this form of expression—the medium of athletics. And as a nation we will thus conserve our vitality which otherwise



Unfinished statue for the memorial to the men of Almonte, Canada, who served in the World War, and to be unveiled some time this Summer.

It is an impressive figure

by our continued prosperity might seriously be undermined. And so, if we would have our art survive it must have the dignity of national expression. The revival of athletics in these days represents the spirit of our people and our strongest tendencies; it is one of the salient phases of our 20th century civilization."

Says Viardot the celebrated French critic: "No statue or work of art of whatever kind can be fully judged until it has stood in the light of the public square."

One of the finest examples of plastic art which the war has produced is McKenzie's victory memorial, "The Homecoming," unveiled at Cambridge, England, a few months ago by the Duke of York before a distinguished assemblage—more than ten thousand persons from all parts of England attending the ceremony. The statue is that of a Cambridgeshire lad, with an air of gallant insouciance, striding homeward from the war. The monument is at the cross roads at the

(Continued on page 62)



The Perpetual Reflection of Our Needs

A Thumbnail Survey of the Evolution of Style in Dress

By ETHEL H. TRAPHAGEN

“AN'S earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes.” In these few words are summed up their vital and enduring power from early ages to the present time.

Clothes were originally brought into use for two reasons, protection, and adornment; modesty was an after-thought of much later innovation. Superstition played an important part in the use of ornaments; they were considered a protection against dark and evil spirits, feared by our primitive ancestors. Evidence of it can be found even today in children who wear amber necklaces to prevent sore throat, and, as Jane Fales says in her book “Dressmaking,” “Can a savage do better than that?”

Beads take us back to the earliest men of whose work we have any knowledge, and the beauty and exquisite workmanship of the treasure of Lahun, an acquisition in the Metropolitan Museum, show us that the Egyptian Princess Sat-hathor-iunut, nearly 2000 B. C., had jewelry, toilet articles, and cosmetic vases, which the wealthiest of our present day would find it difficult to outdo. The studs we now use in starched linen, come down from the Bronze Age, and heavy chains used still as symbols of office in England, came into vogue the latter half of the Fourteenth Century, during the reign of Richard II., who was himself a leader of fashion. The metal tags on shoe laces are of primitive origin, but they became of special interest in the early 17th Century, when they were immortalized as the trimmings of costume, in the portraits of Mytens, Rubens and Van Dyke.

Coat and skirt can be traced back to the shawl, which was no doubt, at first made of fibre, with the help of some simple loom. Interesting examples of the Egyptian methods of wearing their probably woolen shawls, can be seen in the Funerary Statuettes of the Old Kingdom, in the Egyptian collection at the Metropolitan Museum. In design it is synonymous to the square-shaped Greek Himatium, and the rounded Roman Toga. Up to the present time, we find the shawl still used by the men in Scotland, under the name of plaid.

Bearing in mind that costume before the Fifth Century is generally spoken of as Ancient, and from the Fifth to the Sixteenth, classified under Middle Ages, while the Sixteenth and part of the Seventeenth Century comprises the Renaissance, and the latter part



Queen Elizabeth—“That buckram, square-built, cardboard and tissue figure.” Gift of the late J. Pierpont Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art

of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth, is known best as that of the Louis XIV., Louis XV. and Louis XVI., followed by the styles of the Directory, Consulate and Empire, the Restoration and Romantic Period, it is illuminating to see how fashions appear and disappear much as in the manner of the shawl, convincing us “there is nothing new under the sun.”

Comparatively few of us realize that originally men in civilized races wore skirts, while the barbarians wore trousers, which proves an example of the survival of the fittest. The silhouette of men's costume has until lately been subject to as many changes as that of women. Knickerbockers are really the survival of the costumes worn formerly by men. The back division in a man's coat dates from the time the common way of travelling was on horseback, when the rider allowed one tail to fall conveniently on each side of the horse, when mounted. The skirt of the coat was also buttoned back. In the swallow-tail coat the outer corners have been cut away.

Cuffs turned back, were originally worn by men, and can be traced to the 17th Century, when so much was lavished upon coats, that it was wise to turn back the cuffs out of harm's way. In soldiers' dress uniform the

ornamental cuff still persists and as in woman's costume, it is at times a contrasting color.

The uniform of the English Navy only dates back to a little before 1767. The fact of its being blue and white, tradition says, is due to an inspiration that George II. received from the Duchess of Bedford's riding habit. The development of the uniform used in the Army is of much more complicated origin, having evolved through many variations in ancient armor, which is fascinating to study. Gaiters were originally part of a soldier's uniform and went under the name of spatter-dashes, while today when worn by civilians they are quite short and called spats.

Buttons have played an important part in the history of dress. Many that we now use in an ornamental way were once useful. The page boy who often goes by the name of “Buttons,” has three rows on his tight-fitting jacket. This livery is derived from the 18th Century uniform when the buttoning back of revers was customary.

The Dutch skeleton-dress, fashionable for boys in 1826, illustrated in the drawings of Kate Greenway, depicts this costume and shows how the “Dress of the master in one generation, may survive in the servant of another.”

Collars were once called bands, and band-boxes were originally made to accommodate these important forerunners of the small affairs we are wearing today. It is said that the ruff was first invented by a Spanish lady of quality in the reign of Henry VI. of England to hide the deformity caused by a slight wen on her neck, and all the various absurdities of the ruff, and high collar, which afterwards prevailed in England and on the Continent, were direct results of this fashion. The ruff made its first appearance in England about the time of Queen Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain, shortly after the introduction of lace.

In France the ruffs became so enormous that the wearers had difficulty in turning their heads and it is stated that the courtiers who indulged in the extreme of fashion found it necessary to provide themselves with long-handled spoons to enable them to sup with comfort. During the reign of Charles I. the Elizabethan high collar suddenly turned down, and we have the flat collar and cuffs of the Stuart period perpetuated for us in the exquisite drawings of Hollar. In the Cromwellian, Quaker and Puritan dress, we find



the same collar, with the extravagance of lace eliminated, and simplicity emphasized.

"Fashion like history, goes round in cycles. Nothing is new, yet everything appears new to the generation that greets it." Recently the pannier and Velasquez skirt were brought back to unsettle the feminine mind and impel us to buy new clothes. Though Spain is held responsible for the origin of the Vertugal or hoop, and it will ever be associated in our minds with Velasquez's Seventeenth Century Spanish princesses, this silhouette has also appeared in different centuries and countries; long before this time women of the Orient had conceived the idea of enlarging their skirts by means of hoops. In Spain it is said to have owed its conception to the desire to protect the sacred person of the Infanta.

In the late Sixteenth Century, Margaret of Valois, it is said, introduced this fashion into France, to hide her enormously stout hips, and disguise the real shape of her figure. "That buckram square-built cardboard and tissue figure," as Calthrop calls it, had great vogue in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and scandalous reports have come down to us as to the reason of its popularity with the Queen. After years of absence it returned to England in Queen Anne's time, it is thought from some remote German court, where it had always remained in style. From England it travelled to France where it reached a climax during the period of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. After going out of fashion entirely, crinolines again appeared in France during the Restoration, when the late Empress Eugenie was about to present Napoleon III. with a son.

While speaking of skirts we must not forget to mention sleeves. Alice Morse Earle says, "It is certain that men's sleeves and women's sleeves kept close company. Neither followed the other; they walked abreast. If a woman's sleeves were broad and scalloped so was the man's. If a man had tight sleeves so did his wife. When a woman had Virgo sleeves so did men. Even in the Nineteenth Century, at the first coming of the "leg-of-mutton" in 1830, dandies' sleeves were gathered full at the armhole. In the second reign of these vast sleeves a few years ago, man had emancipated himself from the reign of woman's fashions, and his sleeves remained plain."

The small waist-line has usually been the companion of the wide hip-line, each accentuating, or "playing up," the other. In the Twelfth Century the waist-line was discovered in Europe and lacing was introduced, but it was not until the Sixteenth Century that the exaggerated waist-line was attained.

The men and women of Pre-Hellenic times had used the small-waisted silhouette of 2800 B. C., and when we view the Mycenaean murals at the Metropolitan Museum, it gives

our uncorseted, straight front, wide-waisted figure a shock to imagine the agony of such unhappy distortions.

In Greece the girdle was worn in the Sixth Century B. C. or Archaic period at the waist-line. Statues of this period adorn the Acropolis. During the Golden Age, sometimes called the age of Pericles 459-431 B. C., the girdle was worn below the waist, as shown in the maidens of the Parthenon frieze. At the last period the girdle was worn under the arms.

We are told in the late Eighteenth Century "Fashions, too, affected the antique. But what a strange notion of antiquity its devotees had! For Mme. Tallieri or Josephine

Beauharnais it was merely a pretext for going half clothed, and nothing could have been more extraordinary than the dinners of Barras, where women, dressed in floating tunics so diaphanous that they were virtually nude, really imagined that they resembled the Greeks of Tanagra or the Romans of Pompeii."

To the voluptuous Grecian costume, many women added the red shawl, made fashionable by the red chemise worn by Charlotte Corday at her execution, and the women of Lyons did not blush to wear earrings and brooches made in the shape of a guillotine.

The small waist-line and bustle of the seventies was but the reflection of the bustle and exaggerated draped back skirt of the later part of the reign of Louis XIV., in its turn reminiscent of the Renaissance. This style was accentuated under the restraining influence of the king's last favorite, Mme. de Maintenon, who was called an "eminent refrigerator and paragon of virtue."

While we usually associate Watteau plaits with the costume of the period when that distinguished painter lived, in looking back at the fashions of the Thirteenth Century we find long box plaits that appear to be the ancestor of this style so popular in the Eighteenth Century.

Do you think the aigrette a fashion of today only? If so glance at one of the Fifteenth Century ladies in the Cluny Museum tapestry of "The Dame with the Lion and Unicorn," and see what a marvelous aigrette overtops her head. The widow's veil goes back to mediaeval times, when the dress of widows was similar to that of the convent, where elderly widows often went into seclusion. The early Franks wore veils in the Fifth Century, a custom which appears to differentiate them from other barbarians. The handkerchief was a refinement of Roman civilization, lost during the Middle Ages, and again returning to England in the time of Henry the VIII. Modern playing cards in which we have kings, queens and knaves, show the costumes in vogue at this king's court. The costume of Punch and Judy is reminiscent of other days; the "Punch" was of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the head-dress of Judy was fashionable in the time of George III. The Harlequin costume is Elizabethan, with Florentine hose, while Columbine reflects the early Victorian ballet dress.

Ecclesiastical vestments can in many instances be traced to civil dress, some even going back to classic times. The head-dress of the nun is practically the same as that worn by women in the time their particular order was founded. Dominican nuns wear almost the same garb as when their order was instituted by Saint Dominic in 1218, including the rosary which was his innovation.

(Continued on page 58)



Costume of a Mycenaean woman, illustrating the small waist-line of 2800 B. C. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art



THE SPIRIT OF THE EIGHTEEN-SIXTIES

In the quaint home-setting of the 1860-65 period Maurice Goldberg has posed Miss Claire Ames, noted actress, costumed in basque and hoopskirts. The camera artist has caught the atmosphere of a day when life was less charged with restlessness, when to play the pianoforte skillfully was to be distinguished among one's friends and jazz was a thing undreamed of. For a photograph, untouched and reproduced as it came from the plate, this composition has all the elements of a literally painted canvas.



Crichton reproduction from a fine George I model

In the reign of George I

Circa 1720

When the Royal Arms of England, as depicted above, still bore the fleur-de-lys of France, the Silver used was of simple classic design. At this time, the tea table first came into vogue, and the Master Silversmiths devoted their art to the creation of pieces of which simplicity was the keynote. The House of Crichton, having in its possession today or having owned in the past the finest originals in Early English, Scottish and Irish Silver is able to ensure its Reproductions being correct in design. Brochure on request.

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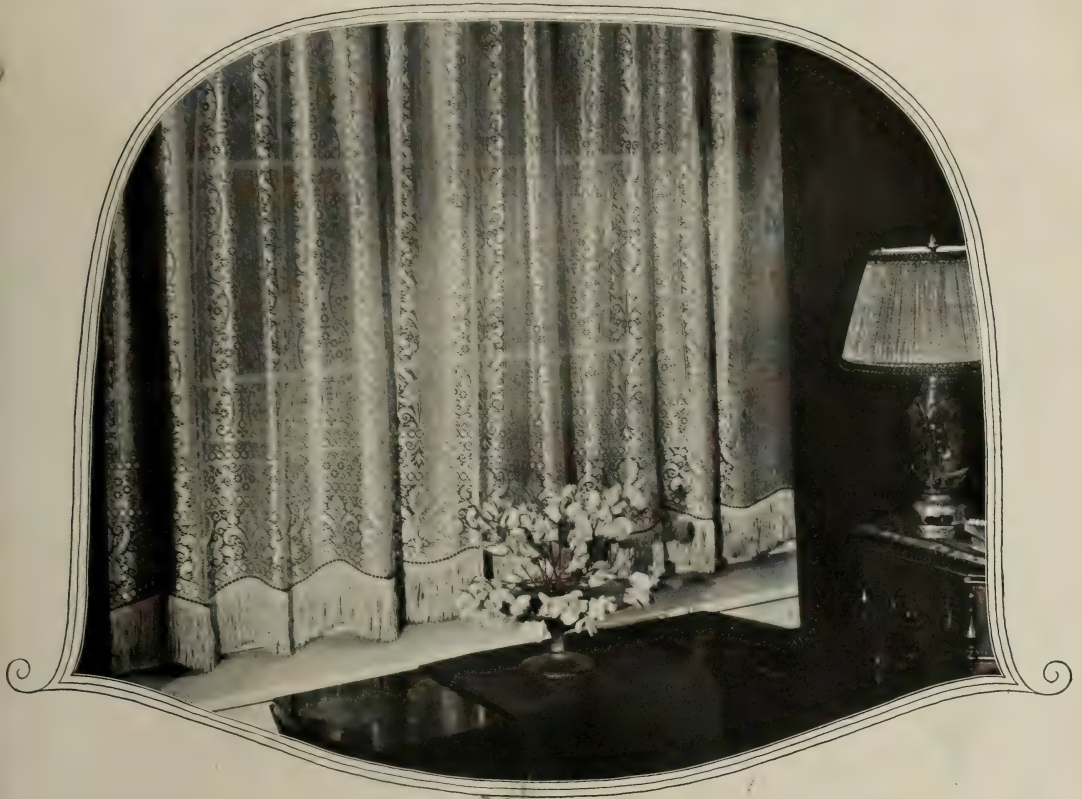
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THE VERY INCARNATION OF "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"

Basil Sydney as *Dick Dudgeon* in "The Devil's Disciple," Bernard Shaw's melodrama, produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick, New York. Mr. Sydney, in the opinion of William Archer, English critic, now on his way back to England to tell the news to Shaw, is the best who has ever played this part, and the ideal of romantic swagger and Shavian humor. Mr. Sydney is well-known in England, as actor and producer, and played here in "Romance," and then with the Theatre Guild in the leading rôle in both "R. U. R." and "He Who Gets Slapped."



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Honoring the Designer of the Lincoln Memorial

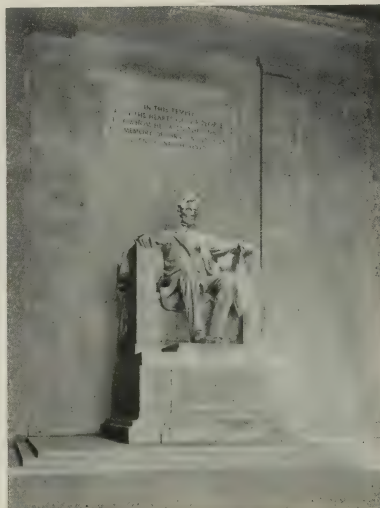


Exterior view of the temple designed by Henry Bacon, architect



An airplane view of the formal approach to the Lincoln Memorial

Impressive ceremonies on the broad reaches leading to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., attended the presentation recently by President Harding of the American Institute of Architect's Gold Medal to Henry Bacon of New York, designer of the beautiful memorial. Bearing torches and banners, a procession representative of the groups which constructed the monument passed alongside the great reflecting pool, escorting a barge carrying Mr. Bacon and William B. Faville of San Francisco, President of the Institute. Arriving in the lagoon in front of the memorial, the occupants of the barge disembarked and were received by Chief Justice Taft, Chairman of the Lincoln Memorial Com-



(Centre) The colossal and impressive figure of Lincoln in the great rotunda of the memorial building

mission who presented Mr. Bacon to President Harding.

In his address of presentation the President declared that Mr. Bacon and all those who worked with him had reared "a structure whose dignity and character have won it a place among the architectural jewels of all time."

"Here are typified," said the President, "the qualities which made Lincoln at once the dreamer and the doer, the designer and the builder. That so much of sturdy greatness and of modest beauty have here been brought together is proof that the high inspiration of his life had touched all whose labors contributed to this consummation."

(Below) Vista looking from within the Lincoln Memorial toward the Washington Monument



Gothic stone carvings of the eleventh century translated into silk . .

The design for this Schumacher damask was taken from the interior of the famous Cathedral in Basel, Switzerland.

ON a terrace high above the Rhine stands the ancient Cathedral of Basel. Consecrated in 1019, rebuilt in 1356 after the disastrous earthquake of that year, this famous Cathedral was for centuries the center of the religious life of the surrounding country.

Today it is the most interesting building in the city of Basel, its quaint stone carvings attracting the attention of artists and connoisseurs everywhere.

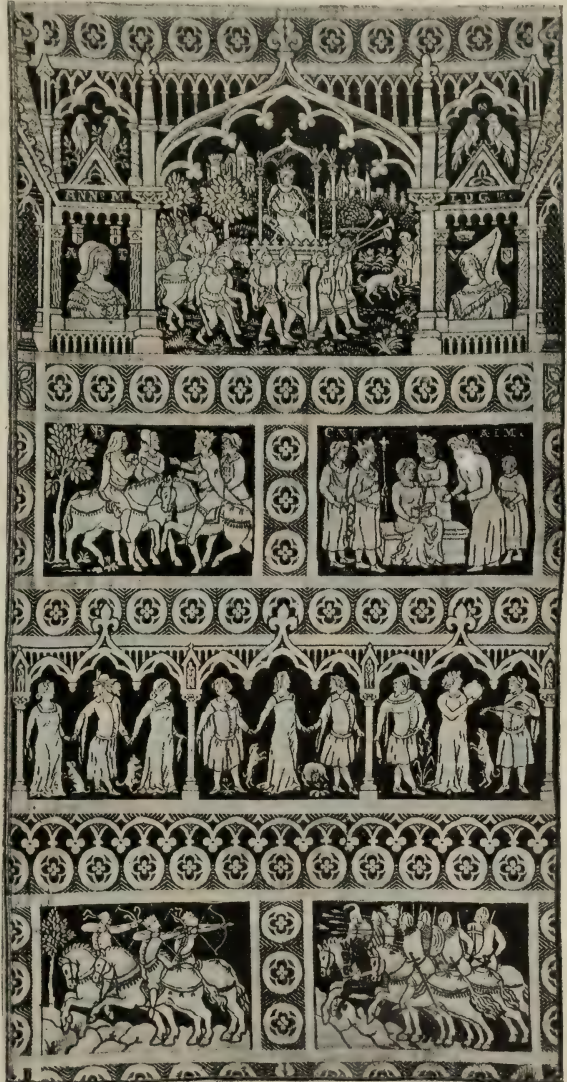
A few of the choicest carvings in this Cathedral have been adapted to silk and woven in France for the exclusive use of Schumacher in this country.

In translating this unique composition from stone to silk the French weavers have kept the atmosphere of the original with remarkable fidelity. It would be difficult to find a more perfect piece of fabric weaving or one executed with a greater understanding of the spirit of the design. In this particular piece the design is in gold against a black background, making a very effective combination.

Motifs for Schumacher fabrics are selected by designers familiar with all sources of design. Many of these fabrics are imported from foreign looms, others are woven by Schumacher in this country.

This wide variety permits a selection appropriate for whatever decorative scheme is in mind. Your own decorator or upholsterer will make arrangements for you to see the Schumacher fabrics, including the Gothic Damask illustrated here. He will also arrange the purchase for you.

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Drawn by Dorothy Day

An Aesthetic Internationalism

The Current Aspiration Which Finds Its Expression in the American Shoe

By JAMES C. PAPE

HS true as it is bromidic is the statement that any individual is only seen at his or her apogee of personal charm and beauty when viewed in his or her own national dress. Voyant color and unrestricted skirt and tunic for the naively vital slav, ardently dreamy hues and mysterious draperies for the Epicurean easterner, chic contrasts and piquant swagger for the sophisticated occidental and, we have a harmony; a too flagrant adaptation of the exotic to the mundanely modish and we at once sense discord.

The every-day mind at once protests against such a conception as altogether unpractical; the intensely American mind objects that the United Statesian would in such case be left in utter destitution. A transplanted product, descendant of multitudinous nationalities which colors and textures could he justly claim for his national habiliment?

His apparent poverty is, however, his actual wealth. A composite himself, he must in the name of logic and aestheticism array himself in clothes which are a happy reorganization of the sartorial best that all the wide world's nationals have brought to his expansive shores. But while the wearer may not as yet quite realize the full import of this inspiring truth the American purveyor and creator of rarified feminine costumes and accessories not only realizes it but is acting on his recognition.

It has interested me for years to watch the reaction of my American patrons to the excellent foreign footgear which from time to time they purchase, wear for a little while and then throw into the discard. "These sandals from....." complained a distinguished Gothamite to me, "are smart of course, but I always feel when wearing them that my feet are detached from the rest of my costume. I shall have to give them up." I could not but agree: they were most evidently designed and constructed for a Latin woman moderate in stature and of curving silhouette, whereas my client was tall and willowy.

But on the other hand, I argued mentally, a shoe too literally Anglo-Saxon in cut and finish would be a failure as well as this arrogantly coquettish French sandal. Its suggestion of ultra length, smart yet practical, would on the whole negative the highly feminine quality of the American wearer's highly tasteful costume.

So much for the process of analysis, of



A Gallo-Roman note is here the inspiration. The heel is French in outline, only moderately high; the toe is rounding yet carries no sense of excessive bluntness



A Bond Street smartness is here the ruling thought

pulling apart; now for reconstructive analysis and putting together. It is by no means a simple, a rapid process, this of the reorganization of elements into a new and harmonious whole. A Gallic heel cannot be nonchalantly clipped onto a Bond Street sole, nor a Roman instep-strap be too inconsequentially attached to an Oxford tie, if the result is to be symphonic. The craftsman must first see in fancy his American patron, graceful, smart, frankly vital, intensely feminine and possessing the super feet of the world.

His imagination immediately clothes these for afternoon hours in cross-strap sandals of black satin or black patent leather for town, or in white suede or dark brown kid for country. The straps are cut and placed so as to give support as well as to emphasize the natural grace of the instep and ankle. Again, his creative sense achieves a rare pump in beige suede, let us say, with a banding from toe tip to the apex of the tongue in beige kid, and ribbon—like kid strappings across each vamp.

For a promenade in town he pictures an Oxford tie with five eyelets, a perfectly placed and constructed walking-heel, a toe which is as pleasantly slender to look at as it is pleasantly comfortable to tread in, and he decides to offer this in tan Russia as well black, and also in black suede. To be worn with a talleur of coquettish implication he designs a one eyelet slipper in cherry calf having a low tongue and a brass harness buckle by way of ornament. Its heel is pleasantly reminiscent of Bond Street yet is highly appropriate for Manhattan.

Have I seemed to attribute too much indebtedness to two sole racial sources? It is not the Gallo-Roman nor the Anglo-Saxon alone whose national fancies have contributed to the charm of the enchanting composite slipper. The Atlantean Cinderella is no less debtor to the proud Andalusian instep, which has transmitted to her that arch structure the Spanish heel with its Cuban variation, and to the rhapsodic Magyar dance, the rhythms and accents of which have undoubtedly been the immemorial inspiration of the Polish bootmaker as he wielded his hammer and awl.

We felicitate the *Americaine* that she may now stand, if she will, in footgear that is most fundamentally and sublimely her own because it is essentially æsthetic and supremely international.

F I T T E D B Y C R A F T S M E N



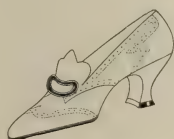
Henning Creates a New Vogue

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THE NARROW HEEL"

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CUSTOM MADE BOOT SHOP

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NEW YORK

The first figure shows a black and white figured crêpe. The skirt is tiered and there is a broad belt of stiff black and gold Chinese brocade. The central figure shows a Jenny house-party dress of navy blue twill, combined with dull crêpe in jade green, old blue and brique



The printed chiffon dress, at left, has a leafy figure, navy blue on white, developed with chiffon of plain navy and plain white. A long row of tiny buttons on a narrow band of blue runs from the throat to the hem. There is a broad bertha collar of blue chiffon

What Shall We Need for Summer?

Some Suggestions for the Wardrobe of the Smart Woman in Her Travels

By MADAME HAGUE

Of the House of Thurn

Illustrated by TRAVIS BANTON

THE earliest spring collections of the great houses of Paris are largely made up of experiments. The facile designers create a multitude of fashions; one can never quite tell which note will capture the public fancy. But now the season is crystallized: the modes launched so hopefully in February are either popular or forgotten. Materials, silhouettes, foibles and original conceits which surprised a flutter throughout the salons of the *couturières* early in the year, are now either the rage or in the discard. It is the survival of the fittest. *Selah!*

The survivors—those new fashions which exclusive women take to their hearts in the spring—comprise the wardrobes of the summer. They are the favored costumes that lunch on Park Avenue and dance at tiny clubs, or go whirling off to Newport or Southampton for early country-house gatherings. What are they? I will describe a typical summer wardrobe for you. Perhaps it will help you to choose your own.

Trotteur suits have changed but little. Correct suits of this type have become almost a uniform, so alike are they from month to month, with their straight skirts and box jackets. This year the jackets fit rather closely about the hips, reflecting the hip-bands of the bloused fur *jaquettes* of winter.

A suit less sports-like, for days in town, or for arrival at a distinguished house-party, is excellently done by Jenny. It is a dress and coat, really, of navy blue twill, combined with dull crêpe in jade green, old blue and brique. The little dress is Puritanically plain, until the movements of walking widen a left-side slash and reveal the three brilliant colors beneath. The long sleeves have cuffs of the jade and blue and brique crêpe, draped closely

and knotted to simulate the amusing little *mouchoirs* that everyone is wearing at the wrist. The jacket of Jenny's suit is of the twill, lengthened by a loosely-draped band of jade crêpe. The edge of the twill is finished with a braid of the exotic colors, and these show again at the end of the wide coat sleeves. A suit to arouse a whisper of comment when it steps down a gangplank or out of a motor!

Wherever or however you spend the weeks of summer, you will need a figured crêpe or chiffon or soft foulard. The variations of this frock are legion, but no trunk will be complete without one. In spite of the *furure* over things Egyptian and gorgeously colored, many of these thin, figured materials are done in navy and white or black and white. And in contrast with the hotter colors that are everywhere, these cool crisp patterns in blue or black are exceedingly smart.

I think of a printed chiffon of a leafy figure, navy blue on white, developed with chiffon of plain navy and plain white. A long row of tiny buttons on a narrow band of blue runs from the throat to the hem. Naïve bertha collar, broad and hung softly over sloping shoulders, is made of the blue chiffon appliquéd on white with long stitches of embroidery. From the shoulder two "follow me lad" ribbons fall behind, one of navy, one white. The soft little belt is studded across the back with fat buttons made of blue and white china beads. A pendant of several graduated bead balls hangs from the right hip. What could be cooler or fresher or more youthful?

Another dress of the same type I have made of black and white figured crêpe. The skirt is tiered. The skirt is tiered in a vast number of these soft fluttery frocks! A broad belt of stiff black and gold Chinese brocade

fastens in front with a great round covered button.

Another costume that I have been asked to copy many, many times is of the new soft foulard of this season, figured, of course, a finely-veined black pattern on white. A panel of black-pleated crêpe is set in the left side, a pleated black panel swings with the sash-end. Black marks the neck and makes amusing cuffs of upstanding pleats and long hanging loops. Ingenious cuffs are a feature of many of the summer's gowns.

The sleeves of this frock are of a style that becomes more important as the weeks advance. They are just easily full on the upper arm, but grow tighter below the elbow, till they fit snugly about the wrist. It is the sleeve of many mid-summer dresses.

The same sleeve appears on a frock of black crêpe, with softly loose blouse and triple tiered skirt. Tiny collar and tight little cuffs are of ecru Valenciennes lace, and a demure ripple of the lace runs down the left side opening from neck to waistline. A blue ornament closes the belt at the left.

For a hat to complete this lovely costume, I suggest a tiny cloche of black straw, trimmed with a round plastron of small blue flowers, surrounded, like an old-fashioned formal bouquet, with a little ruffle of ecru Valenciennes. What a perfect costume to wear into town on a scorching day, for shopping and luncheon or tea!

Again it seems incongruous that in this season of riotous color and bold designs, black is so increasingly popular. Paris talks volubly of gaudy hues, but the smart Parisienne is wearing many gowns of black, and many, many costumes of black and white. Nothing is quite as distinguished for restaurant frocks as black. And nothing makes black so cool and so emphatic as a splash of white.

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The Modern Head-dress Has an Imaginative Appeal

It is charming Carlotta Monteray who signals a new feeling in evening accessories through that intensely feminine adornment the head-dress. As the finished mondaine (at the right) she has posed a comb of carved ivory with shell-pink tones against her high coiffure. In her more voyante moments she may prefer to replace it with an identical Hispanic ornament in deep amber, in her more vivid moods she may choose to thrust a comb of crimson through her dark hair. With fine discrimination she chooses to carry with her summer evening gown a moth-like fan of filmy black, no less truly of the picture than a more obvious one in heavy satin depicting the eternal bull-fight.

*Posed for ARTS & DECORATION
by Carlotta Monteray*



With happy imagination she selects from her assortment of foibles when donning an exotic evening robe, a broad silver tissue ribbon and binds it about her brow with a jewelled dagger, while for a mid-summer fête she etherializes this metallic band into a strand of dreamy white tulle and pierces it through and through with an arrow of sparkling brilliants. Diana or Psyche, that is as one chooses to interpret! That woman who is so truly a modernist that she is in fact already a futurist, will agree with this conception of the gifted creatrix; a head-dress to carry enchantment, and with enchantment, conviction, must have been fabricated by the wearer herself from her own assortment of tissues and jewels.

*The ornaments shown in the illustrations
by Best & Co.*





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Seasonable Frocks of Delightful Design



The five frocks on this page were designed by Miss Marion Stehlik. The above dinner gown is of Roshanara crêpe thickly studded with black jet beads. Richness is achieved with bands of gold cloth embroidered in Grecian design with coral beads



A smart frock of white Roshanara crêpe, adding long lines to the figure through bands of self material, creating a willowy appearance in the wearer. Miss Vivian Tobin, playing in "Give and Take," has posed in the panels herewith reproduced



A charming afternoon gown of flat crêpe with appliqué of taffeta of contrasting color. In this, as in the other designs, Miss Stehlik has been most happy in the silhouette of her creations, as well as in the color harmonies of her materials



Gown and turban of navy blue Vela-Vela cloth, combined with Persian weave. The skirt is also faced with the same fabric. A narrow girdle with Persian buckle finishes off the costume



Black satin gown with sleeves of buff color Canton crêpe, the skirt faced with same material and finished off with an ornament. The gowns pictured are by courtesy of H. R. Mallinson & Co.



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Toe-Twinkling Artistes in Current Musicomedies



Photographs by Maurer Guldberg

Louise Brown as "Sally" in the successful musical comedy "Sally, Irene and Mary" at the Century Theatre, New York. Miss Brown is a gifted danseuse and her costumes are unique



Fascinating Ann Pennington as "Gloria Wayne" in John Murray Anderson's colorful musical comedy "Jack and Jill," at the Globe Theatre, New York, which is enjoying a long run



Eugenia Repelsky, the Russian dance interpreter with the Greenwich Village Follies, now touring the big cities



(In circle) Miss Alden Gay, the English beauty who has been brought over from London to add charm to "Jack and Jill"

Marie Cherer-Bekefi, soloist of the Imperial Russian Ballet and the Mariensky Grand Opera group of Petrograd



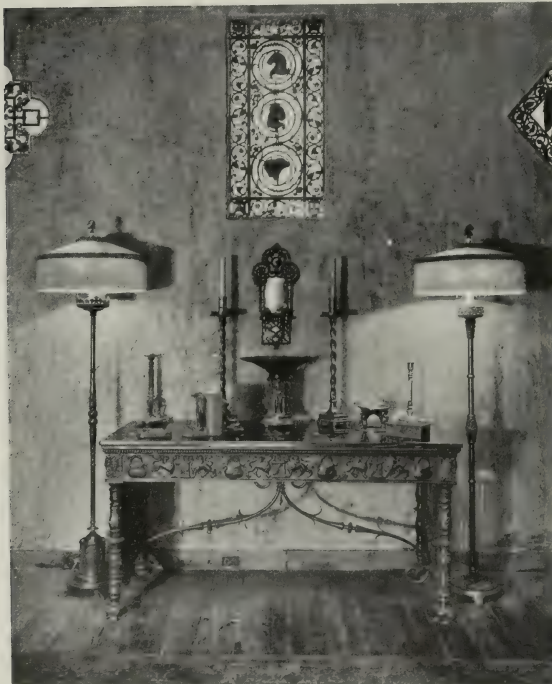
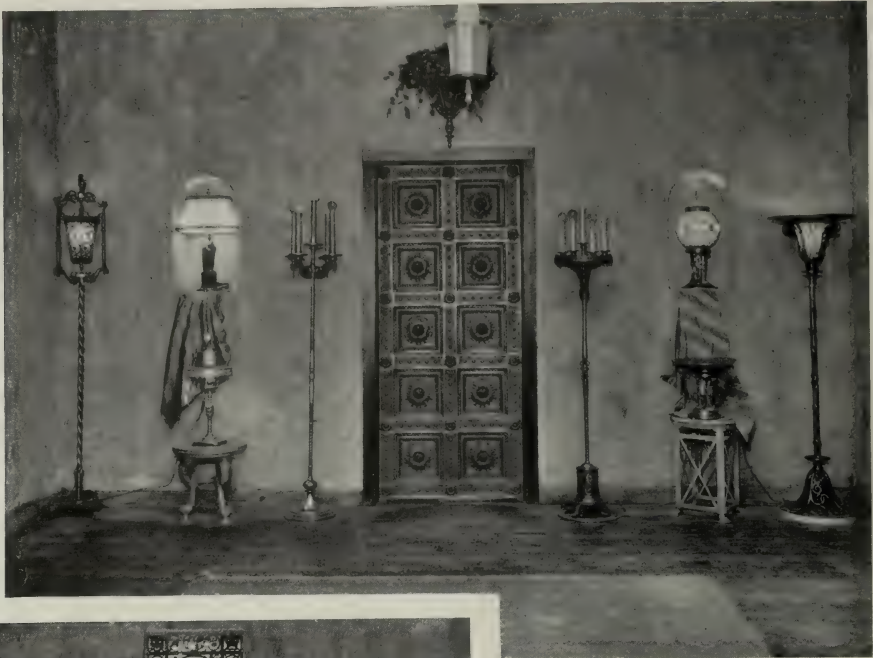
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For Women*

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These metal objects of art are from the Oscar B. Bach Studios, Inc. In the top illustration are shown (reading from left to right) a Tudor lantern in bronze and lead-work, a Pompeiian bronze stool on which is a bronze table-lamp with open-work and etched metal shade. In the left niche is a bronze candelabra—five-light torcheres in polychrome and antique gold finish. The other objects are an etched copper bowl centrepiece, exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, and an indirect torchere of bronze and hand-wrought iron with a hand-made iridescent glass bowl.

The group of objects in the lower left-hand illustration includes bronze

floor lamps, a console of wrought iron and bronze with 15th Century Spanish motifs and, in the wall, an exquisite bronze grille.

The right-hand group shows a double door of intricately patterned bronze with Swedish iron knob and handle. The two floor lamps have bronze spindles and feet and Tudor lanterns with ship finials. These are all products of pure craftsmanship, executed with the meticulous care and artistry of the early workers in metal. America, in these craftsmen, has discovered the soul of art memorialized in enduring metals.

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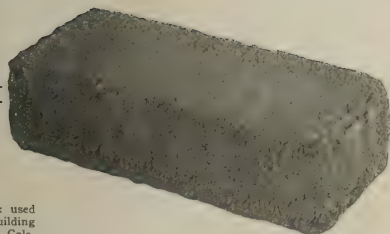
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in America*

The Art of the Boshongo Craftsmen

(Continued from page 29)

of a brand new interest in ancient or exotic art. The wise style creator fully realizes how closely the whim of today follows this new interest. It is no accident that simplicity in costume and decoration followed the elimination of the non-essential in painting and modeling. There is a definite connection between the new architecture and the modern stage sets. Every art movement, therefore, is really of vital interest both to the public and to those progressive industries and crafts that present to the public art products.

To return to the material itself. I implied no reflection on either the skill or the creative impulse of the Congo artists when I wrote that the inspiration of their arts was largely intrusive, that their earliest models came from infinitely higher cultures. My theory is that there have been recurrent waves of creation. There have been long periods perhaps when these people pressed by the dire necessities of jungle life were not in any sense creative. There were other periods of comparative affluence when the arts flourished. During each period of oblivion some little trace of former inspiration survived as a basis for new development the savage custom of burial—the worship of Jetishes, all helped in this. Unquestionably they acquired a definite skill and originality that was native and with it an interpretive power deserving of the highest respect. No doubt, many of their later pieces represent direct creation from nature. But in the main their inspiration, while difficult perhaps to always accurately trace, came none-the-less from the outside. Certain of their carvings, little tricks of posture, emphasis on exaggeration, details of ornament suggest even such remote periods as early Egyptian. How can we else explain the carved square beards on the ceremonial spear shafts, the head-dress and posture of the little figurine or the highly-developed caricature of an antelope? Egypt as early certainly as the 18th dynasty and perhaps before, had contact and extensive contact with Ethiopeia. Negro figures highly realistic in character appear on the wall paintings of tombs and the pectorals of great kings. Where did the idea of the chair come from if not from the basin of the Nile? Ethiopeian because indeed almost wholly Egyptian to character. Forms once introduced, once accepted among a people of slowly-moving culture are persistent in survival. No man may safely set a limit to the life of an ornament or design.

Almost all arts have felt the influence of intrusion. Few indeed are the arts that may be safely re-

ferred to as having developed without exterior influence. Even in such cases as the Peruvian and Maya arts, there is a strong suspicion that contacts with outside sources were partially responsible. The fact that we can no definitely set historic boundaries to these contacts is not proof that they did not exist, simply an indication of our lack of knowledge. We grow careless in our habit of limiting arts with the names of living peoples. Most inspiration is ancient, very ancient indeed and many forms of expression reached a zenith far from their original homes. To give no other illustration of my meaning at this time, it is sufficient to mention that there is a strong and growing belief that the floral arts commonly known as Chinese had their first inception in the Mediterranean basin. If a people as great in aesthetic expression as the Chinese, borrowed and having borrowed developed the loan, it surely is no reflection on the people of equatorial Africa to assume that they did the same. It is almost certain that the Congo races were in contact with the African colonies of Rome. To just what extent this contact developed we do not know, but astute observers of the earlier phases of Benin architecture, believe that it showed traces of Roman influence. Many of these peoples, the most powerful, were active allies of the Arab slave traders and wherever the Arab passed, in spite of much evil, he always left some trace of beauty.

The Portuguese, in the period when their navigators and scientists reached the zenith of their power, vigorous England, the astute Hollander and even the Swede all played a part in the drama of the slave, ivory, and gold trade on the Guinea Coast. Each left some trace behind in the arts of this people. We must never forget the imitative faculty among all peoples.

The first record of Benin was a visit by the Portuguese in the latter part of the 14th or the early portion of the 15th century. During the time when Henry the Navigator sought to find a water route to India, this coast was thoroughly explored. The Portuguese expedition reported Benin as a walled city with a vigorous, semi-civilized population and recorded that strangers were well received. Later the English and Dutch found the natives very anxious to trade. At this time the horse was common among the upper classes. The horse had perhaps been introduced by the Arabs. In the 19th century the English expedition reported only three sorry nags and even these no one dared to

(Continued on page 60)

The Author and His Home Environment

(Continued from page 9)

better than I can ever hope to say it. Then a sense of humor about my job would begin to seep in—and every author knows that a sense of humor about his job is fatal!

My method of induction into the creative mood, so called, is a bit mundane. Regardless of the night before, my morning after begins about seven-thirty. A walk in Central Park with my dogs. Breakfast. Letters. Reluctance to unhook my veteran typewriter. The excuse of letters to be answered. Telephone calls to be made. Conference with my cook. Finally, the round, black hour of nine with slow and dragging feet to my desk.

My writing-desk and paraphernalia are unpicturesque. No colored quills. No rosemary for remembrance. No Socratic bust to help me muse. Familiar objects, yes. The warmth of dear, shabby old books on their accustomed shelves. Objects that are loved chiefly because they are mine own and have been gathered here, there and everywhere. Wood-carvings, old wall fabrics, a couple of good cryptics. Chairs that I have searched for and found in queer places—just the worn, mellow things that make a room a place in which to dream and relax. I think I work most comfortably in such surroundings, but a hotel-room and a bit of ugly wall paper for outlook will suffice at a pinch.

I read more poetry and science than anything else, but not because of an attitude about it. There is something lazy and lovely about drifting along on the cadence of good poetry; sort of like riding on a lateen sailboat. For that creature reason, I am conservative and unintellectual enough to prefer the work of Shelley and Edna Millay to the choppy prose of modern poetry. Much of it, however, I think is virile and fine, so long as you do not call it poetry. I consider Spoon River Anthology a great epic poem.

I read men like Boas and Pearl and Reade and Spencer and Robinson and Chambers merely because they interest me and because I think that most fiction writers confine their reading too closely to what the other fellow is doing in fiction. The average fiction writer is a model of inaccuracy in the matter of scientific data. Wells is a striking and magnificent example of a man whose intellectual curiosity knows no bounds.

More of my workaday environment? Well, what is there to say? I dwell in a quaint little Gothic house, the only one of its kind in all New York, near Central Park. I love the city. I have only one deep-rooted aversion. I loathe noise. I think I have the

quietest apartment in all New York. Not even the insidious roar of Manhattan seems to beat against my walls. I close the door and the world of quiet is mine. My windows are heavily curtained, my light powders down nicely from a skylight and great silences stand stock still in this little city home of mine. Even my telephone has a device which throttles it. So that when I want it so, I can retire to my little isle of silence which is situated right in the heart of the noisiest, the most magical, the most tantalizing, the most irresistible city in the world.

I play tennis in the rim of time that is left after my six-hour workaday walk, drive, dance and sometimes a-partying go. But I am not a successful party person. Frankly, I don't like parties. Something inside of me clicks and I become an inhibited, self-conscious person not at all my real self, and when I am called upon to speak at dinners and public and semi-public occasions, I do not think on my feet but rather seem to think about them. So all in all, considering these limitations, I much prefer a few congenial souls about my own table or an evening in my own lamp-lit studio with two or three fellow spirits and the wine of good talk.

It takes me from one and a half to two years to write a novel and from six to eight weeks to complete a short story. For the last thirty months, however, I have been engaged upon a novel which I have just completed. It is entirely different from anything I have ever attempted. I have ventured out into polar seas and sometimes, during the writing of it, have felt as if I were floundering around without a compass. But finally I have come into the port of completion, at least.

It has not been easy, turning thus from a form of writing that has brought me what success I enjoy, into these strange, new ice-fields. But whether the book sinks or swims, it has been an important period of apprenticeship in new endeavor. There is always the danger that there are poppy seeds in success. It will drug you if you don't watch out!

When I speak at universities, the first question the students put to me is "Whence come your ideas for stories?" There is a great book to be written about the crannied nooks of the creative brain. Psychologists, biologists, anthropologists, even psychoanalysts, who falter at nothing, have added little to the knowledge concerning the cunning labyrinths of the imagination. It is impossible for me to trace the genesis of an idea. Some

(Continued on page 62)

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A Genius of the Stage

(Continued from page 25)

leaning curves on the other. On the curved side a grotto is scooped out, and the two great masses are connected by low central and side platforms. By means of light these forms appear in different color combinations which totally change their theatrical meaning: red, gray, green shift to purple, black, gray, and so on through thirty different variations for each one of which a color study was made by the artist.

Other scenes are infinitely complex in form and color. One of the early scenes is a ballet. For this the silken cyclorama is used as a background with lights which turn it into a sort of luminous light green. The stage space is divided into unequal sections by huge forms of tree trunks and great fantastic flowers which rise almost to the height of the cyclorama itself. Between these are heaped up low curved hills painted on canvass. The dominating forms are, however, entirely plastic, being sculptured out of wood and painted silver or covered with velvet. In this setting the dancers appear in a definite progression of colors: gray, black, red, and so on. Many of the costumes of the ballet are built up in successive tiers, with combinations of silver and color or black and gold. A later ballet scene is dominated by an enormous god-like figure of gold, twenty feet high and ten feet around, rising in colossal repose against a background of black. On both sides are great, flat, leaning pieces upon which are projected shafts of different colored lights: blue, red, green, yellow. The chief dancer is in the center under the legs of the colossal figure and the other stage spaces are thronged with dancers in brilliant greens, reds, purples, gold, and silver. The fire dancer in flame-like costume springs in and out of the light making a series of dazzling apparitions.

But most forceful in purely theatrical effect is the scene in the temple, the culmination of all the color and brilliance accumulated throughout the preceding scenes. Contrasts are done with; the general color effect is of orange verging on red and mingled with gold, like an enormous fire. This oneness of color effect is intensified by the almost completely symmetrical arrangement of all the plastic elements in the scene. Down front on each side are tremendous sculptured winged figures. Rows of enormous columns in flaming orange-red and gold are ranged on each side leading to a focal point in the center of the back where *Samson* appears. Behind him, above certain architectural forms, appears a background of intense dark blue. The roof consists of

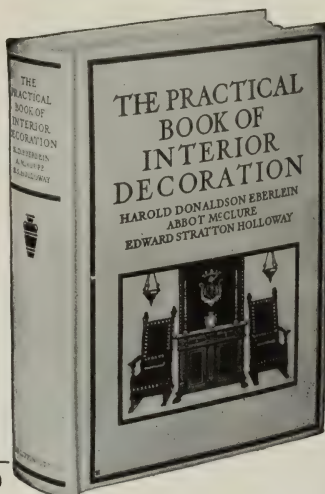
great tent-like loops of gold cloth. Underneath, in the wide floor spaces there is a throng of more than a hundred figures in every color and every nuance (more than sixty costume plates were made for this scene alone). The light increases in intensity up to the last moment of the scene. The pillars are made of light material and so arranged that they will collapse completely and instantaneously. When *Samson* pulls the temple down, the great red-gold structure falls in full light upon the surging crowd of people, making a climax of almost overwhelming power. The scene of complete calm which succeeds this is necessary to close the opera on a note less intensely exciting.

For the Second Swedish Theatre at Gothenburg, Grunewald has recently executed a set of designs and costume plates for a production of *Sakountala*. The decors show amidst their variety of form and color a clear feeling for the qualities of the story, with its delicate and etheralized Oriental atmosphere, so remote from the Orient of *Scheherazade*, for instance. The scene which presents *Sakountala* in the forest with her two companions is conceived entirely in the round. Through the circular opening of a curtain in rose and red we see a pile of undulating hills with curved bits of vegetation against a pale-green sky; and underneath a tree of graceful drooping lines, upon a heap of red rocks, and seated on a great white flower is *Sakountala*. Two of the settings are managed with exactly the same materials. In one there is a landscape with hills covered by bright-colored flowers, and tall sombre trees in brown, green, and gray in the background. In the succeeding scene the lighting changes so that the hills and flowers disappear and the trees remain, suggesting a great uncleared forest, with all the human figures in neutral colors.

One of the settings most thoroughly in key with the drama is that of the palace. The whole is framed by tapestry designs.

When the International Theatre Exposition is taken to America next Autumn, Isaac Grunewald will display some of his settings and costumes for *Sakountala* and *Oberon*. Here is clearly a person of international importance in the theatre, and one in whom America will find extraordinary brilliance of idea and execution. In the present year Grunewald will have a general exposition of his work in America. This showing, of which the theatrical designs will form only a small proportion, will provide opportunity for judging of his extraordinary productivity and range.

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The Perpetual Reflection of Our Needs

(Continued from page 33)

Sandals, such as are now worn by children, are of very primitive origin. Shoes are a survival of Roman times, when they were frequently ornamented. In the matter of our present-day shoes, the heels, often in shape as well as name, bear the imprint of the Eighteenth Century.

The original clock in a stocking or modern sock was no doubt made to hide the seam, as stockings were once made of pieces of cloth with seams down the sides. It was such a stocking that Queen Elizabeth wore. The tights worn to-day by acrobats are descended from the long Florentine hose.

Children, until a comparatively recent date, presented the appearance of men and women in miniature, as the portraits of the past show us. Of this custom the relic may still be seen in the sailor's suit, the Highland dress, and the khaki uniform of the boy scout.

In 1423 it is said De Lormoye, the first couturier, opened an establishment in Paris. He made the court costumes for the ladies, knights and the king's bodyguard, and some of the clothes worn by Joan d' Arc during her trial. The Marquis de Gafferri lecturing here some years ago, said: "Clothes were cheap then. An up-to-the-minute blouse was made by this couturier for twenty-six cents. A coat cost seventy cents and a skirt eighty cents."

Boutet de Monvel in speaking of the whims of fashion once said: "Everything is mixed up in them, public events and minute happenings of the day, the appearance of a new book, the success of a new

school of painting, the appearance of a play or ballet at the opera, even conditions of life itself, and those thousand mysterious currents which manifest themselves at the same moment in all countries, and the charm of which we feel without being entirely aware of them."

Architecture must not be overlooked as a determining factor, for it has influenced costume more than the casual observer is apt to notice or realize. Very remarkable resemblances can be seen between the Gothic church steeples and the pointed hats and shoes of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, as well as such examples as the turbans of the Eastern Church dignitaries so like a Mosque.

When we look back to the introduction of the Fontanges head-dress which grew out of the rosetted garter which fastened so becomingly the dishevelled locks of the king's mistress, that his approval caused it to become a court fashion; of the ponderous Frigate head-dress that grew out of a ship's victory in a naval battle of the Eighteenth Century, of the high collars brought into fashion not so long ago because they were worn by Alexandra of England to cover a scar, and of the season of uncurled ostrich plumes launched by a cloud-burst at a great Paris race-meet, the vogue of black and white, after the death of King Edward of England, and the military flavor that wars have always given women's clothes, we see that fashion is in sum "The perpetual reflection of our tendencies and our needs."

An Ideal French Decorative Scheme

(Continued from page 19)

in their finish of grey-green and ivory as old pieces. The draperies are of blue silk damask and the walls are finished in pale yellow.

The cost it is impossible to give exactly, as such of these furnishings have been collected gradually by the owner in several countries; others have been adapted. These have been supplemented by us with genuine antiques and hand-made reproductions. The original cost of a piece found, perhaps in an old French château, bears no relation to its present value, which is not calculated, while even the pieces made here will vary hundreds per centum, with the style and material used. The hardware, lamps and wall lights were especially designed for each interior.

The bedroom, for example, had five windows; now a window may

be draped with material costing a few dollars or with costly fabrics, as these were, running into hundreds. Walls, again, may receive a simple coat of paint for a very small sum; but these, painted and glazed and then accentuated, giving a beautiful, soft, lustrous finish were costly, but even then inexpensive as compared with covering a wall with tapestry, for which a small fortune may be spent.

However, cost of developing interiors harmonious with the heirlooms or treasures collected by a client must be in some measure influenced by the character of these treasures, whether simple old New England pieces requiring quiet surroundings or pieces such as these cabinets described of the French Renaissance which seem to demand tapestries, needle-point, chairs and hangings of the time.



Corner in morning room. Turquoise blue scrolls, hung with lemon-yellow draperies, and coverings of printed linen and needlework.



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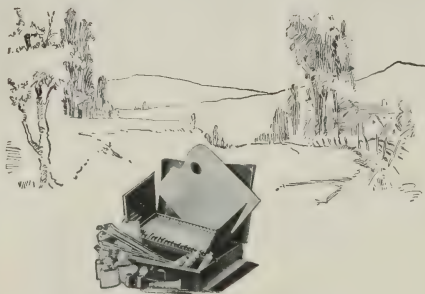
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High relief wood carving particularly interesting because of the horse and old style muskets. Here the formal composition, no less than basic idea indicate a culture above the equatorial jungle

The Art of the Boshongo Craftsmen

(Continued from page 54)

ride. They were merely kept as curiosities and as symbols of rank. The bronzes of Benin in the Field and British Museums represent Portuguese types of armor and firearms, and one small relief shows the unmistakable helmet and features of the Norseman. Was this a reminiscence of some foray in which the swordsmen of the frozen fiords proved their mettle to the spearmen of the moist equatorial jungle? Certainly the likeness is too accurate, the detail too pronounced to have been other than a skilled attempt at portraiture.

The raffia cloths in spirited geometric patterns, no two units of which are ever quite alike, more than suggest the painted bark fabrics of the South Sea Islands. When in addition to this we considered a curious similarity in some of the wood carvings, between these two apparently isolated peoples, the subject assumes a new interest. Of course, the obvious influence of the vigorous navigators of Europe may account for all of this. It is, however, well-established that the first navigators in the South Sea Islands found the arts of tapa well developed, and while we have no accurate accounts of the design, what little we do know indicates that the geometric character was pronounced. Tapa cloth exists in Africa and in Central America as well as among the Pacific Islanders. It is incredible that there could have existed any period in history when the peoples of the

Congo and the peoples of the South Sea Islands had direct contacts. We must, therefore, assume that either the similarity in pattern and in wood-carving were freaks of accident or that there was a common centre of distribution, which affected both these peoples.

The rules that govern the development of any art, almost invariably include some exotic influence. Where this influence falls within historic times or occurred to people with intelligible historic records, it can be easily traced. Where, however, these proofs are lacking, we should not immediately assume the absence of the influence, but rather seek to establish other proofs of its existence.

Art, the power man acquires to impart beauty and interest to raw materials, is so ancient a character of human nature, that its beginnings are shrouded by a veil we call prehistoric. With the broadening of our knowledge, with the scientific development of collections, many of these problems may be solved. Certain others, lost in the night of history, are beyond recall. To this condition I am, however, reconciled. I am willing that to the interest in design should be added the fascination of the unknown, but I am unwilling to totally disregard all laws that have governed art among other races and other people, when considering so important a subject as the arts of equatorial Africa.

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A Sculptor of Soldiers and Athletes

(Continued from page 31)

point where the ancient Roman road leads to Chester. He's a bonny lad with his frank and fearless expression of self-confidence—true prototype of his ancestors who marched up this same long road from the sea. In his hand a rose—that's for happiness. Hanging from his rifle—a German helmet—symbol of victory. Himself the type and symbol of all the lads who went as well as those who did not return. "He is like my son who died," wrote a mother from a remote English hamlet. "We keep a picture of your soldier in our home, he is our brother," said another. "It is my nephew," or "My neighbor's son."

"Even now I frequently get letters like these from England, Scotland, Canada and Australia," said the Doctor, "and such tributes mean more than all the critics' praise or plaudits of the crowd."

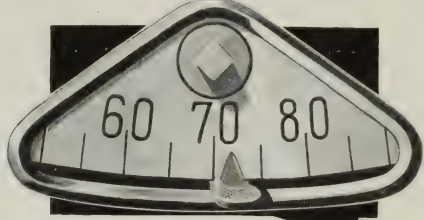
In the light of another public square three thousand miles across the seas in the little town of Altmont near Ottawa, Tait McKenzie's birthplace, the statue of a soldier more mature and serious, wearing the uniform of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry, will be unveiled the coming summer. This impressive memorial which is now nearing completion will bear the inscription across the base, "Erected to Carry Out a Bequest of Alexander Rosamond, Lieutenant P. F. C. L. I., killed at Courrette 1916." The story runs, that of two hundred men who volunteered from the

tiny village, fifty-four never returned; among these was Rosamond, whose wish it was that the soldier figure should immortalize all his comrades.

The faculty of representing repose in action, so characteristic of this artist's works, is noticeably brought out in this statue "The Volunteer." Controlled emotion is visible, but while the figure is "at ease" it is not relaxed or resting, as shown by the tense attitude and clenched fist. An Englishman, native or Canadian, will not show his emotions in his face, and true to form only by the steadfast determination of the jaw, the intense concentration of the far-seeing eyes does the immobile countenance betray the disquieted soul within. Few sculptors however gifted would have so comprehensively and completely embodied this national trait, but McKenzie knows and loves his subjects. With simple dignity the military figure is presented stripped of all unnecessary accoutrement that might distract the eye; it is a vital contribution to our national expression. Thus says the sculptor, "We must show what we as a people are doing in this age or else our art shall perish."

While his work has often been compared to the athletic art of the Greeks, it is in none of its manifold forms pseudo classic, but rather a genuine expression of our present-day civilization. Tait McKenzie's art will live.

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The Author and His Home Environment

(Continued from page 55)

authors can place a finger upon the actual concrete beginnings of a story. A newspaper headline. A bit of conversation overheard from the top of a bus. The quaint character of the corner grocer.

Personally I have never written a story from the life, so to speak. The impulse to do a certain type of story comes and I depend more upon my intuition to lead me through it than I do upon concrete knowledge of a subject. Very often I find that a character or environment about which I know fewest concrete facts is the one that emerges most convincingly. But that is venturing into the strange, marshy lands of the unexplainable and is best left to be judged merely as an idiosyncrasy.

Does your character or your plot come first, is a mossy question which is frequently put to me. Invariably my character precedes plot—and plot after all, is merely, except in the detective or picturesque tale, a vehicle which must trundle along the idea. The plot grows around the character, who sits in the center like a spider weaving its own environment.

But in the last analysis, methods are not what matter to the world, any more than it used to matter how many pairs of eyes went blind in weaving the queen's coronation robe. The glory of the fabric is the thing.

The author's eyes, and how he uses them, are his own, his lonely and his eternal concern.

Every Woman Her Own Ponce de Leon

By ELIZABETH ARDEN

EVERYONE remembers that gallant mission on which Ponce de Leon fared so gaily forth in the years ago; he meant to find a fountain of eternal youth. There were many who laughed at his quest, though the whole world in its secret heart wished him success. When he failed to find the waters of rejuvenation for which he sought, it smiled a little wryly, and said that it had told him so—the way of the world.

But, for my part, I have often thought that it was an admirably sound principle which impelled the explorer to his search, and a noble dream that drew him on. To Ponce de Leon there seemed no rhyme or reason in an invading old age that begins to settle down like a pall before youth has lasted hardly longer than a happy hour. He felt that there must be a cure for any plan so obviously wrong. In that, he was quite right; I am willing to stake my professional reputation on it. He did not find it, but the fact remains that there is a fountain of youth. In seeking it out, every woman must be her own Ponce de Leon, but this does not mean that she must fare forth from her home into distant places to search for it. Her own private fountain of youth—there is an individual one for every woman—may be found just as readily in her own home, in her own heart.

In the annual pursuit of my work in my Salons in this country, and in London and in Paris, I come into contact with thousands of women every year, all of them with their faces turned toward the same quest, "The Quest of the Beautiful." Obviously, some of them have found their fountains of youth; I can always tell a woman who has done that when I see her, not just by her well-preserved skin and her shining hair, but by the happiness, the assurance in her eyes. Always, too, I can tell the ones who have failed in their search, for there is something baffled and pent about them.

In these modern days of up-to-date methods and scientific roadmaps to loveliness, every woman should look ten years younger than her age. Every woman can who wills it. And by "willing it" I do not mean steeling yourself to some stern régime or fearful ordeal of surgery. Those things are wrong!

But do not think either that I am going to tell you of any magic brew that will transform you or any pearl that you must dissolve and drink, in order to gain this miraculous boon of remaining young. It demands some diligence and some work, of course, but for all that, it is really a very simple

matter. You remember Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up, and who always thought and acted with that precious principle in mind? Well, there you have your working rule. You need only be the woman who wouldn't grow old, if you will but remember always to think and to act like that woman.

The largest component part in any woman's fountain of youth must always be perfect health, not only health of body but health of skin and muscle and hair. The only other ingredient necessary is a certain joy of spirit, a certain conviction that life is an alluring thing. But the second essential will follow almost as a corollary of the first. A woman with all the charm of perfect health, who is lovely and who knows it, finds life good as she treads her ways of delight, ways that every one of us may tread.

Often and often as I have stood talking with a woman, diagnosing her skin ailments for her, considering her carefully before I offer the individual prescription of which she is in need if she is to find loveliness, I have unconsciously summed her up in my mind.

"Let me see," I have reflected. "What are the things about you that make you look older than you should? What are the things that must be done for you if you are to look young?"

So it happens that I have formulated quite a list in my mind of things which it seems to me are most apt to make women look old, the most usual stumbling-stones on the road to the fountain of youth. In the hope that it may prove of help to some woman who reads these lines, I want just briefly to mention a few of those age-avowing characteristics now. Of course, there is nothing arbitrary about the order in which I place them here.

No woman, of course, can look young while her skin looks flagrantly old. It need not be wrinkled or deeply lined to present this devastating effect; a blotch, a discoloration, a lack of the radiance of youth in the texture, all give the same impression of age. No cosmetics can camouflage an old skin into looking fresh and new, any more than gold lace and braid could make a worn-out frock look really fresh. There may be some excuse for wearing an old dress, but there is none for wearing old skin, since the skin is being renewed all the time. The difficulty with most women is that they let the new skin form over the old discolorations, over the big pores which could so easily be obliterated, over the wrinkles and

(Continued on next page)

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Every Woman Her Own Ponce de Leon

(Continued from previous page)

lines which could be prevented or removed, by toning up the muscles with stimulating muscle oil and a good astringent.

There are two things that it seems to me impossible to repeat too often in discussing this matter of youthfulness of skin. In the first place women who have a sincere interest in locating the fountain of youth should cleave to a good cleansing cream as to their hope of salvation, never forgetting for a moment that soap and water not only are inadequate to remove all the dust from the pores, but also that they dangerously relax the muscles, which must result ultimately in loose skin and wrinkles. In the second place—and though I have said this before, I must say it again, for it is the very foundation-stone for our fountain of youth—do not massage your face at any time; you are only massaging a few years on to your looks. Massage is another thing that causes the muscles to relax, which they are only too apt to do without any inducement. Instead of massaging the face, use the method that I call muscle-strapping, or briskly pat the skin food or tonic into the skin along the lines of the muscles, not only helping to tighten the skin, but exercising the muscles so that they will regain their vitality.

I have seen scores of women who looked delightfully young until one caught a glimpse of their hands. Just keeping the nails clean and shapely is not nearly enough; the hands themselves must be kept shapely and white and smooth. They must not be disfigured by spots or by big veins. A good bleach cream to prevent discoloration and a good hand cream, to nourish the skin of the hands, and keep it smooth and protected, are absolute essentials for the woman resolved upon looking as youthful as possible. A new delightful hand preparation has a fragrant Eau de Cologne base with

delicate oils that keep the hands exquisitely soft and satiny. This is also very refreshing and soothing to pat on the skin of the body after the bath.

Hair is another age-revealer. No hat in the world can make a face look as young and as lovely as it should if the hair beneath the hat is limp and ugly and dead-looking. Young-looking hair is possible only when one has a thoroughly healthy scalp, and gives both scalp and hair the best of intelligent care. If your hair is dry or brittle, split at the ends, oily or dull in color, it is trying its best to tell you that it needs a good tonic, one specially prescribed for it, and the right kind of brushing, and all-around consideration. Gray hairs can best be concealed before they come.

Above all else, the eyes should look young, for the eyes are the mirror of the youthful soul which all who drink of the sought-for fountain should have. It is really remarkable how little attention the average woman pays to her eyes, which are the most significant part of her whole face. Sometimes she doesn't even bathe them once a day with a good eye lotion, doesn't even remember that often the first part of the face to show age is the surface immediately surrounding the eyes, where puffiness and fine little lines are only too apt to acknowledge the years their master. A good eye cream is a necessity in pulling down these little flags of betrayal.

These are just a few of the drops which I would contribute to every woman's fountain of youth. The greater part of its waters, she should remember, must spring forth from her own innermost being, her perfect health, and her enjoyment of life. It takes effort, it is true, to get one's private fountain of youth into good working order, but oh, the sweetness and coolness of the joyful springs, once one has found them!





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The Birth of Modern Art

MODERNIST painting," against which the advocates of academic painting have protested so bitterly, is, in reality, an *art of color*, affirms Mr. Willard Huntington Wright in his new book, "The Future of Painting." And, continues the author, the reason that it is so widely misunderstood and has given rise to so many misconceptions, is due to the fact that, for over a hundred years, it has been measured by the standards of painting to which it does not, and can not, conform, any more than the art of the drama can be made to conform to the standards of the art of poetry.

The new art of color has been condemned by the exponents of painting because it did not fulfill the functions of painting; and the art of painting has been condemned by exponents of the new art of color because it did not fulfill the functions of the new art of color. The misunderstanding has been mutual. The entire conflict has been one of a misconception of purpose and ideals—one might almost say, of nomenclature.

This confusing of two separate arts, and the continual efforts to reconcile two divergent methods of aesthetic procedure, and to measure each by the other's standard, grew originally out of the fact that their *métiers* and processes were identical. Also, there were certain apparent, but not actual, similarities of purpose in the two arts, which resulted in the new art of color being regarded as a development of painting—a logical and direct development, according to the defenders of modern art; a distorted and abortive development, according to the adherents of the older painting. But while the art of color sprang from, and grew out of, the art of painting, it was, in reality, an independent organism.

In very much the same way have the different forms of literary art sprung from the saga and the fable. Poetry, the drama, criticism, and the novel are individual arts, each governed by, and accountable to, its own specific laws and standards. Though possessing a common source, and making use of the same *métier*, they are positive differentiations of a specific mother impulse. In like manner the art of color has differentiated itself from the art of painting; and though it has expressed itself thus far through the same *métier* (namely: canvas, paint, and pictorial objectivity), it has followed its own purposes and impulses, irrespective of the purposes and impulses of the older art of painting.

Aside from the borrowed *métier* of this new art of color, which has led even its practitioners to misinterpret its true status, there was a long period of gestation during which the outward manifestations

of the two arts were so similar—due to the minuteness of the differentiation process—that their separate individualities were barely distinguishable; and the one was therefore regarded as a slight variation of the other. The confusion arising from this similarity spread and took root. Soon it became a fixed notion in the world of art. In time every new manifestation of the art of color was accepted as an attempt to alter the status of the art of painting, to improve upon the conceptions of the Renaissance and Rubens, and to push forward the evolution of the graphic art. As the breach between the two "schools" widened—that is, as the art of color drew

further and further away from that of painting—the misunderstanding increased, and the exponents of the two arts became more and more alienated.

Had the progenitors themselves of this new art not mistaken the impulses which animated their various researches, and had they at once hoisted the flag of a new aesthetic procedure and sought at once for a new medium, the world would then have been spared all this controversy between the classicists and the modernists. But such a course was, in the very nature of things, impossible. So closely were the early impulses of the art of painting, that canvas and pigments were the natural and

instinctive means for the work of research to which these pioneers set themselves. . . .

There is no doubt that habit also had much to do with the choice of canvas and paint by the precursors of the new color-art. The technique of painting was familiar; and there were no obstacles to overcome in the handling of the painter's tools. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the art of painting was the matrix out of which the art of color grew, and that there was a period of almost identical interests—a period of parturition, as it were, during which the art of painting carried in its womb the germs of this new life.



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by Perriton Maxwell

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¶ In this novel Mr. Maxwell has chosen a big and vital subject—one which at the moment is dominant throughout the intellectual world—psycho-analysis—and the influence of dreams upon the actions and character of every-day people. The book is illustrated with photographs of extraordinary dreams.

Richard Le Gallienne writes: "I have just finished reading *A THIRD OF LIFE* and I hasten to say how much genuine pleasure I have derived from it. Accept my sincere congratulations on your achievement of a masterpiece of fiction based on the soundest of scientific data."

Benjamin De Casseres in *The Forum* says: "*A THIRD OF LIFE* is doubly fascinating because it is both a 'thriller' and a scientific exposition. There is never a dull page in the book, and the actions of the characters are never lost in the big theme, nor is the theme ever allowed to usurp the movement of the story. It is the kind of a book that will keep you up all night."

Frank Bacon, creator of the stellar rôle in the record-breaking play "Lightnin'," wrote just before his death, from the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago to a friend in New York: "You must buy and read Perriton Maxwell's novel *A THIRD OF LIFE*. I have just finished it and I want to tell you that I read it through without laying it down, and what's more, I am going to read it again. I don't know Mr. Maxwell, but if I ever get near him, I'm going to. I cannot help but believe this book is destined to be popular for a very long time."

The *New York Herald* says: "An amazing, original and thrilling work of dream fiction. *A THIRD OF LIFE* is at once a novel and a philosophy."

Dr. Frank Crane in the *New York Globe*: "Besides being an interesting story, it is a sound and wholesome volume. With a thousand opportunities to run off into foolish and dangerous by-paths, it has stuck to its main contention and has carefully guarded against any suggestions of morbidity that might do harm."

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Boston, Mass.

Turning Garden Necessities Into Decorative Assets

(Continued from page 15)

must shut out possible neighboring kitchens or garages, but that which must conceal our own servants' entrance and gardener's domain—which should hide from the remainder of the grounds the ash-can, the tools of gardener or chauffeur, and the work of the laundry. A lattice upon which are trained roses, morning glories, and other climbing plants is an excellent solution of the latter problem. A tall hedge of privet or althea is another satisfactory device, if only it be heavily cut back at first in order to ensure the heavy growth which will provide it with a *raison d'être*. To obscure offensive neighboring views a high fence may be similarly treated, while a mass of trees will also shield the offending object. For this purpose Lombardy poplars—set close together because of their compact growth,—will prove excellent, since they combine the desirable qualities of rapid and sturdy growth. Evergreens, too, form an effectual barrier, their leafy branches hiding all behind them as thoroughly in winter as in summer. They must, however, be given sufficient ground space, for with increased growth the area which they will occupy will be surprisingly increased. Another barrier in itself effective, but requiring for its best service a supplementary one behind it, is the summer-house, which both shuts off alien objects and affords a pleasant outdoor sitting-room. For its complete enjoyment, however, as well as for its complete efficiency, the view must be shut off from it in turn.

A lower and more easily-erected barrier will accomplish this—say, perhaps, a perennial border backed with tall plants, a tall hedge, again of privet or althea, or a planting of shrubbery—and the combination will hardly suggest to the casual observer that it was arranged with intent to conceal. Again the pergola may be used in the same way, and if covered with vines, as it should be, with, perhaps, a hedge

beyond it, will furnish a graceful and useful border to your domain.

Should the house happen to be near the road, here is another task worthy the skill and energy of the landscape gardener. As a matter of fact, the nearer to the road the house, the more likely is the owner to let his grounds go by default, and eschew all effort to embower it in verdure. An effective instance of directly different treatment most successfully employed is offered by a house in a suburb of New York. Although "as the bird flies" this was almost within a stone's throw of the road, it was so concealed by skilful planting of clumps of trees, by the curves of perennial borders, by the cunning arrangement of a rock garden here and there, that from the road but the merest suggestion of its presence was afforded.

Heavy planting of flowers and massing of vines over balustrade and porch rail materially assist in a transformation of this kind, while the placing of dwarf trees in tubs or concrete pots at intervals, a heavy massing of flower boxes upon the house, a statue, a gaily-painted sun-umbrella on the terrace or the lawn—any or all of these serve to detract attention from the "house set by the side of the road" whose owners desire privacy. As a matter of fact the task is not a hard one for, when we work hand-in-hand with Nature we are apt, like the little girl in the old tale, to find all that our fingers touch turning to gold, and beauty will crop up whether we have deliberately planned for it or no; for Nature, stronger and more tasteful than ourselves, constantly encroaches upon the work of our hands, and it is by working with her, by subordinating our efforts to hers, by letting her try her hand upon those walks, walls and barriers which we have assumed to be, at best, neutral but necessary features of the garden, that she shows her power and displayed herself as an ally worthy of our sincerest gratitude.



Walls as a Decorative Background

IN the last fifteen years or more decorators have tended to efface rather than to decorate the walls of their rooms. They have been inclined to make the mistake of thinking of the room as everything inside of the walls and the walls only as the inclosure that happens to be necessary, says Dr. Phyllis Ackerman in her admirable volume on "Wall Paper" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). Instead of using the walls as an opportunity to give interest and character to the scheme, decorators have dismissed them as background and wiped them out of the picture by clothing them with an unbroken and uninteresting expanse of vague, unpatterned color. Thus the walls, obliterated, have dropped away from the room, leaving all the burden of decorative quality to the drapes, the furniture and the objects of art, and they alone have had to carry out the effect, unsupported by an actively functioning architectural setting.

Now as a matter of fact the walls of a room, far from being a mere unavoidable necessity of construction, are a positive feature of the room, of primary importance to its effect. They are the defining limit of the room and as such they give it its basic character. From one point of view the walls are the room. They make it and in making it fix its quality. If you simply blot them out, therefore, with the least interesting and so least conspicuous covering that can be devised your room will lose in strength and character.

As the defining feature of the room the walls should set the key for the whole decorative scheme. They should announce the basic type and character of the room in all the major aspects, be the opening bars, as it were, presenting the theme and forecasting its development. In color they should indicate the general range of values that the room will occupy. In texture they should record the feeling to be sought. In scale they should establish the unit of measurement. And these three, color, texture and scale, together with the pattern if there be one, should express the pervasive quality of the room, whether it be formal or informal, gay or dignified, personal or remote, conventional or capricious.

But even when the walls are not regarded as the defining limit and so the essential factor of the room, but are used rather as a background only, they cannot therefore be summarily eliminated from the scheme with a negative treatment. For the background is not outside the picture. It is a very positive and very active element in the picture, a real and by no means minor factor in the final success of the whole. When the walls are considered primarily as the background of the set, as it were,

their treatment will follow instead of lead that of the rest of the room, but it will still have to be a positive treatment, not the customary casual annihilation by means of blankness and characterless color and texture to which the usual decorator resorts.

The walls even as background will be unavoidably important for the simple reason, if for no other, that they are the largest in extent of any decorative feature. Twice or more as big as the floor, they cannot be entirely overlooked, no matter how vague and flat a treatment is devised to minimize them. And, too, they are omnipresent. Even in their least conspicuous

raiment they insist on entering into every effect within the room, conditioning every other feature in it, making a decisive part of every group. The curtains, the rug, the furniture, all gain or lose by their relation to the walls, and every arrangement, even of the lesser pieces of furniture, has to take account of their influence. A grouping, for instance, against a dark wall should leave different spaces from that against a light wall, for a bright background makes a more insistent demand on the attention, so that a smaller space higher in key counts more heavily than a larger space of lower value. Again, an arrangement against

panels must balance with the design of the panels, and this design will, in turn, hold together and emphasize the group, giving it a sharper and more highly individualized effect. Also, a composition of pieces of furniture in a room with a patterned wall must be made with attention to the lines and main points of interest of that pattern in order not to run counter to them, and when skillfully done it will utilize the design as a contributing part of the group. In short, whatever the problem of decoration, whether small or large, the walls and their treatment are an active factor in the statement and solution of it.

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And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATIVE SCULPTURE OF THE HIGH AND LATE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By Corrado Ricci. With 340 illustrations. Brentano's.

IT may be that Mussolini will be the father of a new Italian Renaissance. If that is his rôle in history, I am for him.

If you are not going to Italy this summer, here is a book that will transport you there on the wings of the imagination. What the Renaissance Italians did not know about decorative sculpture is hardly worth knowing. At least, that is my pragmatic judgment (and I'm only a Mere Layman) after dallying with Ricci's sumptuous book.

The book, except for the introduction by Signor Ricci, is made up wholly of plates. Nothing has been neglected. Every student of architecture and decorative sculpture should have it in his library.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN. By Bishara Nahas. The American Library Service.

THE latest sport is digging up the dead. The North and South Poles having been blueprinted, Africa having been partitioned off and Conan Doyle having domesticated ghosts—what was left? Raking up the Pharaohs.

Whether Lord Carnarvon was stung to death by a metaphysical gnat or died of the mumps is of little consequence. The digging will go on just the same—until suddenly some day we will get a flash from Mars. The comedy of universal boredom!

This is the best account I have read yet of King Tut and the things that went on around him when he was signing dry-repealers. Mr. Nahas (born in Alexandria of the tribe of Nahas) writes with a vivid and sympathetic pen. He has condensed into 112 pages everything we know about the great mummy of Luxor.

Let Mr. Nahas speak for himself:

"I have tried in this book to popularize the habits and creeds of the Egyptians under Tut-Ankh-Amen, thus enabling the great mass of the public to be familiar with them. The details, which the monuments have not so far revealed to us, have been supplemented by my knowledge of the actual customs which are the precious inheritance of the past centuries."

The book, with its illustrations, is a gem.

THE WISDOM OF BALZAC. By Harry Rickel. Preface of Michael Monahan. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BALZAC was so tremendous that I never know where to begin when I start to talk or write about him. He seemed to create life. His creations are as vivid as Shakespeare's. I like all his rambling "asides." He was a volcano in perpetual eruption. He had not the gift of restraint, they say. Academic judgment by sophomoric asses. Why should anyone be restrained when it is not his nature to be so?

Mr. Rickel has culled the best only of Balzac. His book is an arsenal of thought, wisdom and epigram.

Here are a few of his thoughts: "Every cold-hearted woman I have ever met has made duty her religion."

"An honest man is the common enemy."

"Glory is the sun of the dead."

"A monster which devours everything—that is familiarity."

Michael Monahan, who knows his Balzac as well as any man, has written a fine introduction, which he concludes with this daring sentence of the great Honoré: "The world belongs to me because I understand it."

CREATIVE SPIRITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Georg Brandes. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. Thomas Y. Crowell.

I AM about to utter a blasphemy: I can't enthuse over Brandes. He doesn't get me. I can't see on what his enormous international reputation is founded. His style is dry. He is unimaginative. Has he an original point of view on anything? Has he a sense of humor? Is he more than a book-worm? Isn't he somewhat mid-Victorian? He is still under the superstition of reason.

Of course in regard to the average American book-reviewer's judgment of Brandes, they all algonquiner one another. They not only parrot one another; they copy, literally, one another's views on foreign celebrities. Independent book reviewing in America was never at a lower ebb—like everything else almost. Books and authors are boosted merely to cover space. Flukeynism and algonquynism rule the land—log-rolling, back-slapping and parroting.

These "creative spirits" are Hans Christian Andersen, Paul Heyse, Renan, John Stuart Mill, Flaubert, Ibsen, Garibaldi, Bonaparte and others. These essays are written in a precise, academic, often pedantic manner. There are whole passages that might be stuck in uninspired text-books for German high-schools. Brandes never throws his hat over the mill. But why should I criticize Brandes for what

(Continued on page 70)



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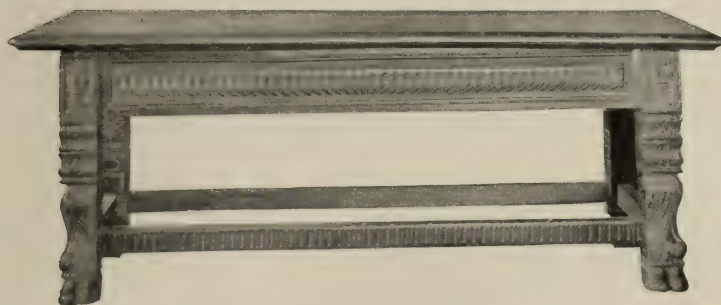
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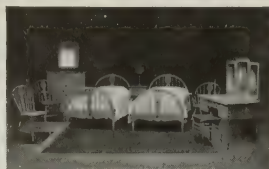
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And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 68)

he is not? What is Georg Brandes? Flatly, a third-rate critic without a style.

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS. By John Cowper Powys. American Library Service.

HERE is a great essayist that has not, and never will have, the vogue of Dr. Brandes. And for a very good reason—Powys is an aristocrat of the pen, a great artist in words, a seer and a man who thinks lyrically. The difference between Powys and Brandes is the difference between a case of sparkling Burgundy and a barrel of beer.

Years ago I hailed John Cowper Powys—the Powys of "Suspended Judgments" and "Visions and Revisions" (the latter book also will soon be reprinted by the American Library Service). But who was I and who was Powys? Neither of us algonquinate. Powys is a dissociator of ideas—an original, a decadent, a fourth dimensional writer.

This is one of the greatest books of essays ever written—creative, enthusiastic, profound. Powys is a poet—and only poets can write great and vital prose. He writes of men on his intellectual level. He discourses for a select company. He is not a propagandist of any kind—except it be for Beauty, the Holy Ghost of the world.

Powys is not afraid to show emotion. His books belong to the literature of ecstasy (rarely comest thou into our lives, Ecstasy!)—and "Suspended Judgments" is his best and most characteristic book.

All the writers he writes about are his near relatives—Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo, De Maupassant, Verlaine, De Gourmont, Blake, Byron, Anatole France, Emily Brontë, Conrad, Henry James and Oscar Wilde. It is a family group, with Powys keeping the domesday book.

In his superb essay on Anatole France, I find this epigram: "The less the universe matters, the more humanity matters."

He says of Remy de Gourmont that he wrote about everything down to "the chaste reluctances of female moles." In the same essay he says, "Truth found would be truth spoiled."

This book is nectar—one of the finest books of the century.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HERE is the Barnum of Italy at it again. Papini's whole life is just one damned humbug after another. Not that this life of Christ is not worth reading. It is. Papini has a racy, combative, Menckonian style that holds you to the page no matter what he's lying about.

This book has created something

of a furor in the world because Papini had yowled his atheism and cynicism for a score of years. He suddenly went into the Church and, naturally, stood on the roof to announce it. Now, personally (having followed this bag of wind since he began to write), I do not believe his conversion is any more sincere than his atheism. He is a notoriety seeker, an egomaniac, a man gone daffy with the will-to-grandeur stuff. And I think he ought to be a motion-picture actor or a prohibition blowhard.

In a mewling and puking (the language is Shakespeare's, dear ladies) introduction he tells us why he wrote this book. It's mainly all about himself, and very little about Our Lord.

Here is a sublime subject handled by a merryandrew, a fakir and a mountebank of the lowest type.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Gerald Hopkins. E. P. Dutton Company.

"JIMMY welcomed him with arms literally open."

Jimmy held his arms "literally open" on page 369.

But Rendle's lips were literally shut.

Evelyn walked literally down the golf links to the ice-house at Oxford, Eng., where a professor was literally reading.

In the distance Joyce's eyes literally met hers' arf way.

But here's where the Unknown Quantity butted in—for you must remember that literal is as literal does, and as Queen Gertrude said as she sprinkled Ophelia's grave with peanut shells, "Sweets to the literal."

So we pass to the final nexus of this amazing tale. Physical Desire nipped Joyce, and he felt God had deserted him. Not literally, but *de jure*.

You see, Jack was a "rotter." Which you guessed from the first.

THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN AND YSOLT. By Thomas of Britain. Translated from the Old French and Old Norse by Roger Sherman Loomis. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THIS book is of immense interest to the "Tristan and Isolde" fans (of which I am one). It tells in archaic language that greatest of all love stories which the genius of Richard Wagner has put to music such as was never heard by mortal ears before.

If you love a romance, this is your book.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN. By Marion Randall Parsons. Little, Brown and Company.

WHY should a white man marry a Hawaiian? Phil Howard paid a visit to Hawaii and had his

(Continued on page 74)



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The Invisible Gods

By EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

This outstanding new novel, one of the most widely acclaimed books of the spring, is a story of American life. The author does not give the drab and dreary picture to be found in so many of the new realistic novels but shows American life as having color and warmth and background. *The North American Review* says of the book: "Miss Wyatt has written a novel of extraordinary breadth, delicacy and strength. . . . A Charlotte Brontë, modernized and well versed in the subtleties of twentieth-century life, might have written it." \$2.00

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By HENRY T. FINCK

Luther Burbank, the world's most famous gardener, wrote to the author of *Gardening With Brains*: "It is the best that has so far been written on garden subjects. You get at the facts in such a pleasing, human way, that they are irresistible. Your articles suggest to me the difference between living, moving, growing plant life, and the dead, dry, flat specimens which one sees in herbariums." \$2.50

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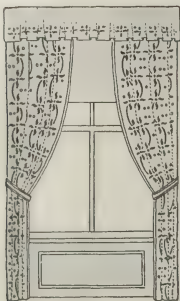
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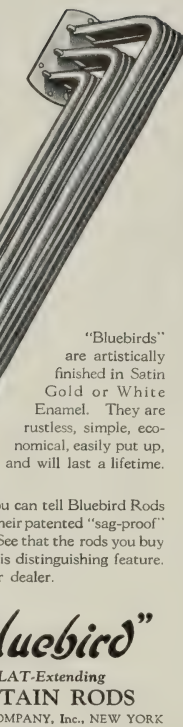
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Work and Play in the British Metropolis

(Continued from page 17)

Some silly scribblers keep saying Londoners are prejudiced against American plays and actors. What bosh! If we do not like a rubbishy American play or fourth-rate American actors we say so; but we do precisely the same with our own indifferent productions. Londoners, more than any people I know, give their judgment on artistic merit, independent of nonsense about nationality, and when we get a woman like Pauline Lord and a play like "Anna Christie" we have no check to our admiration and enthusiasm, not because they come from the United States, but because they are good.

ALL the world and his wife seem to have come to London for the "season." I have never known the town so thronged as it is this early summer. We chopped off an hour each day some weeks ago by again adopting "summer time" so that society is out on horseback taking exercise while the morning is fresh and before the heat of the day settles down. Rotten Row is full of riders. All the parks are radiant with blossoms and flowers and in the afternoon and evenings gay-coated military bandmen are playing.

Somehow this seems to be a year for young people and the number of "coming-out" dances is tremendous. To do the right thing it is sometimes necessary to look in at three balls a night. And of course the dinner parties are as numerous as ever. With heavy taxation—the very rich are mulcted of more than half their income by the tax collectors—it might be thought England was going about in drab clothes and melancholy mien. Not a bit of it! The river-side houses of the Thames, with radiant gardens coming down to the water edge are within easy reach by motor car, and I am afraid that instead of going to church on Sunday mornings most of our young people like to get into flannels and go punting along the pretty reaches of the stream.

ALL visitors who see British ceremonials are impressed by the quaint sumptuousness of the dresses—a link with the time when we were more fanciful in our attire than we are now. Col. George Harvey, the United States ambassador, goes halfway, for I have seen him in court-dress, knee breeches, silk stockings and silver buckles on his shoes—and a silk hat, (which is a bit incongruous), instead of the usual cocked hat. I suspect he fears a cocked hat would not be quite democratic.

It is rare, however, that a new academic dress is introduced. But that has been considered by the Royal Institute of British Architects. I hear that the suggested gowns are priestly in appearance and extremely full. The colors will be black and old gold. Hoods and special caps will be worn and the dress of associates will be particularly striking with a broad band of old gold down the front.

Of course there are many people who think that fine raiment for special occasions, gold lace on jackets, white satin knickerbockers, cloaks of royal purple, feathers in the hat, are all out of date. May be. But they do contribute a touch of color to life, and if worn with dignity, are attractive.

IT would be useful if well-known people wore tabs in their button-holes, giving their names and who they are—as is done at Rotary Club luncheons—and then we would know who's who. It is astonishing how seldom celebrities are recognized in London.

The other day within a quarter of an hour I met down in the neighborhood of Knightsbridge, the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia—mother of the murdered Emperor—shopping with the Princess Victoria, sister of King George, Col. George Harvey in brown overcoat, grey trousers, box hat and goggles, sauntering along smoking a pipe and the Earl of Dunraven, bright-cheeked and chirpy notwithstanding his many years and his inability to get the Yacht Cup from you with his "Valkyrie" years ago.

The Empress Marie, dressed in black and rather sad-featured, is staying with her sister Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House and the two royal ladies with the Queen-mother's unmarried daughter, the Princess Victoria, go about a good deal in a quiet, unostentatious way.

We have a considerable Russian colony in London and the Russian tongue is heard almost as often as French. At the Hotel Cecil Sasha Votichenko had a delightful party of her compatriots including the beautiful Princess Paul Chavchavadze, Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia and the Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy.

So many Russians are creating quite an "atmosphere" in London social life. It is chiefly reflected in the costumes worn by the women—and surely there is no creature on earth more lovely than a well-dressed Russian lady.

IT is a long time now since I was the guest of Leopold, King of the Belgians, at his palace of Laeken, just outside Brussels, and



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longer since the tall whiskered old monarch got ungenerous notoriety through lavishing money on the graceful dancer La Belle Otero.

I remember Otero quite well with her slim, wistful figure, her pale cheeks with large lustrous eyes, her hair falling to cover the ears and jewels, without price, said to be the gift of royal admirers, about her throat. She is almost forgotten now, but twenty-five years ago she was one of the most talked of women in the world.

The other day, a friend back from the rain and the winds of the Riviera—it is not always sunshine in the south of France—told me he had seen her—a slightly faded rose. Then I heard the story of how she was lunching at a small inn when she noticed on the menu "Peaches a la Otero." Sending for the landlord she inquired with frigid sweetness whether he had asked the permission of Mlle. Otero to use her name. "Well, no," he replied, "but it's been on the bill of fare now for the last forty years and nobody has ever protested!" It is said that La Belle Otero paid her bill without another word.

YOU will soon be receiving the panelled library from Standish Hall in Lancashire, some two hundred and thirty years old. Sometimes there is a protest against the shipping of our antiquities across the Atlantic; but no objection is taken in this case. For while I am aware there are people in the United States who believe that Standish Hall was the birthplace of Myles Standish, the military leader of the Pilgrim Fathers, there is no corroboration of this from the British National Trust or the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which would certainly have taken action if it was thought to be the real place.

Indeed, it is judged by authorities on this side that Standish Hall has no residential value, is only a fragment of the original, that the panelling is of no museum value and there is no evidence that Myles Standish was born there. All the evidence indicates that Myles Standish belonged to the Duxbury branch of the family and that he was born at Chorley, which is some distance from Standish. This is rather borne out by the fact that he named his estate in New England, Duxbury, and it is so called to this date. However, if his descendants, who have purchased the panelled library, want to think he was born at Standish Hall, there is no law to prevent them.

ONLY old boys like Lord Leverhulme and Sir Thomas Lipton tell stories at public dinners in London. Filling up one's speech with second-hand anecdotes is regarded as an acknowledgement of inability to say clever things yourself. I belong to a coterie of more or less artistic people called the "After Dinner Club," a sort of

revival of the old French salon, and at intervals we meet among the pictures at the Suffolk Galleries and try to fire witticisms at each other.

One of the cleverest things I have heard was by a woman: "God deprived women of a sense of humor so they would not spend most of their time laughing at men."

W. L. George, the novelist, like Arnold Bennet, thinks he knows all about women; perhaps because he was married quite recently. In a speech the other day he gave advice to married folk how to get on together. Here are some of the bright things he said:

Don't open each other's letters—you might not like the contents.

Don't bore each other—change your conversation, change your interests and, if you must, change your hair.

If you absolutely must be frank, do it in private.

Once a day say to a woman, "How beautiful you are!"

Once a day say to a man, "How strong you are!" or, if you can't say that, say "How clever you are!" because everyone believes that.

If it seems hard to be married to "him," remember that he is married to "you."

Find out on your honeymoon whether swearing or crying is the more effective.

BY the time this letter is published the Royal Academy pictures will be on view at Burlington House and every afternoon there will be the usual crush of sightseers, mostly women. It is quite the pose to be scornful about the R. A. Exhibition, especially by the long-haired young bloods of artistic Chelsea who decide that freakishness is the first essential in art.

But everybody will be interested in the work of Mrs. Henrietta Barnett who on her seventy-second birthday has her first oil painting on view. After all, it is something to get a picture accepted by the Royal Academy, for only about one in sixty of the pictures sent in pass the judges.

Everybody in London knows the gracious figure of Mrs. Barnett, wife of Canon Barnett, who for many years was head of Toynbee Hall, the center of a wonderful settlement work amid the worst slums of East-end London, and where young 'Varsity men with ideals labored among the down and outs. Mrs. Barnett is a tremendously busy old lady concerning herself with schools for the poor, garden suburbs, the Whitechapel Art Gallery, the care of motherless girls, nature-study, and it came rather as a surprise to find she was an artist as well and has just finished a painting worthy to be hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. Maybe the florid damsels of Chelsea will gain some inspiration from her.

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And a Little Book Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 70)

senses stirred by Liliha. Now, the latter had set her cap for Tom Gregory, a half-caste. Tom goes back to the States to bootleg—or in some way to complete his American education. But that's as far as I got with this piece of bunk, for the Mullan-Gage law has just been repealed. Zip!

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA. By *Stuart P. Sherman.* Charles Scribner's Sons.

PROFESSOR SHERMAN is the most pathetic figure in the literature of America. He doesn't know whether he's a Puritan or a man of brains. He stands babbling between the Mayflower and the flagship of the Rum Fleet. He is all flustered about Mencken, Hunker, Saltus and myself.

Listen to the things he's interested in—"the shifting centre of morality," "literature and the government of men," "what is a Puritan?" "education by the people," and that sort of episcene stuff.

He proves that Puritans drank. Certainly. I can prove, by psychoanalysis, that they are all drunkards—and worse.

There is a lot of sentimental tosh about the rising generation. He quotes Whitman—whereas if Whitman were living today Prof. Sherman would kick him out of his backyard.

Lately Old Mortar Board has begun to doubt his conclusions. Maybe there is some brain-stuff in these amorlists. Terrible thought!

We will have no literature or art in this country until we clean out the whole gang of Shermans, Van Dykes, Babbits and Paul Elmore Mores.

Meanwhile, boys, take a grandstand seat and watch the circus—Professor Sherman trying to find out where he's at.

This book is so stupid it ought to be suppressed. But it is quite native—if you get what I mean.

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THE SHADOW-EATER. By *Benjamin De Casseres.* The American Library Service.

THIS book was written by myself—and I am too modest to review it; besides, it wouldn't be professional. I just want to let you know it's on sale at all bookstores.

BARNUM. By *M. R. Werner,* Harcourt, Brace & Company.

WONDERFUL thing—the way old P.T. grows through the years. There was something immortal about him. His will-to-humbug, his honest hokum, his laughing philosophy of life, his great epigram—"the public likes to the humbugged"—his belief that the people do not want to be "good" or "enlightened," but want to be entertained—all these things put Barnum in the ranks of the real wise men of the world.

I recommend this volume of Mr. Werner's as one of the most fascinating of current books. It is the life romance of the greatest playboy that the nineteenth century produced.

There are endless anecdotes in this book which will amuse you, your children and your grandmother. It was said P.T. boasted that he was a teetotaler. Well, read the anecdote on page 293-4, and you'll see that he had everybody guessing about that, too.



The Kashmir Shawls of Our Grandmothers

(Continued from page 21)

are all unique, but last, and really most important of all, is the perfection of the design. In their textile designs, each object is painted in its own proper color, but without shades of color, or light and shade of any kind, so that the ornamentation looks perfectly flat. In this way the natural surface of any object decorated is preserved. This, added to the harmony and distribution of coloring, is the great charm of Indo-Persian art.

In woven or embroidered shawls there is usually a line around each motif which harmonizes it with the ground. When large ornaments are used, they are filled with most minute and exquisite details, as in the cone patterns, or so-called "palm" pattern, in Kashmir shawls.

The Mogul Emperors wore on their turbans a jeweled ornament known as "Jigha"; in shape like an "almond" or cone, on the top of which was an aigret of feathers. A Kashmiri weaver used the form of the Jigha with a floral enrichment on a scarf for the Emperor Baber, and was so successful in pleasing him, that the Jigha became a fashionable design in all shawls and scarves; and as in all luxuries, a pattern or decoration pleasing to royalty ran its course thru other articles of personal use.

THE shawl shown in one of our illustrations is embroidered on a pieced foundation of plain material pashmina. The black center, in its extension toward the corners, and surrounding the conventionalized flower motif suggestive of a cluster of tulips, is powdered with the most exquisite floral pattern, showing a great variety of such natural forms and colors that one can readily pick out many common species. The other colored pieces of the five-color foundation are so covered with minute conventionalized design and so many border patterns and lines are introduced that to the eye the effect of the whole is a warm, tawney, golden surface, undershot with color. The straight border, surrounding the central field, shows a variety of stitches, and that at the edge, employing all the colored pieces of the foundation, in different combinations and arrangements, held together by the festoon on a black ground, is an interesting detail.

Although the French were the first to make Kashmir shawls fashionable, and established factories to imitate them, antedating the well-known Paisley's, their museums today do not show much to interest the collector. Even the Musée Guimet in Paris, a treasure house of Indo-Chinese and Tibetan painting and religious art, is woefully lacking in this regard; although one sees many old prints from French India, that were the orig-

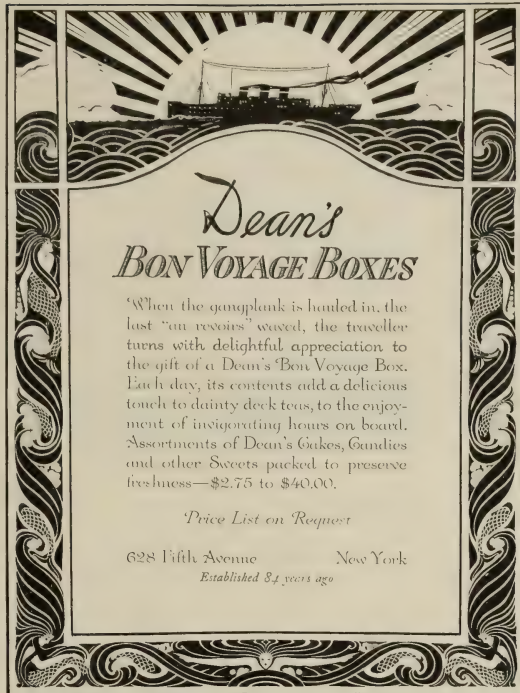
inals from which the *Toile de Jouey* and other copper-plate cotton prints of a century ago were made; and now these also are being copied, in their turn, in hand-blocked linens to use with period furniture. Possibly the great difficulty in protecting the shawl fabric from moths may have something to do with this, for these destructive little wretches seem to prefer it to all other wools.

The collection, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, of Industrial Arts of India, is founded on that of the East India Company and supplemented by later gifts, many from native princes and dignitaries whose very names give a thrill of interest to many not too well lighted glass cases.

THE Kashmir shawls and embroideries presented to the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, although few in number, are probably the finest now in existence in any public collection outside India. In August, 1920, I had an opportunity to examine these in detail, while they were being re-arranged on their return from a place safe from air raids during the late war. The histories and dates of presentation of some of the smaller bits, many of them in faded handwriting of military governors and civil servants of the days immediately before and following the Mutiny, are a great help in placing the types and periods of vogue of certain designs and color schemes.

WHETHER through gifts of Napoleon to Josephine, or, more probably, a natural interest aroused in both English and French, to adopt these garments of luxury brought to notice by new trade interests, Kashmir became the rage and commanded great prices. In this period, 1820-1871, the weavers at Srinagar and elsewhere in the province of Kashmir numbered many thousands—from sixteen thousand to twenty-five thousand looms being in operation. And so we come to their collection and export to Europe; then to a suddenly stimulated production, ending after a few years, through an unfortunate chain of circumstances, in the cessation of manufacture and scattering of the few remaining workers.

And now in the ceaseless demand of fashion for change, for a new and different thing, that brings us always the old in a new dress, and, as a rule, when compared to the great handicrafts of the past, a sadly shoddy and tawdry one, we have smiling at us from every shop-window—pure in design and glowing color—the sophisticated modern descendants of the great art fabrics of the Golden Age of Indo-Persia.



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The Oaks of Ypres

By Alice Shearer

YESTERDAY guarding a little town in Belgium, today in the shops of a well-known director, tomorrow in the majestic paneling and rarely designed period furniture of a Montclair, N. J., home—a quiet and peaceful ending for the war-torn Oaks of Ypres! And one fraught with the rich flavor of sentiment, romance, adventure for those who will while an hour or two away within four such storied walls; a man of imagination, this citizen of Montclair. He could have had other wood paneling, and sooner, but he eagerly chose to wait the eight or ten months necessary for this wood to be prepared.

Sitting at ease in such a room, the firelight playing over the mellow, deep-toned surfaces of the polished woods, what rare fancies will people the shadows, what pageants of the inimitable comedies and tragedies of the Great War will unfold. Unnoted acts of supreme courage, and the rich grim humor of the interludes that alone made the other bearable. Dramas vibrant with the heights and depths of human nature that played themselves out beneath the tragic oaks of Ypres! The brave little town of Ypres in Belgium—famous "Wipers" of the Tommies—standing in the midst of Flanders Fields—its name is undyingly blazoned on the roll of honor with Verdun and the Marne, where it was said and held, "They shall not pass!"

And the Oaks of Ypres were its defense—its shelter. Tommies, Anzacs, Aussies, Canadians, soldiers from the farthest ends of the earth will call back their kindly, protective shelter as happy memories of the war.

A century and more in the growing, these giant oaks of which the paneling is being made, stood for more than four years between the Germans and the Allies. They were the larger part of the Bois d'Aval, the Bois Moyon and the Bois d'Amond, the sections of the great forest near Ypres.

The whole story of war played itself out about them. It was from the windows of the château in the midst of these woods that its Belgian chataleine saw the advance of the green-clad Boche in the dark August of '14. With courageous sympathy, she sent her gardener through to the English at Dunkirk. The wood was surrounded by Germans, but the gardener slipped through, and soon an English aviator flew back to the château, observed the German forces and returned. Shortly after British machine guns and cavalry scoured the woods until the Germans were driven out and back some eight or ten miles, where they dug their first trenches. The long grueling war was on.

So began the fighting history of the Oaks of Ypres. Night and day, the shells and shrapnel screeched over the full foliaged trees, but, as yet, none into it. The "efficient" Germans had an eye to its value when it should have become theirs. The château was first the headquarters of the Cavalry Corps, then the first Anzacs under General Berwood. After that the Second Anzacs under General Godley.

With the splendid forestry conservation system observed by the French and Belgians—and which we would do well to emulate here—the woods, at first somewhat recklessly cut into by the Allied troops were exploited under expert supervision. Between 1,000 and 1,500 men, French civilians, were employed until March, 1918, when few remained because of the heavy fighting and gas. Materials for defenses, gun emplacements, hurdles and fuel were drawn from this rich source. In its shade and shelter, the war-weary men found all too temporary peace and rest and wholesome exercise. A great tree-felling contest was held in the spring of '15 when that sector was comparatively quiet. For weeks, teams of Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, British and civilian French woodsmen practised. Such simple entertainment was tremendously important, there where diversion was so meagre, and crowds of visitors from all along the "line" came to see it, staff officers and generals even. The competition was keen, and the honors evenly divided. The Australians won the log chopping; the New Zealanders the tree felling, and the French Canadians the cross-cut sawing.

But such bright spots in the war were few, and soon again the shells were flying, this time into the woods as well as over them—the tragedy of their destruction had begun! In March, '18, the Portuguese sector, about 8 miles from the woods, was heavily attacked and broken. The Germans reached the Bois d'Aval and the Bois Moyon before they could be stopped. Then, for four months, the Germans held trenches on the very lip of the woods, the British defenses being in and around.

Enemy shells, shrapnel and gas shed their devastation on the woods. One of the saddest sights in all the devastated areas is the mile upon mile of what was once beautiful forest land shattered and broken into blackened stumps. It is sadder even in its mute helplessness and innocence than the crumbled dwellings of man.

The Oaks of Ypres suffered such a fate. Their magnificent spreading branches blasted and

(Continued on page 78)

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The Oaks of Ypres

(Continued from page 76)

shorn by shells, their sheltering, living green leaves blighted by malignant gas, at the signing of the armistice they stood a ghastly monument to vandalism.

Their transmission to America, and the shops of the Hayden Company, is a different story—a softer one. A British soldier, one of the younger members of a world-known firm of lumber dealers, had fought through most of the war in the shadow of these woods. He had found shelter in them, he loved them, he remembered them, and after it was all over, he returned to France and salvaged much of this rare timber.

From then on, one reads into the tale the romance that so often creeps into commercial enterprises. The Hayden Company had received a commission for a room and period furniture of paneled oak. Knowing of this beautiful and historic wood of its exceptional age-old quality, they informed their Montclair patron that it might be had. So enthusiastic was this man of imagination over the prospect of having his room done in materials of such stirring suggestion that he agreed to wait until the wood should have been seasoned. To him, to his children, it will be a constant inspiration to stir again the high spirit of the war days.

But with romance, he will have beauty, too, for this timber shows exquisite graining—the rarely fine markings which only the growth of a century makes possible.

Great baulks of timber lie piled in the Hayden factory yards at Rochester that have many a yarn tucked away in their masses. Richly seasoned pieces from the brave old wooden sailing vessels and war vessels, which spread their full, square-rigged canvases to the winds of the seven seas. Others from huge wharfs along the Thames, dating from the days when British commerce first gained supremacy. Some, even, from century-old mills, whose wheels turned leisurely at the gentle urge of wandering English streams.

When it has been expertly worked into graceful, beautiful pieces of furniture, there is little resemblance left to the time-worn, weather-beaten baulks, but it is just to this character of the wood that the rare old mellow atmosphere of Hayden furniture is due. Expert craftsmanship can and does recreate the form and detail of the model, but no art of the cabinet maker can imitate the graining, the tone and the texture of wood that has outlasted generations in growth, and served through other generations in the richly seasoning agencies of sun and rain and wind.



This picture of Lord Dunsany, by Orlando Rouland, was painted when Dunsany came to this country and has recently been shown at the Ehrlich Galleries. Lord Dunsany is one of the most brilliant, modern dramatists whose delightful and highly imaginative plays were so charmingly produced by Stuart Walker with his repertory company in New York and other cities

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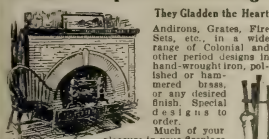
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The Ancient Crossbow as a Work of Art

(Continued from page 11)

and in this country contain some splendid specimens.

The Severance collection of arms and armor in The Cleveland Museum of Art is fortunate in possessing several notable arbalests, the earliest being a heavy Spanish bow of the fifteenth century. The long, polished stock is chestnut wood inlaid with bands of horn. The bow proper shows traces of old leather over the wood, and portions of the original pattern of dots and scrolls in gold against a dark ground are still to be seen. The steel winder is well made in every detail, and is ornamented with a chiseled design of vine scrolls and engraved bands of brass. The finest of the decoration, however, consists of three inset medallions of brass pierced in Gothic designs. Bow and winder are the work of a master, but though his copper mark is present, his name remains unknown.

With this bow a number of quarrels (arrows) are displayed, all of one type, though crossbow bolts or quarrels of many forms still exist. Those in the Severance collection vary only in length, and in the detail that on some the leather or wooden "feathers" which helped the quarrel to sail, are set spirally along the shaft of the bolt. Such an arrangement caused a spinning motion in the arrow's flight, it was said, driving it home somewhat in the manner of an augur. "Viretons" the bowmen called these spinning bolts. They, like the others, have heavy, four-sided heads of steel, whence they derive their name of "carreau," which the English presently Saxonomized into "quarrel" and "arrow."

Fifteenth century bows are larger than their descendants of the next two centuries. The old Spanish arbalest just described is thirty-two and one-half inches long, and has a bow spread of twenty-nine and three-fourths inches, while the next, in point of age, in the Severance collection, a German-Saxon bow of the latter half of the sixteenth century, is but twenty-four and one-fourth inches in length, with a bow spread of twenty-three and one-fourth inches. It is a sturdily built little weapon showing several improvements, from a warrior's viewpoint, over the older type.

All trace of Gothic influence has disappeared from the ornamentation. The coat of arms of its original owner, the famous Augustus I., Elector of Saxony, appears in a pierced and gilded design on the winder. The line of Electors seems to have been addicted to fine arms. Even the halberds and helmets of their royal guards are sought for zealously to-day, and counted

among the foremost of the pieces of parade armor in any collection. This particular bow is in every respect the weapon of a prince. Its stock is ebony richly inlaid with ivory trophies of arms and musical instruments, and engraved with the figure of a Romanesque warrior. The outer side of the steel bow bears a design of flying birds, leaves, and fantastic floral scrolls on a gilt ground, while the inner surface is engraved with a spirited deer hunt. The steel winder is elaborately treated. Besides the Elector's arms, there is a design of flowers, leaves, masks, and trophies of arms over the entire surface. Even the handle is embossed and chased with a grotesque mask, and is gilded.

Another interesting arbalest of the Severance collection is English of the type known as a "prodd," a crossbow which fired not the old, heavy quarrels, but stones or pellets of clay. It was exclusively a hunting bow, designed to bring down birds and small game, and undoubtedly its light weight contributed to its comparative popularity among the English. With its long, tapering stock, its small, gracefully curved steel bow, and the antennae-like sights at the center of the bow proper, the prodd bears a happy resemblance to a dragon fly poised for flight. The stock of the Severance prodd is inlaid with oval and circular panels of stag horn engraved with floral patterns and geometric designs. The steel bow is russeted, enameled and further adorned with flowers and arabesques.

This bow must have been the property of one of the English nobility, since by decree of Henry VIII., men of lower rank were forbidden to use crossbows of any description. The ancient supremacy of the English with the longbow was dying out, much to the regret of the survivors of the "good old days," and Henry had hopes that his yeomen, forbidden the arbalest, would turn once more to the light arrows and the long, yew bows of their fathers. Thus for the second time a king of England asserted his will in the matter of the arbalest.

But much water had flowed down the Thames since Richard Coeur de Lion's day. The cross bow had a future when the earliest monarch defied the church. It glory was almost done when Henry granted it a patent of nobility Crossbow and longbow both survived another century, and they gave way before the increasing efficiency of firearms. The longbow being but an inspired piece of wood and a string, perished utterly with its shooting days passed. It is the crossbow which has lasted after a by reason of its beauty.

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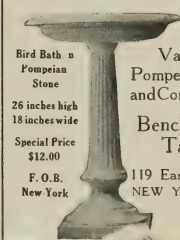
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